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Edited by John Farrar

Contents

s Populi . . . . . *Elmer Murphy* 241
Brown Boy. *A Poem* . . . . . *Countée P. Cullen* 245
ing the Most of Your Genius
I: What Is Genius? . . . . . *Mary Austin* 246
Fort . . . . . *Malcolm Cowley* 252
With a Drawing from Life by Ivan Opffer
ese Characters in American Fiction . . . . *S. P. Rudinger de Rodyenko* 255
ɜany, Yeats, and Shaw: Trinity of Magic . . . *Shaw Desmond* 260
Sketch Book 267
Essays by Johan Bojer, Edythe H. Browne, Babette Deutsch
Some Modern Poets. *A Poem* . . . . . *Leslie Nelson Jennings* 274
Literary Spotlight—XXIV: Heywood Broun . . *Anonymous* 275
With a Caricature by William Gropper
n: A Pastoral. *A Poem* . . . . . *Keith Preston* 279
Londoner . . . . . *Simon Pure* 280
r's Conquest of America . . . . . *Allen W. Porterfield* 287
With a Sketch by H. W. Gorman
ehalf of the Puzzle Novel . . . . . *H. W. Boynton* 295
ıtry Club Portraits. *Poems* . . . . . *Wayland Wells Williams* 298
ɔb for the Feminists . . . . . *Burton Rascoe* 301
ɜee or Not to See . . . . . *John Farrar* 305
Plays and Motion Pictures of the Month
Bookman's Guide to Fiction 312
Poems of the Month . . . . . *Stephen Vincent Benét* 317
Editor Recommends— . . . . . *J. F.* 319
Book of the Month . . . . . *William McFee* 322
ıelf of Recent Books 327
Reviews by Raymond M. Weaver, Ruth Hale, W. N. C. Carlton, Herbert S. Gorman
ınt Books in Brief Review 334
Bookman's Monthly Score 342
The Bookman's Mail 343
Letters from Zora Putnam Wilkins, Herman George Scheffauer, Alice Baldwin Hall, E. O. Laughlin
med Conversation with Money. *A Poem* . . . *Maxwell Bodenheim* 345
ɜign Notes and Comment 347
Bookman's Literary Club Service 354
Gossip Shop 358
With Caricatures by B.T.B., Will Coyne, E. T. Middleditch

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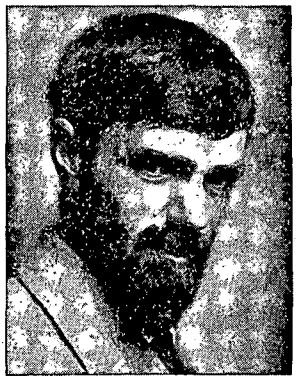

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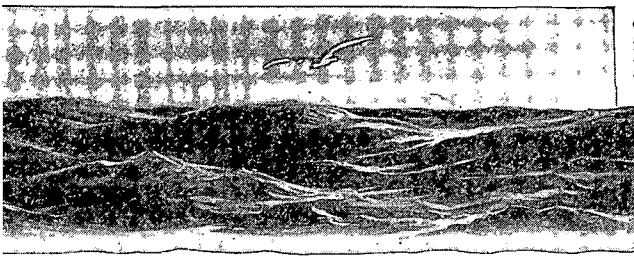

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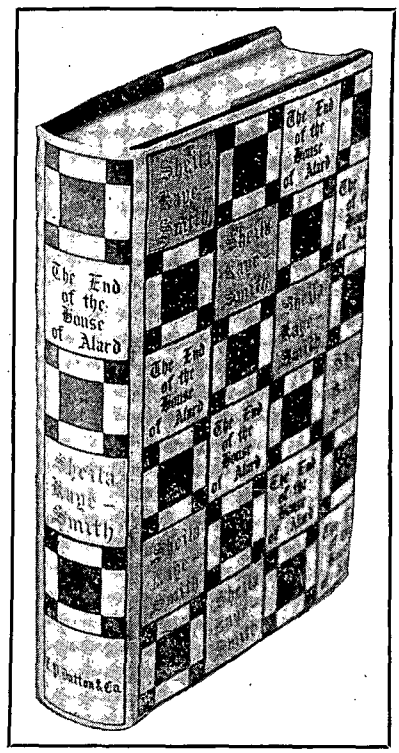

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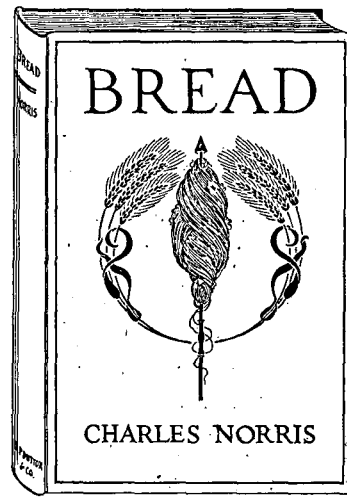

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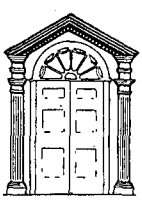

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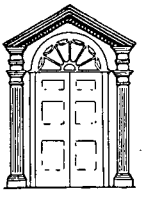

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THE BOOKMAN

VOCES POPULI

The voice of the people

By Elmer Murphy

WASHINGTON has been called the national listening gallery. The heart of the American people is supposed to throb somewhere off in the vague distance — in the country town, perhaps, where the Anti-Saloon League flourishes, in the region of smoking chimneys where labor foregathers, or in the broad prairie where the farmers' granges have their being. Its precise location is a matter of controversy. But there is no doubt about the capital. Its function is chiefly auricular. It is portrayed in the habitual attitude of cupping its hand to its ear to catch the confused murmurings or the vociferous outcries blown in upon it from the world without.

There has, possibly, always been some justification for the picture. The idea was planted in the first amendment to the Constitution which safeguards "the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for redress of grievances". But it is to be doubted that the constitutional fathers who sowed the seed had any notion of the harvest of discord their successors would reap. The wording of the amendment itself implies a certain deference and dignity in the manner of approach. Reading between the lines one may surmise that Washington, Madison, Monroe, even Thomas Jefferson himself — who would probably be put down by the present generation as gentlemen with aristocratic, if not reactionary tendencies — had no thought of turning Congress into a hustings or opening the door of government to the clamorous demands of a voluble and volatile public sentiment.

But the pamphleteer, or his modern equivalent, has returned. The deliberative quiet which the constitutional elders seem to have conceived as the proper setting for government has been broken in upon by the legislative agent, the propagandist, and the herald of reform. They no longer thunder in solo, like Swift, nor are they obliged to carry on their activities

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furtively, like their lobbyist predecessors, or in shadows of an enforced retirement far from the gaze of the public and eye of the constable, like "Martin Marprelate". The essence of their existence is publicity. They are, or profess to be, the mouthpieces of unnumbered thousands or millions whom the genius of the printing press and the modern gregarious instinct have brought together into an agglomerate whole.

Washington is no longer obliged to turn its ear to the breeze to catch the echoes which reflect the state of the popular temper. The chosen spokesmen crowd upon its doorstep. It is the abiding place of the "national" and the "federal" association and the "councils" of national and federal associations, a bewildering interlocking of wheels within wheels comprising the mechanism of utterance. They can be counted by the score, from the American Federation of Labor and the United States Chamber of Commerce, established institutions with imposing buildings to house them, to the National Milk Producers' Federation and the National Committee to Promote Self Government in India. Under the single head of "national" are listed forty-five organizations of this character, not a few of which are of the multiplex type. The National Council for the Prevention of War announces that it is the "clearing house for thirty-six national organizations that propose the substitution of law for war internationally". The Federal Council of Churches of Christ speaks in the name of an imposing array of Christian denominations with a membership of twenty millions.

Their field of activity is illimitable. It extends from the Philippines, whose people have set up a press bureau to mold American opinion to the idea of independence, to war torn Europe and the far recesses of the earth, and covers an astonishing variety of questions from the traffic in "filled milk" to the restoration of peace and righteousness throughout the world. There are organizations designed to bring about the amendment of the Constitution to pave the way for child labor and uniform divorce legislation, and other organizations which purpose to prevent the further amendment of the Constitution and protect government against the encroachments of constitutional reform. There are associations intent upon the enactment of "blue laws" and other associations equally intent upon the preservation of individual liberties. For every blast of the Anti-Saloon League and the Board of Temperance and Morals there is a counterblast from the Association Opposed to the Prohibition Amendment. The capital, which was hedged about by a bulwark of voteless citizens to protect it from the storm of political controversy, has become the battleground of the war of words and is strewn with the wreckage of printer's ink.

Propaganda is not the primary purpose of all these organizations. Many of them have other and more praiseworthy functions and, as Mr. Hoover will probably testify, the task of government in many instances has been simplified by reason of the fact that it can deal with a cohesive and responsible organization rather than a scattered industry—one of the lessons taught by the war. Others are more devoted to the dissemination of knowledge than the spread of fixed ideas. But the energies and resources of a large proportion of them are given over mainly to impressing public opinion with the stamp of their own convictions and compelling the govern-

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ment to accept it as political coin of the realm.

These jarring *voces populi* might still be in the lisping stage. That is as much as, in charity, can be said of them. If they are to be taken as outpourings of the American spirit one will listen in vain to the controversial flood of political utterance for anything of permanent value. Certainly there is no echo of the vigorous voices of the old pamphleteers. They are characterized mainly by a sonorous flatulence due, probably, to the effort to raise reiterated commonplaces to the dignity of important pronouncements. There is this, for example, a statement issued by Charles B. Barrett:

> Several matters rest heavily upon me concerning which, as President of the National Farmers' Union, I feel some measure of responsibility. While the imperative need for the farmers to belong to bona fide farm organizations is a thought constantly with me, this is not a matter I wish particularly to discuss at this time. What I have in mind today has to do with the people's primaries and the possibility of future war.

From this lucubration, running into two solid pages, it may be suspected that the spokesman of the national organization regards himself as a personage, called upon to discuss kings as well as cabbages.

The professional propagandist is less concerned with the substance than with the volume of his utterances, for it is the theory of his calling that even platitudes proclaimed in the voice of ten million voters take on an imposing significance, political wisdom being a matter of numbers. His business is one of collective utterance, the merchandising of public opinion which is gathered up, packed, labeled, and deposited like so much canned goods on the doorstep of the government. And he no longer comes forward in a spirit of meekness to exercise the modest "right of petition" but sits elbow to elbow with the legislator and administrator demanding peremptorily not merely what shall be done but how it shall be done.

It is small wonder that those to whom the task of government has been committed have been brought finally to rebel against the incessant nagging and the vociferous advice to which they have been subjected by these apostles of special causes. Mr. Hughes, demurring mildly, has observed that "those who create a public sentiment which makes it difficult for honorable statesmen to find ways of practicable adjustment of international problems are worse offenders than intriguing diplomats". Just whom Mr. Hughes had in mind he did not say, but there are many who might take his reproof to heart. The solution of world problems has become almost as common a diversion as mah jong — one of those postwar complexes yet to be analyzed. The propagandist rushes in boldly where diplomatists tread with fear and trembling.

The National Council for the Prevention of War — by the way of illustration — speaking for the thirty-six organizations of which it is the clearing house, admits that Europe offers difficulties, but it outlines them succinctly and proclaims without misgiving the manner of overcoming them — an international conference. "Seven problems", it announces, "must be settled practically at the same time or else none of them can be definitely settled. This is why France and Germany cannot reconstruct Europe by themselves. They can make the start but the real settlement involves us and all the nations of Europe. And this is why a conference is unavoidable. What are these seven problems?"

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It then enumerates them, beginning with reparations, which it fixes at between seven and twelve billion dollars, and ending with the stabilization of foreign currencies. Having decided upon the conference, it lays down the agenda, apparently a very simple matter. One almost wonders why Mr. Hughes or Mr. Lloyd George and various other prime ministers thrust unwillingly into the shades of retirement because they could not point the way to a solution, had not thought of it before. For bringing enlightening information such as this to the attention of the government and the people, if not of the world, and conducting its "sane and nationwide constructive campaign", the Council relies upon an appreciative public to supply it with the modest sum of $74,150 to defray its expenses for the current year.

The troubles of Mr. Hughes are no greater than those of his colleagues. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy face the dilemma of doing what is expected of them and being denounced as sabre rattling militarists, or yielding to the clamorous demands of pacifist organizations and being criticized for incompetency. It must be a little disconcerting even to so experienced a politician as the Secretary of War to be told that a conference which he called to devise ways of safeguarding the physical and moral well being of the youth of the country was a war breeding conspiracy clothed in the garments of an educational enterprise.

President Wilson spoke disdainfully of what he called "lobby gossip", the whispered vaporings of those who were under the delusion that Washington is a source of national enlightenment and that its hotels are within earshot of the trickling of the font. He was saying, in other words, what George the Second had said to Pitt: "You have taught me to look for the voice of my people in other places than within the House of Commons." The music by which the member of Congress dances comes from afar. However true this may be at the present era, the time is not far gone when a Senator of the United States would have frowned upon the advice now so freely given him or the demands now so boldly made upon him, as an invasion of his official dignity. Senator Morgan of Alabama once declined to submit to the Senate a petition formulated by the legislature of his own state because he did not approve of it, which might have been a trifle arbitrary even though subsequent events proved that he was right and the legislature wrong. Neither he nor his colleague, Senator Hoar, nor most of those who composed the august upper house at that time would conceivably have submitted to becoming mere sounding boards to take up and magnify the plaints of a class or a constituency. But whether Congress has become more pliant or the *voces populi* more raucously insistent, that old austerity has disappeared. Those within the Senate as well as those without find it expedient, if not profitable, to become the vehicles of utterance.

Senator Smith Wildman Brookhart emerges from the Iowa wilderness to proclaim that he is the voice of the farmers' bloc, the mothers' bloc, and various other nebulous political entities. Senator Heflin, of Alabama, pours out the unceasing lament of the southern tiller of the soil. Senator Hiram Johnson, to a lesser degree, is the oracle of the independent westerner of progressive thought. Senator Edge of New Jersey preaches, if timidly, the gospel of business. Sen-

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ator Smith, of South Carolina, is the mouthpiece of the cotton grower. Senator Ladd, Senator Norris, and others echo the truculence of the northwestern farmer. Even Senator Borah strives to compress into articulate speech the vague discontent of those who grow impatient over the limping march of human political progress. To be only a Senator of the United States, to speak in the still small voice of an honest endeavor to do what is right in the light of the eternal political verities, is to be lost in the tempestuous clamor of a debate brought down to the level of the bally hoo.

Perhaps all this is merely the first stage of the development of a new method of expression, a boisterous attempt to put forth ideas which still lie partly swathed in the indefiniteness of the popular subconsciousness and may yet attain the clarity of articulate speech. But one may with justification suspect that there is more of false prophecy than of wisdom among those who so readily offer themselves to do the speaking as well as the thinking for their fellow men. In the confusion engendered by their shouting from the housetops the bewildered voter is constrained to fall back on Hamilton's advice to those who were about to vote on the adoption of the Constitution: "Every man is bound to answer these questions to himself, according to the best of his conscience and understanding, and to act agreeably to the genuine and sober dictates of his judgment. This is a duty from which nothing can give him a dispensation. — No partial motive, no particular interest, no pride of opinion, no temporary passion or prejudice, will justify to himself, to his country, or to his posterity an improper election of the part he is to act."

TO A BROWN BOY

By Countée P. Cullen

THAT brown girl's swagger gives a twitch
To beauty like a queen;
Lad, never dam your body's itch
When loveliness is seen,

For there is ample room for bliss
In pride in clean brown limbs,
And lips know better how to kiss
Than how to raise white hymns,

And when your body's death gives birth
To soil which spring shall crown,
Men will not ask if that rare earth
Was white flesh once or brown.

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MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR GENIUS

By Mary Austin

I: WHAT IS GENIUS?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We have usually considered genius a gift of the gods, bestowed upon only a chosen few. Mrs. Austin, after years of devoted study, emphatically asserts that genius can be acquired. In a series of three articles she attempts to analyze genius and talent and to point the way both for recognizing them and for utilizing them in life and art.*

EVEN the people who have it do not always know what genius is. Nor has science so much as an inkling how we came by it. In studies such as Galton's "Hereditary Genius" the subject is obscured by making genius synonymous with exceptional ability. Common usage, taking its cue from science, classes all individuals of unusual capacity as geniuses, without any reference to varieties or processes. But all working artists, and such critics as are able to distinguish between a work of art and a method of artistry, know that by calling a particular book or picture or musical composition a work of genius, they have merely described the process by which it was produced. Since any work of genius, as opposed to works of invention or of intellect, tends to be superior, we have fallen into the careless habit of using the term only in reference to works of standard excellence. But since it is our business in these articles to discuss the genius process, I wish to establish from the outset the use of the word to indicate the process, apart from the comparative merits of the thing produced.

Genius as a personal endowment seems to strike as haphazardly as lightning. Either you are born with it, or you are not. Probably I am the only person to be found who will insist that it can be acquired, and very likely I shall not be able to make you agree with me. The earliest intimation the possessor of genius has of its operation is the sudden appearance of ideas or concepts, often of the greatest complexity, in his mind, seeming to come not by way of observation or intelligence but from somewhere above or beyond him, with sourceless connotations of authority. It is this unexpectedness and authoritativeness which led the Greeks to name the experience genius, conceiving its initial impulse to be the whisper of a spirit at the ear of the inner mind. Modern science admits the whisper, but names the source of it as the deep-self, the sum of accumulated emotional and conceptual experience called the race mind, expressing itself through the immediate-self, called the individual.

In order to discuss the genius process in the writer we must agree upon a terminology which will hold, at least, throughout these papers. When I speak, as in the preceding paragraph, of the deep-self and the immediate-self I am referring to the only two elements of the self that the individual is sure of having in common with every other individual. Every soul is born

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into this life with its sum of inheritance, and everyone begins at once to accumulate another sum of experience of this life as he lives it. There may be other elements, such as the will that got him born, but these two he is sure of, constituting the capital by which he lives. By the adoption of the terms *deep-self* for the sum of inheritance, and *immediate-self* for the sum of experience, we are able to avoid the pitfalls of that vast, vague term *the unconscious*.

It is true that genius operates *subconsciously*. The more exceptional the type of genius the more successfully it conceals its operations from its host. But not every subconscious operation of the mind is a work of genius. Items introduced into the immediate mind in childhood can easily slip into the outer fringes of consciousness and, returning under emotional stress or in connection with some sort of hocus-pocus, such as the ouija board, or spirit communication, get credit with the uninitiated as coming from the deep-self. There is also a pseudo-genius appearing frequently among children, especially those who have lived rather exclusively among grown ups, which can almost always be traced to submerged memories of things they have heard discussed or read aloud among their elders. Sometimes the profound wish of the parent to have the child prove among the gifted, even when not directly expressed, produces in a suggestible child superficial traits of the genius process; many of our infant prodigies are undoubtedly of this type.

It is in order to distinguish true genius — the kind that a man may with confidence encourage in himself as a means of livelihood and his personal contribution to society — from the hundred and one lapses of the various levels of consciousness common to all of us, that I have hit upon the terms *deep-self* and *immediate-self*, believing as I do that genius is simply the capacity of the immediate-self to make free and unpremeditated use of racial material stored up in the deep-self, as well as of material acquired in the course of individual experience.

Genius, as I hope to show helpfully, sometimes makes use of automatism to have its way with its host, and it can be assisted by autosuggestion. It is highly colored by the passions, inhibitions, and limitations of the immediate-self through which it is expressed, and can be rendered agonizing and futile by mistreatment. But we shall get nowhere in this inquiry unless we are able to hold a steady concept of the deep-self as the growing tip of the race life, having behind it the long stem of the racial experience, seeking to use the individual as the instrument of new adventures and possible increments of growth.

What the young genius feels behind him is the urge of this impulse to growth; deep-life demanding of him more life, experience aching to add experience to itself. Genius, therefore, is the most natural thing in the world. Considered apart from the special aptitudes of the mind, and the color of the racial temperament in which it manifests, genius is probably much more common than we have ever supposed. So common that its occurrence in the same house of life with insanity or criminality is probably as incidental as the occurrence of these things in the same house with blue eyes.

Biology, as far as it goes in this direction, tends to rank genius with the disposition of caged canary birds to build nests, and captive beavers to attempt to stop leaks in the water bucket with a dam. This view of genius

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accounts rationally and wholly for the authority the genius impulse has with its host, for the joy and the sense of at-one-ment with the universe which its unrestricted operation affords its possessor, for the terrific struggles of genius to realize itself in a given medium, and for the agony of frustration. But this view also obliges us to treat with equal respect the operations of genius in any and every field of human activity. There can be genius for chess playing and for chemistry and for sex provocation. I have a friend who has a genius for cooking. She has had no training, and does not know the difference between calories and calomel, but shut her up in an ordinarily equipped kitchen with an utterly unfamiliar article of food, and in the course of the morning she will have discovered the one perfect method of preparing it. This is the way genius, in the presence of its predestined material, works. Although what I shall say in these papers will be in reference to literary genius, it is probable that most of it is equally applicable to painting, picking pockets, music, or engineering.

I have said that science knows nothing of how genius happens, or how the production of genius in the race may be fostered. But there is happily a generous amount of accumulated experience to show us how genius may be made the most of, how it may be augumented and utilized in the indicated direction. What I propose now is to set in order some of this knowledge for the benefit of young people who find themselves born into the world with genius for a writing career.

With genius understood, in the light of all we know, as the power of coordinating the deep-self with the immediate-self in selected directions, to be born a genius does not necessarily mean that one is born to do work that will be called "great". Greatness in literature is measured, finally, by the length of time a given work maintains itself in the thought stream. Genius may be for an hour or for a thousand years; its indispensable quality is continuity with the life push. My own studies lead me to the conclusion that almost everybody has a little genius of some kind or other, but that most of it is lost to the world, through our stupid handling of it, by the time the subject has reached adolescence. Most of the vagaries of that difficult period, generally ascribed to sex adjustments, could probably be more successfully handled as the struggle of the deep-self to come into working partnership with the immediate-self. It is natural that this conflict would occur at the period when the capacity for handing on the racial inheritance is ripened. Probably the one factor that is most inhibitory to the freeing of genius in the adolescent youth is the rooted fear of being different, the instinctive herd aversion to any sort of "queerness". It is more than likely that as many tendencies toward fortunate variation are strangled at this period, as unfortunate tendencies are checked. At any rate, it is not until this period is passed that the individual can seriously take stock of his equipment for living the genius life.

The young person thus taking stock of himself must first consider the nature of his deep-self. From what the biologists tell us of the nature of inheritance it seems certain that no two deep-selves are exactly alike. Nor do we all have access to the whole sum of human inheritance; we possess only the experiences acquired by the races that have contributed to our blood stream. Thus a genius whose inheritance is wholly Latin does not have

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access to experiences acquired exclusively by the Scandinavian peoples.

The question of the limitation of genius by the racial type is of the utmost importance in the United States. Nobody has done definitive work in this field, but my own studies, which are by no means final, indicate that genius *never crosses the blood stream.* It does not appear possible for individuals of one race to have anything but intellectual access to the deep-life of another race, although there is some reason to conclude that such access may become instinctive after long association of one people with another, even without intermarriage.

Let me illustrate by a concrete example:

What we know as harmony in music is comparatively new in our racial experience, less than a thousand years old. It seems to have been acquired by the various present European races at about the same time. As a result, in all of them there are now born a large proportion of children who not only play instruments of harmony by ear — that is, from the deep-self — but have been known to compose harmony as early as the age of five.

The American Indian, however, has not yet arrived at appreciation of harmony. Consequently, though he is exceedingly musical in his own medium — almost any Indian you meet being capable of composing musical themes and melodies in the aboriginal scale — I have never found one of undoubted pure blood who can play an instrument of harmony by ear. Indians have been taught to play and sing in harmony, but if you watch any Indian school band, you will discover that each performer is playing his part alone, and a shallow effect of harmony is produced by the aboriginal faculty for rhythmic coordination which enables all the players to come out at the same place. Half a dozen times in my search, which has extended over twenty years, cases of ear playing Indians have been reported to me, but in every case not apparent at once to the eye, a little inquiry has shown the blood to be mixed.

On the other hand the Negro, who had already acquired rudimentary harmony before leaving Africa, has while living in a social environment where harmony is the accepted musical mode developed an almost universal genius for it. All this is important to writers in America, since it seems to indicate that genius of pure blooded stock, but outside the Anglo-Saxon blood stream, especially if outside the Anglo-Saxon social inheritance, will not be able to draw on any racial experience but its own, and will tend to produce art forms distinct from those developed within the Anglo-Saxon stream. I say tend, because there is always the unifying effect of a common environment. There is also the possibility of the newcomer's picking up within the Anglo-Saxon stream traits that came into it from his own blood stream. Thus an Italian or a French youth, growing up in an older American group, may assimilate himself to the Roman and Norman inheritance, which is certainly a part of our English ancestry. But a Jew or a Serb or a Slav, however much Americanism his immediate-self may take on, when he begins to draw upon his deep-self will find himself able to reach only the experience of his racial past. If he has a very acute and critical intelligence, as the genius product begins to pass through that intelligence into a book or a play he will be able so to modify his expression as to bring it within the understanding of other racial minds he wishes to reach. But

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if this hypothetical foreignly derived genius prove to have crossbred ancestry, such as is already in the American stream, he may attain a characteristic American expression of it. These are things that you can verify by an examination of the fiction written in America by geniuses of many strains. It does not seem possible for one of them to treat love, marriage, destiny, or any vital issue in the light of anything but his own racial experience.

I am aware that this does not cover quite all the instances of interracial genius; how for example Joseph Conrad, a Pole, became an English country gentleman and a master stylist in the English language. What I am trying to do here is not to exhaust the subject, but to make some suggestions by which the foreignly derived young American genius may handle himself most successfully.

We are probably safe in asserting that to be a genius means to have the use of racial material without the trouble of acquiring it by conscious effort on your own account. But we must not think of that material as lying wholly in the past. There is a racial life of the present, and a racial trend prophetic of its future achievement, both of which are, in the nature of things, part of the resources of genius.

The deep-self is not only that part of us which preserves the affective values of the past; it is also that part of us which will hand on the affective increments of the immediate-self to our racial legatees. It must therefore be thought of as continually at work modifying the life process, as between the racial tendency and the environment. A generous endowment of genius, then, gives to its possessor not only the use of the racial inheritance, but wide range through the present racial experience, and an intimate sense of racial direction. That is how genius manages so often to be prophetic, "ahead of its time". Just how much knowledge of its own future the deep-self has, is problematical. More, at any rate, than it succeeds in communicating to the immediate-self, but, often, enough to enable a particular genius to anticipate the conscious development of the race by several generations.

Among the other resources of genius must be reckoned the subtle influence of natural environment. There may also be something from the social environment that passes over into the deep-self and is worked up by it into the stuff of life, quite without our knowledge. I am certain, for instance, that I get much of my knowledge of Indians not from anything I read or consciously observe, but just by being in their vicinity. Processes like this probably go on in all of us and, since they are beyond our control, must be reckoned as part of the sum of the material to which the possession of genius gives us access in the degree of our possession.

The degree and kind of genius possessed by the individual is difficult to determine. It appears to be strictly conditioned by the kind of intelligence through which it reaches us, as the shape of the fountain is conditioned by the nozzle. It can never be exactly alike in any two people — no two of us have exactly the same deep-self from which to draw, neither do we have identical immediate-selves through which we draw it. Every attribute of the immediate-self, commonly called a talent, plays its part in determining the final expression of genius in a work of literature.

For the purpose of these papers I am going to make a distinction be-

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tween our "talent" and the faculties of the intellect which may not be quite the distinction finally agreed upon by the psychologists. Talents are aptitudes which appear to be tied closely to the physical constitution, like color perception, an "ear for music", a sense of rhythm, of proportion, of form. It may be that intellectual faculties, such as reason, comparative judgment, perception and cognition, are equally bound up with the body, but this is not so certain. For the present, at least, we shall have to accept the general conclusion that all the aptitudes of the immediate-self are body bound, and cannot be altered any more than the leopard's spots. There is, however, so much greater *availability* of our equipment to be had by proper training and handling, that it has almost the effect of talent being made. In another paper I expect to take up this whole subject of the training of literary talent, also my own belief that if talent cannot, genius can be deliberately sought and found. What we must first establish is the relation of intelligence and talent to genius.

There have been cases in which genius has dispensed with all but a minimum of intelligence, as in Blind Tom, who had great musical ability along with the mentality of a seven year old child. In other cases, such as Dante Gabriel Rossetti, genius of a high order played back and forth between two nearly equal talents for writing and painting. Now we have Thomas Hardy who began as an architect, became a novelist, ends as a poet; whose lasting fame will probably rest on a single dramatic work, "The Dynasts", combining the best of all three talents for construction, relation, and interpretation. Sometimes we have genius accompanied by high intellectual capacity and rather limited talent, as in George Meredith; or a genuine talent for story telling and a moderate intelligence with not a spark of genius, as in Harold Bell Wright. Also in the United States we have many examples of pyrotechnic talent, divorced from the deep-self, on negligible terms with its intelligence, operating "on its own", as a survey of any season's output of popular fiction will show. Occasionally we have also examples of genius imperfectly stabilized, either through uncoordinated intelligence, or through the lack of adequate talent for displaying it, so that it becomes tormented and agonizing, a perpetual gadfly to its possessor. One suspects some such constitutional incapacity for fulfilment in men like Poe and Frank Harris. Perhaps Whitman too was a genius inadequately equipped, though he seems never to have suffered any realization of the meagreness of his poetic gifts in relation to the immensity of his inspiration.

The happiest fortune is, of course, to be born with a first rate intelligence, and one or two talents, exactly proportioned to the scope of our allotment of genius. The next best thing is to be able to administer our gifts so that the most is made of them with the minimum of effort. Such comfortable coordination seldom is achieved once for all. Every time a new piece of work is undertaken there must be a new alignment of the various faculties of the self that produces it. So at the beginning of every piece of literature there is almost always a time of struggle and torment for the producer. It is with the hope that by informing ourselves fully of the processes and their relation to one another we may establish a habit of rapid and successful coordination, that these studies have been undertaken.

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Paul Fort

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PAUL FORT

By Malcolm Cowley

With a Drawing from Life by Ivan Opffer

WHEN two French writers meet together to talk over the old days before the war, the name which recurs most frequently in their conversation is that of Paul Fort. Paul Fort in the Latin Quarter, leading the discussion of all the poets who gathered round him at the Café des Lilas — and they gathered there by scores. Paul Fort as founder of "Vers et Prose", the review which for ten years was the organ of every interesting movement in French letters. Paul Fort with his long hair streaming (now his lion's mane is shorn), stormily defending the romantic attitude against the prosaic writers of the new generation, or sacrificing himself impulsively to aid his enemies as generously as his friends. It was always Paul Fort in those days, but now he has retired from the battle to live in a cottage in the far suburbs. People have not forgotten him, however, and as for his work it has come into its own.

He is not an old man yet, and he shows no signs of being written out, but since his retirement from the literary battle of Paris people can begin to make an approximate judgment of his importance. It is considerable. He has written thirty volumes of poetry, none of it bad and some sensationally good. He originated a new poetic medium — polyphonic prose — which gained him disciples on both sides the water. His poems are simple and colored violently, like images of the Virgin in a peasant's cottage, and inspire the same sort of faith.

They have never lacked readers, but now their audience is beginning to extend over the world. In France he holds an almost official position; he is Prince of Poets. It is an office corresponding vaguely to the laureateship in England, though vastly more informal; perhaps it is an even greater honor, for the Prince of Poets is chosen by the poets themselves, and not by a king. In the other countries of Europe he has friends and translators, and he has warm supporters in America. Amy Lowell introduced his work enthusiastically, Fletcher gave it wide praise, and last year John Strong Newberry translated his "Selected Poems and Ballads".

Paul Fort himself reads English only with difficulty; nevertheless he is familiar with the work of several American poets. He went so far as to have much of Carl Sandburg translated for his own benefit. He respects Amy Lowell highly, and John Gould Fletcher he believes to be positively great. This is his reasoning: "Whitman is immensely stimulating, but inchoate. He is like a dictionary of images. I find the same virtues in Fletcher, with the advantage that here the images are magnificently arranged. Fletcher is one of the great figures of contemporary literature."

He went on to generalize on the dif-

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ference between French and Anglo-Saxon poetry. "French verse has a grace, a charm, an exactness which it is almost impossible for a stranger to appreciate. It is attached narrowly to its own soil and has strong conventions; it can be compared to no other national poetry except Chinese. English poetry, on the other hand, is more like the Persian, but less adulterated with philosophy.

"English lyrics are incomparable, and in Keats and Shelley poetry exists in its most pure state. For them it was nothing less than a transposition of the soul. They would say, 'I am a nightingale', and they would be utterly sincere about it. Lamartine, the French poet who approaches them most nearly, would only dare to say, 'I am like a nightingale'."

There is a charm about the conversation of Paul Fort that I cannot reproduce; his epigrams are Gallic and do not always stand translation. "Poets are savages with an admirable science." Speaking of the beauty of Greek women: "The Greeks have always been our masters. What a shame they're not our mistresses." He is as fond of landscapes as of people, and describes them with painstaking adjectives. "This country around Paris — the Ile de France — is the most *pleasant* in the world. . . . Danish landscapes are *pretty;* they are not *grandiose* like Norway. . . . The South of France is *raw* and *splendid.*" In the same exact fashion he describes the other landscapes he has seen, always returning to his favorite Ile de France.

He is a great traveler for a Frenchman; he has visited Scandinavia and made a South American tour. Next year he intends to visit the United States. But he enjoys the return better than the voyage, for he is a poet deeply rooted in his own soil. Most of his work deals with the adventures of the Ile de France across the centuries; he likes specially to describe it as it existed in the reign of the good king Louis XI. Fort lives in the centre of the country that he loves. From his own hilltop cottage he can see the ruins of the castle from which the red haired Baron of Montlhéry emerged to levy tribute on the merchants bound for Paris; in the foreground is the plain where Louis XI fought a battle with the Burgundians and discovered that war was less profitable than diplomacy. The poetry of Paul Fort is strongly local, but it is national at the same time. He writes in a great French tradition, the one which descends from Molière and Rabelais, and which has taken its motto from the Abbey of Thélème: *Live joyously.*

After a visit to Fort the impression that remains is one of unaffected gaiety. The first sound we heard as we approached his house was a laugh, and two hours later it was another laugh which invited us to return. We carried off a picture of children playing in the yard, a gorged cat asleep in the sun, and inside an open door the poet himself, joking over the coffee cups after his Sunday dinner. He takes life with no great seriousness, but he works hard at his poems. Like the ideal poet of his definition, Paul Fort is somewhat of a savage, a savage on whose shoulders twenty centuries of civilization rest lightly, a savage with an admirable science.

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CHINESE CHARACTERS IN AMERICAN FICTION

By S. P. Rudinger de Rodyenko

I HAVE before me a number of volumes of American fiction, published during the last few seasons, with plots laid in China or among the Chinese living in this country. Some of the novels are works by rather well known authors and have been adjudged best sellers by their publishers, who in the usual blurbs on the covers did not fail to extol the thorough knowledge of the subject the author had acquired during his or her prolonged stay in the Far East, etc., etc. Yet even a cursory perusal of these novels revealed to me a general and utter misconception of the Chinese characters by the various authors who attributed to them traits which never have been and in all probability never will be Chinese.

I have lived in China for several years. Not merely in China, as do so many others, but among the Chinese, who in some cases considered me one of them. I speak several Chinese dialects and am as well acquainted with their psychology as continuous and close contact with them in their native country could ensure.

The favorite characters woven into their stories by most authors are: (1) the cruel, devilishly ingenious Chinese; (2) the cunning and tricky Chinese; (3) the persecutor of white women; (4) the opium smoker and criminal; (5) the "mysterious" tong man. The last two characters especially seem to be considered essential to any story whose plot is laid among the Chinese living in this country — especially in large cities like New York and San Francisco, where the Chinese congregate in so called Chinatown.

I refrain from mentioning book titles or names of authors, for I know that the great majority of writers acted in good faith when they endowed their Chinese personages with the sinister traits. But I have ascertained that exceedingly little is known in this country about the true character of the Chinese, and most of the information accessible to the general public is based on erroneous beliefs or misapprehensions.

Thus it has come about that the Chinese in modern American fiction are generally used for villains or other undesirable characters. This is the more deplorable since the natives of China as a whole have nothing but the most sincere friendly feelings toward us — they have not forgotten that this country was one of the first to recognize the young Chinese government at a time when other nations held back, sitting on the fence and awaiting developments before officially recognizing the republic which had just then emerged from the chaos of the revolution of 1911-1912. The remission of the Boxer Indemnity for the purpose of sending Chinese students to this country to be educated was another factor which contributed

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greatly to the promotion of friendly feeling toward America. Yet America does not seem much inclined to reciprocate the cordial attitude of the Chinese.

Being in constant and close touch with the Chinese living in this country, I have it from authoritative sources that the great majority of them are much aggrieved at the fact that they are used as sinister or ridiculous characters in fiction — the kind of literature which because of its nature has an infinitely wider circulation among the American public than have serious textbooks or books on the geography or ethnography of China.

There is no doubt that the diplomatic representatives of any other nation would raise energetic objections to an habitual vilification or *capitis deminutio* of their fellow countrymen. It will be remembered that only a short time ago the Mexican government launched successful protests in Washington against the constant abuse of the Mexican as a "bad hombre" in literature as well as in motion pictures. The Chinese people have not made many efforts along this line — their philosophy teaches them not to bother about statements that are untrue — yet they have come to realize the grave injustice done to them, and they appeal to the fairmindedness of the American public and especially of the American authors. Apropos of authors — there is hardly a nation which appreciates literary men more than does China. To be a writer is to merit great consideration in the opinion of the Chinese.

I am convinced that book readers as well as authors will be interested in my attempt to give a true portrait of the various Chinese traits of character, and of some American-Chinese institutions which have been before the eye of the American public ever since the Chinese came to this country in greater numbers.

Before all I must mention the relation of the Chinese to the white woman, concerning which many gruesome stories have been in circulation. It is a well known fact that the Orientals in general and the Chinese in particular are of a less actively amative nature than are the Caucasians. The Chinese idea of woman is utterly different from that of the American or European. For one thing, the Chinese men don't bother as much about women as do the Caucasians and they don't make as energetic efforts to win the favor of the opposite sex. They know that if woman is interested in man it is she who will begin the offensive — why exert oneself?

During a seven years' sojourn in China I remember only one attack committed upon a white woman by a Chinese. This happened in Shanghai. The offender was brought to trial, where American physicians proved that he was insane. A few years ago a woman was beaten by some Chinese soldiers. During the investigation which I conducted, it appeared that the woman was a missionary who in an obnoxious manner had interfered with the soldiers and attempted to break their wine jars and take their cigarettes away from them.

I dare say that a white woman, however pretty she may be, is infinitely safer in a Chinese city or Chinese quarter than she is in the "Forties" near Broadway in New York. People might stare at her and ask her all possible questions in good natured curiosity, but nobody would even dare to touch her. The Chinese are very gentle at heart; they respect strangers whom they consider guests of their country; and woman whom

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they still regard as a representative of the weaker sex is absolutely safe among them.

The opium smoker is another favorite character. Various writers would lead the reader to believe that opium is part of the daily menu of the average Chinese. Yet it must not be forgotten that opium smoking is by no means a Chinese institution. Originating in India and Persia, the drug found its way up north as well as to the west. The government of the then Empire of China, realizing the havoc which the deadly habit wrought among its subjects, passed laws making it a capital offense to smoke opium. And ever since then the Chinese government, in spite of opposition from other countries, has made strenuous efforts to prevent the importation of opium into China.

Of course there are addicts in China. But their percentage is infinitely smaller than that of drug addicts in America, England, or France. The Chinese don't trust an opium smoker and have a thorough contempt for those who indulge in "tah yen", the "big smoke"; as a result the unfortunates who have become a slave to the habit do their best to conceal the facts.

Among the Chinese living in this country there are practically no drug addicts. To smoke opium is very expensive and time consuming, and Chinese in America are working hard to save as much as possible, so that they may return to their home country.

The cunning and tricky Chinese who works with poison or the dagger has become almost an institution in American fiction. Like everyone in public life I made enemies as well as friends in China. Yet I am still alive, and I do not remember a single instance in which anyone tried to get me out of his way by using a dagger or poison. Those who did not like me tried less subtle methods. It is only natural, however, that the Chinese should defend themselves in the same fashion as do the French, the Italians, and other races physically less strong than the Anglo-Saxon, when attacked by a stronger adversary.

Another thing the Chinese object to is the fact that many artists persist in depicting Chinese still wearing the queue. The Chinese, after having been defeated by the Manchus, were ordered by the victors to wear queues as a sign of submission. The "Sons of Han" — of Liu Pang who founded the Han dynasty about two thousand years ago, a direct descendant of whom, Captain Liu Tao, Chinese Military Forces, retired, lives now in New York — resented the queue bitterly. But those who dared to cut off their queues were beheaded by the Manchus. As proof of how hated the queue was, I mention that even at the time when the Manchus were in power, it was part of the burial rites to loosen the hair of the dead man and cut it off to the shoulders, or else to roll up the queue and coil it atop of the head, similar to the style affected by the taoist priests. Then the body was dressed in classical Chinese garments of the period before the Manchus came into power. A favorite proverb regarding this custom was: "Slaves when alive, but free sons of Han when dead."

But — I know how difficult it is to convince an artist that Chinese don't wear queues any longer! A certain illustrator who made very clever sketches to accompany some of my stories got me promptly in trouble with many of my Chinese friends who thought I was responsible for the illustrations. It is true that in certain

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parts of northern China the queue is still worn, but generally only by small farmers or coolies.

The Chinese resent the popular term *Chinaman*. They prefer to be referred to as *Chinese*, just as the natives of Japan are termed *Japanese*. Would anyone ever use the expression *Japanman? Chinaman* is about as popular among the Chinese as a "Black and Tan" would be in County Tyrone, Ireland.

Last, but not least, I shall give an explanation of the "mysterious tongs" which have become an essential to every story whose plot is laid among the Chinese living in this country. "Tong" is the Cantonese pronunciation of "tung" which, in Kuan-Hoa, the official language of China, means "society, association, fraternity". The tongs in this country are simply associations of a benevolent nature and there is no secrecy about them. In fact, in cities like New York, San Francisco, and Chicago which have Chinese quarters, huge signboards indicate the headquarters of the various tongs, thus enabling strangers to find them without difficulty.

The tongs are of recent date, in America at least. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, when the so called western expansion began, a great number of Chinese laborers were imported into this country to work on railroads and the like. Soon afterward non-Chinese laborers, resenting the efficient work of the Chinese, formed the so called Knights of Labor who, besides exercising pressure upon the government for the purpose of halting a further influx of Chinese labor, intimidated the Chinese in a very unknightly manner by using physical violence. In many cases the Chinese, physically inferior to their assailants, had to quit their work. The Chinese then began to unite for the sake of self protection. Natives of the same province, or of the same county, formed fraternities, contributions to which were used to assist fellow countrymen in need. The Chinese know that a man in need is likely to become a criminal, and national pride urged them to prevent this result as much as possible.

There are no "down and outers" among the Chinese in this country, which accounts for the minimum of criminality charged against them. If a man is at the end of his resources or if he is a stranger who has just arrived in the United States, he need but apply to his tong, and a helping hand is extended to him, work is found for him, and a place to sleep.

Even seamen who arrive here and whose stay is limited avail themselves of the tongs. The seamen are just as thrifty as the other Chinese, and they try to save as much money as possible instead of "blowing" their wages in the manner of seafaring men of other nations. Upon his arrival the seaman visits his tong, and generally finds a place where he works for his board or for nominal wages till his ship sails again. I have Chinese servants who are seafaring men, employed on ships which sail between Atlantic and Pacific ports. During their stay here they work for me. And when one has to leave he always produces some friend to take his place. The man, having been recommended, behaves very well, for not only his own reputation but that of the "recommender" as well is at stake. These men are honest and hardworking, know their place, and appreciate friendly treatment more than anything else.

The tong wars which have stood in the public eye for quite a time have a perfectly natural origin with no mys-

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tery about it, as the following example will show.

The members of a tong generally follow the same occupation. Years ago, when many Chinese had to quit work on railroads, they found themselves without means to earn a livelihood. Presently a member of a tong composed of men from Sing Ying County, in the Province of Canton, conceived the notion of taking up laundry work. He discovered not only that the work paid well but that very little capital was needed to start such a business. After a short while most of the Sing Ying men established themselves as laundrymen and the "Chinese laundryman" became an American institution. (It would be erroneous to believe that laundry work is considered a man's job in China. There the women attend to it.)

Other Chinese tried to follow this example and encountered the ire of the Sing Ying men. For hadn't the original idea come from their midst? The result was squabbles and altercations. Association with non-Chinese laborers had taught the Chinese to resort to violence; somebody used a gun, a hatchet, a knife, or a brick; others followed suit — the tong war was on!

Now, the Chinese, living more among themselves and mixing no longer with outsiders, have found out that the Chinese way of settling things is better. Consequently, for years there has been no tong war.

The Chinese, in their native country, are much opposed to physical violence. Even nowadays the military profession enjoys but little popularity because of the violence it demands. There are practically no fights among civilians. Arguments are settled in other ways. If Chinese have an altercation, they do not give each other black eyes as do other nations, but prefer to abuse each other. I am willing to testify that the Chinese are most expert and proficient "cussers". I have gathered a collection of curse words, every one of them more delightfully expressive than the other. Yet the Chinese are by no means timid. I have commanded Chinese soldiers, and the very same men who looked as gentle and as harmless as children, and who acted like them when everything was quiet, proved to be excellent fighters and stood shrapnel fire without flinching.

The warm feelings the Chinese have for this country deserve to be reciprocated. I hope some day to see a closer international friendship between intellectuals of America and of China.

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DUNSANY, YEATS, AND SHAW: TRINITY OF MAGIC

By Shaw Desmond

IRELAND has always been the home of magic. Fortunately for the world, hers has been the magic not of darkness but of the light. Dunsany, Yeats, Shaw, each in his own way is master of magic. Each is as different in essence as are the persons of the Trinity. Together, they form the triune quality that is Ireland's.

Each of these magicians is as vitally different from the other two as Peter is different from the other angels — but each has the same essential quality — the quality of the Irishman. It is the celestial qualiy which makes the magical the normal, to teach, to reveal, to inspire. It is the magic of heaven brought down to earth, when angels walk with men.

Dunsany is not one, but two men, although he does not know it himself, for he is as unconscious as Shaw is conscious. There is that Dunsany, exteriorized, the fox hunter and soldier — and that other, real Dunsany, the man who reveals to men in shadowy mirrors that they have been gods, that they are yet gods in embryo, and that they can once more regain their lost godhood. Incidentally, we are all gods in the making, but only some of us know it — and those some, mostly Irishmen.

Like his two fellows Dunsany knows with Paracelsus, although only "through a glass darkly", as is his way, that "he who tastes a crust of bread tastes all the stars and all the heavens." It is the universality of the Celt. Once again, the magic of heaven brought down to earth.

Even the human soul itself he makes natural, and knows it for what it is — a thing of earth and starshine.

In "The Kith of the Elf-Folk", perhaps the most beautiful allegory of our time, he tells the story of how "the little Wild Thing" of the marshes, hearing the song and prayers of the people streaming up from the cathedral that stood upon their edge, "like thin gold" and "the organ roaring over the marshes", longed to have a soul and to worship God. And he tells how the other Wild Things, taking pity on her, set themselves to make her a soul.

"And there it lay in the hands of the Wild Things no larger than a hedgehog: and wonderful lights were in it, green and blue; and they changed ceaselessly, going round and round, and in the grey midst of it was a purple flare."

"It lay in the hands no larger than a hedgehog." That magic touch which brings the soul to the hand and heaven to earth!

But this magician, like some others, is unconscious. Dunsany is a much greater being than he of himself has any conception.

You look at Dunsany sitting in his uniform, and you feel that here is an ordinary clean cut prosaic soldier, with no spark of imagination. He sits

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there in his sombre khaki, peaked hat down over the eyes to hide the lights in them, and you say: here is just a soldier man.

You look upon this soldierly figure of natty uniform and barbered face, and somebody mentions "The Sword of Welleran", or there comes to your mind incredibly the rather terrible humor of "'The Coronation of Mr. Thomas Shap", or the biting imagery of "The Wonderful Window", and you think vaguely of two men — one, the man of this world, hobbled by the wretched little occupations of material things, and another, more shadowy, man of the worlds beyond.

And you are right, although once more Dunsany himself does not know it. It is the secret which his own gods, those gods of a terrible neutrality and heartlessness, have in their aloof wisdom hidden from him as they have hidden from him the fact of their own existence. Dunsany is unconscious.

And yet Dunsany is often on the verge of discovery, galled by the spur of the gods which jags him every now and then toward consciousness, driving him to that divine discontent of a world physically limited, a god placed behind the bars of matter to chafe at them. One hears of his anger at some person or thing. Of his rising from some banquet at which he is the guest of honor, in sheer splenetic irritation. And the average man, hearing, puts it down to "bad temper" or "bad manners".

But it is neither. It is the real Dunsany trying to fight his way up through the barriers which veil consciousness from unconsciousness — up into the light of the day above. It is that real, deeper Dunsany, the master magician, the Dunsany who has created "The Fortress Unvanquishable", that awe compelling example of imaginative work which pictures, again unconsciously, this very struggle of soul with body, struggling vainly with the fetters, if not of the flesh and the devil, then of the world of matter. And some day Dunsany will break through, to the glory of man and of God.

But when he does, it will be but to show the ordinary man and woman under the fiercer light of consciousness that heaven not only lies near to earth but that it is already with us — within our own souls — the thing that both Yeats and Shaw are trying to do, each from his own side.

Dunsany is really the link between the elemental Yeats and the modern Shaw, and so completes the trinity of magic which makes the Gael what he is — not merely the interpreter, but the unifier of the thing that was, the thing that is, and the thing that is to be, and which is making the modern Irish writer the creator of "the synthetic story", which one day is going to displace "the novel" — that word of stupid unmeaning.

And incidentally, how "G.B.S." (it is a very fatal and unhappy portent that Shaw is so often known by these unhuman initials) would laugh to scorn his being called "a Gael". He would probably, or improbably, prefer to call himself, as indeed he does in the preface to "John Bull's Other Island", "a genuine, typical Irishman of the Danish, Norman, Cromwellian, and . . . Scottish invasions". But then Shaw, with that fatal facility, would call himself anything — or for that matter, anybody else! Yet he is none the less, as is Yeats, and as was Swift, his great Irish progenitor in satire, a Gael from his hoofs to his golden crown.

And so there comes sauntering

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upon our stage, throwing his hair carelessly back as he comes, Ireland's sweet singer — W. B. Yeats.

I remember many years ago getting a letter from W. B. Yeats, from the Endsleigh Gardens, London, the oasis just off the haunt of the damned known as the Euston Road. (What a refuge for transcendentalism!)

It was written in the strong black cabalistic lettering of the Master — the sign manual of a terrible certainty, but none the less, writing — undecipherable. It was the writing of a man finding himself, perhaps of one already in the twilight of the gods.

I puzzled over it for some time and then showed it to a friend to ask him what it was about. Having placed a microscopic eye upon it for some minutes, he said: "I'll be damned if I know. Do you?" I am afraid he was damned.

That letter was Yeats. Moving dimly in the tremendous shadows of the elemental things, slightly unsure of himself in that elemental twilight where the Great Ones live but much more conscious than Dunsany and infinitely less conscious than Shaw — the Shaw who is a player with the things of transiency and a strolling player at that — William Butler Yeats, master of magic, weaves his spells. It is his mission, he who is the greatest mystic poet of his time and one of the greatest of all time, to demonstrate to an unheeding and concrete world the elemental forces and powers which govern that world, whether of yesterday, today, or tomorrow — to make the world learn old lessons in new forms, which indeed is the story and method of man's advance through the ages, from that day when Lucifer-like he fell into matter, until now, when, helped by his Guides, he is rising up out of matter again.

Here is a magician who has perhaps — I do not know — lost some of his magic — not the magic of his work but of his being, of himself. His friends sometimes tell me that "Willie is not what he used to be", and there seems a tendency among them to make a very nice distinction between the artist and his art — between the man and his work.

I believe Mr. Yeats, catching, whether one likes it or not, the essential spirit of Ireland, was once a Sinn Feiner — today he is I understand a Dominion Home Ruler — or that way. If you want to know the difference between the two, I will tell you a story.

A friend of mine, a London journalist, who visited my native country in 1920, when Erin, in the language of diplomacy, was still "unsettled" — as though one were speaking of stomachic catarrh, or something of that sort — was invited to a Dominion Home Rule drawing room in Dublin, where he was introduced to all sorts of the really nice men and women who shelve the Gaelic culture of their country for the superior imported article — whether it be French or English, German, or even Japanese. They dwelt, possibly quite accurately — I am a child in these matters — at some length upon the advantages of the shadowy Dominion Home Rule which at that time (it was before the Irish Free State status had been offered and accepted) was being suggested, when my friend, an Englishman with a sense of humor, said: "Will any lady or gentleman who is willing to die for Dominion Home Rule kindly step forward?" Nobody moved.

He waited a moment and then said quietly: "Thank you. That was all I

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wanted to know. If I step to the window there and whistle, I can bring a thousand who are prepared to die for an independent Ireland and even a few Dublin Ulstermen who are prepared to do the same for the Union. But I find that nobody is prepared to die for Dominion Home Rule."

It is this scarcely expressed, perhaps scarcely realized, perhaps wholly imaginary feeling among some of his friends that genius has no business with middle courses, any more than it has with a "sanity", which possibly explains how it is that Yeats, master of magic, has become somewhat segregated in the minds of those friends from his art, which they admire without reservation.

At one of those indescribable Sunday evenings at "A.E.'s" (how that magician, softly glowing, ever let himself be known by the impersonal initial being one of the insoluble mysteries of nature) I recall first sensing something of this. There were present the eldest sister of an English earl; a Basque priest from the Pyrenees, James Stephens, beautiful lovable little man; that lady who is the incarnate soul of Ireland, a very Deirdre of the Sorrows — Maud Gonne, whose gracious presence made the room radiant; and that stormy petrel, the Countess Markievicz, who I remember betrayed a tendency to lament a decline in her shooting powers, telling me that she had badly missed an English general or officer or something or other in khaki in the windows of the Shelbourne during the 1916 rising, "but", as she added, brightening up like a Salvation Army lass at a revival meeting, "I hope to do better next time!"

It was in that room I first caught this new note about Yeats, and being perhaps Yeats's greatest admirer in this very earthy world, I ventured upon indignant objection.

It was then that one of the distinguished ladies present explained: "It's like this. If W. B. Yeats came in now at that door, someone would just throw his eye round and drop: 'There's Willie', and then everybody would go on talking."

One can only hope that there is nothing the matter with Mr. Yeats's soul. For if there is, we shall have to get Shaw to dissect it, of course understanding as little of its nature as any other surgeon who opens the body of a man, and Dunsany to heal it with the magic of his gods — who, because they are such indifferent creatures, would as likely as not let Mr. Yeats's soul go to hell.

It was Yeats I think who, in making a presentation to the author of "The Crock of Gold", said something to this effect: "It gives me great pleasure to make this presentation, as we all know that my friend, James Stephens, will go down to history as a great poet." The feelings of Stephens, who is essentially a prose writer, may be easily imagined and are therefore indescribable.

Only Stephens, in returning thanks, should have retorted: "And it gives me the greater pleasure in accepting this gift at the hands of my dear friend, William Butler Yeats, inasmuch as we all know that he will go down to history as a great writer of prose."

As I said, I hope nothing is the matter with Mr. Yeats's soul.

Yet one knows that nothing *can* be the matter. For we know that the subjective or unconscious life of a man as of a nation is ultimately the vital and determinative side. And there is nothing really sick with that splendid matter-piercing soul of

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Yeats, who is all Gael. And a tired world, as it rolls its way to bed each evening should, before saying "Good night", thank the gods which gave the master of the elemental things a consciousness as yet denied to his brother master of magic, Dunsany.

When we meet consciousness in a woman, we feel that intuition that is divine, for the mark of divinity is consciousness. When we meet it in the genius of a Yeats, like all great genius, quite unconscious in the moment of creation, we make the same flashing recognition.

For Yeats is not Dunsany, writing of things which for him have no conscious existence. Yeats, the gods be praised! when he tells us that he has walked with the Queen of the Fairies, knows that he *has* walked with her. When he tells of the elemental things in "The Countess Cathleen" and thinks of the beautiful original whom one ventures to believe that Yeats had in his mind — Maud Gonne as it seems to me — and when he speaks to us of the devil merchants who buy the souls of hungry men and women, he knows that the Spirit of Evil still haunts the wastes and cities of the world. And when, in those tremendous lines through which Oona, Cathleen's foster mother speaks:

Tell them who walk upon the floor of peace
That I would die and go to her I love;
The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God, the herdsman, goads them on behind
And I am broken by their passing feet. . .

he knows that the herdsman is no figure of speech, but an ever living and present God, of which he, Yeats, as all of us, is a part.

When in those breathless lines of "The Hosting of the Sidhe" or the haunting "Time Drops in Decay":

Time drops in decay
Like a candle burnt out,
And the mountains and woods
Have their day, have their day;
But kindly old rout
Of the fire-born moods,
You pass not away. . .

his last three lines tell the whole story of Yeats's passionate love of and *belief* in the spirits of nature; he knows them to be more real than Europe's "scraps of paper", more immanent than the measles.

Was it not George Russell ("A.E.") who in his "Candle of Vision" wrote: "The religion which does not cry out: 'I am today verifiable as that water wets or that fire burns. Test me that ye can become as gods.' Mistrust it. Its messengers are prophets of the darkness."

Yet once again it is but the magic of the Irishman, magician and missionary, piercing the veils of matter that hang before the eyes of men to shade them from the Other Side of Paradise.

And then, hey presto! and in a flash we have made some magic of our own and there springs upon our stage that flippant satyr, George Bernard Shaw, to complete our magic trinity.

This conjurer of words loves so to enshroud himself in the mystery of paradox that he cannot complain if one says of him that he is at one and the same time the most conscious and the most unconscious of men.

He is conscious, with the almost painful clarity that is his own — it is the thing that makes him a little unhuman — of the hollowness and mockeries of life upon this planet today — which, incidentally, is very much as it was in Babylon or later Rome. But he *is unconscious, desperately painfully* unconscious, of the meaning behind the riddle of life, and what is possibly his last effort toward realization

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before taking his seat on Olympus, his back by that time to Methuselah! his book of that name resulted in a concept of eternity that spans . . . three hundred years! God save George Bernard Shaw!

Shaw is a god — and with what blasphemic indignation would he not deny it! — but like all the other gods, who die like lice or men, as even Dunsany has discovered, he is mortal. Nor is he, any more than they, satisfied. Does not Dunsany himself finish "The Whirlpool": "For the gods have not content."

There are three Shaws. There is the man the world knows, or thinks it knows, ofttimes flippant but always, underneath, in deadly earnest. There is the Shaw known to Shaw himself — a psychic bundle of forces of painful clarity of vision and a myopic utilitarianism that unites him with his friend the enemy, H. G. Wells. And there is the third Shaw, unknown both to himself and the world — the real Shaw — the ardent Gael, enshrouded and clogged by the concreteness of Socialism, a star hitched to the wagon of politics, struggling upward through life after life to find himself and his gods in the lap of Dunsany's "Mana-Yood-Sushai" — the Father of the Worlds. His "Back to Methuselah", of which we have spoken, has brought him to the lower slopes of the Country of the Twilight, where dwell the Powers Invisible.

I have at various times been thrown into contact with Shaw in the world of politics and elsewhere. One of the first things that comes to me is the kindly soul of this Irishman which made him once say to me at a Labor Party Congress at Portsmouth, upon hearing that I had burned my boats and had launched upon the treacherous waters of Fleet Street, and when I was trembling with lively vision of the workhouse or the muddy bosom of Father Thames: "You will always have more work than you can do", in which, fortunately, he showed himself a pretty true prophet. And that other revelation anatomical and psychological when he told me he was suffering from gallstones on the liver. And a very sick and tired man he looked upon that sunny day, with all the gamin fire of him faded. But men like Shaw never grow old.

One of my earliest recollections about this simple affectionate soul was when I took part in a debate upon the platform of the Queen's Hall in London, what time I also was tangled in the moil and toil of politics — a dirty business! but as necessary as street cleaning. I, with the impetuousness of youth, for which thank God! had defied heaven and earth and Bernard Shaw by my side in my peroration, throwing myself wide open to the keenest tongue in Europe. And I remember how this gallant gentleman forebore to advantage himself, referring in kindly toleration to "Ajax".

Only I wish that when, in the 1910 General Election, I stood for the Battersea Division of London against Cabinet Minister John Burns, needing some of the Shavian (abominable adjective!) platform magic, I wired: "Will you speak for mè?" he had not replied, also by wire: "I will not speak for you." However I read it out to my meetings and I think it helped!

And he is human — hypersensitive to the slings and arrows of an outrageously stupid world, despite all his affectation of careless detachment.

Once in his Adelphi Terrace flat, looking out over the Thames, that fastness guarded by a gorgon of a

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Scotswoman whom to pass was to pass an Auld Licht Cerberus, he showed me with a sort of shy pride his bust by Rodin. He asked me what I thought of it, and I feel as I then felt his very human annoyance when I said: "The face is the face of Shaw, but the soul is the soul of Rodin." In that moment Shaw's flash of vanity made him adorably human.

I have spoken about Shaw's conscious unconsciousness. One sees it specially clearly in "John Bull's Other Island", where his *intellectual* analysis is as always meticulously accurate and where the scalpel of his pen anatomizes the mental weaknesses of his countrymen, but where, as always, he misses the spirit — the very life force of the external phenomena — in this case the spirit of Ireland. (It is one reason why his countrymen "have no use for" him — why to them his spirit is as remote as that of Sappho. For Shaw, like Wells, knows literally nothing of the significance of nationality, which he confounds with jingoism, but has the latter great man's rule of thumb internationalism, which vainly imagines that by ruling out frontiers men shall become one. But, Messrs. Shaw and Wells, there are mental and spiritual frontiers which defy all erasion — and those are the barriers which separate people into nations, nationality itself being but the greater individuality.

Of course, Shaw would deny much of this, which really does not matter at all, for Shaw would deny anything.

Shaw himself seemed vaguely to feel something of this two years ago when after a long absence he paid a fleeting visit to Dublin, where he met Desmond Fitzgerald, Sinn Fein's Minister of Propaganda, and his wife, a very beautiful Ulster Protestant who had been Shaw's secretary.

It seemed to these two ardent spirits that Shaw had been living so long in the great world and away from his motherland that he had lost the inspiration which Kathleen na-Houlahan gives to her children. It seemed to them that the famous Irishman had even forgotten how men thought, certainly how they thought where nationality was concerned; and upon their saying so as gently as possible, the big man replied, somewhat sadly: "Perhaps it is so. I have been too long away."

If any man is sufficiently interested in the real Shaw, he will find him in Keegan, the unfrocked priest in "John Bull's Other Island", who is really Shaw himself — no artist can mask himself in his art. If he wants his views on sex, he will find them set out with almost painful accuracy in that much disheveled play (it has been knocked about so much): "Mrs. Warren's Profession". If he wants his religion, he will find it in "Major Barbara", in "The Faith of the Armourer" and the seven points of its Athanasian revelation, and also in "John Bull's Other Island", the prologue of which opens: "The Irishman has a genius for religion . . . ", as also in "Back to Methuselah", where Shaw shows himself a blinded genius groping after the Idea of God in the darkness of the intellect. But, then, we are all gropers.

It was unfortunate that a magician who has written "Back to Methuselah" and has attempted to create immortality, should have written in the preface to "Major Barbara": "Like Frederick's grenadier, the Salvationist wants to live for ever (the most monstrous way of crying for the moon). . . ."

With which parting shaft, we can leave Shaw and his brothers in magic. For even magic has its bounds as the gods have their mortality.

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THE SKETCH BOOK

WHEN BJORNSON AND JONAS LIE KICKED OVER THE TRACES

By Johan Bojer

Translated by Julius Moritzen

IT was at the time when Björnstjerne Björnson and Jonas Lie lived in Paris and before either one of them had attained fame. On a certain day they were walking along the principal thoroughfare, Björnson in that heavy fashion characteristic of him, Lie sprightly and looking very small at the side of his formidable companion.

A beggar approached them and both men involuntarily reached in their pockets. "Lie, say, you give the man something," Björnson broke out, "I haven't a sou with me."

"Why, Björnson, I am in the same fix. I was just going to ask you to give the fellow something. You won't find a penny in my clothes."

The two writers came to a stop and looked at each other inquiringly.

"Why don't you have money about you, like other decent people?" Björnson viewed his companion deprecatively. "Answer me, Jonas Lie."

"Well, that is what I should like to ask you. I don't see that you are so particularly well off in that respect."

"You see, in my case it is Karoline who, well you know . . . "

"That's it! With me it is my Thomasine. She gives me no more than just carfare. She insists that I don't know a thing about taking care of money."

"Why, Jonas Lie! I'm surprised at you. You submit to such treatment?" Björnson blustered out.

"See here, you needn't talk. Are you any better off than I am?"

Björnson had a very serious look in his eyes as he remarked: "Isn't it curious? Yes, why do we submit to such treatment?"

"When we study the situation", said Lie in reply, "it makes quite a difference. We are being treated like just ordinary beings. Both of us can write, but when it comes to those women folk of ours, why they hold the reins."

They continued on their walk, discussing their downtrodden position and digging deeper and deeper into the problem with the view of solving it. Wasn't it about time that they became masters in their own homes?

"Of course," remarked Lie, "we must realize that there is something back of all this."

"Something back of this?" Björnson queried.

"Man alive, it is as clear as day to me. When our wives find that we haven't any money about us they know that they can feel safe at home. There is no chance for us to do any cutting up."

The other contracted his heavy eyebrows as he grumbled: "I guess you see this thing better than I do." But from then on they were both fully conscious that they were being treated very badly by their other halves. But just wait until they returned home. They would show them . . .

Suddenly Lie turned to his friend with the exclamation: "Björnstjerne, let us go and have a good time. It's

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us for the best restaurant and for the finest lunch to be had."

Björnson gazed wistfully at the clouds above his head. "Do you know that as a matter of fact I am quite hungry?"

"Of course", Lie retorted. "Both of us are undernourished. Now come along."

They found the restaurant in the Champs Elysées, the finest of them all. For a moment they stood hesitating. It was such an expensive looking place and what were they but a couple of young poets?

"Vengeance!" Lie spoke the word encouragingly. "Remember that we are to have our revenge. You know, it is Karoline and Thomasine who will have to foot the bills."

It was *some* lunch. If one is to let loose, let it be done properly. They began with oysters and champagne, and when their appetite had been aroused many other good things followed. Sitting there they felt their domestic chains drop from them, one by one.

"Your health, Jonas!"

"And here's to you, Björnstjerne!"

They continued in this fashion, paying each other the choicest compliments.

"Jonas, you are the world's greatest genius."

"Björnstjerne, you are the magic flute of Norway."

When they got around to the coffee and the brandy they concluded that the day should wind up at the Folies-Bergère.

Then came the waiter with the bill. Both of them reached into their pockets.

"Jonas, you please pay the bill."

"Pay, are you crazy? You knew I didn't have a sou in my clothes."

"But have you forgotten so soon that I never have a spare cent in my pockets", Björnson thundered.

"But it is all your fault, Björnstjerne . . . . "

"My fault, you say? Wasn't it you who got that bright idea that we should . . . "

"That is old woman's talk. Well, what is to be done? I suppose we'll have to come back and pay up. What do you intend to tell your Thomasine?"

Lie looked disgusted: "We shan't be able to get away from this place. They will fetch the police."

"You mean to tell me that they will go for the police, that there is to be a scandal?"

"When people order meals and don't pay for them that is usually done. They treat this the same as they do stealing. I assume they will march us both away to jail."

Silence fell on the two for a moment. At their elbows stood the waiter, reminding them of the unpaid bill. He was very busy, he remarked.

Björnson placed his big hand on the shoulder of the little Frenchman. "My friend, I have left all my money at home", speaking very confidently.

"Oh, and you?" The waiter turned expectantly to Lie. Well he, too, had forgotten to take money with him from home.

"Both of you?"

Yes, both of them. "You see," said Lie, "it is a family failing, this neglecting to bring money from home. We are brothers, as you notice; both of us wearing spectacles."

"Why don't you tell him the truth?" broke in Björnson heatedly in Norwegian. "Tell him that our wives . . . "

"Now you just keep quiet", Lie shot back quickly. "Don't you understand that we'll be laughing stocks as it is?"

The waiter now brought the head

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waiter and the latter summoned the manager.

"Since you gentlemen have left your money at home everything will be all right, but I desire one of you to remain here while the other brings the money", the manager said blandly.

The two poets looked at each other inquiringly.

"Jonas, did you hear that? One of us must stay here."

"Well, Björnstjerne, that means you."

"No, no, Jonas, you have a much more honest face. You stay."

"I am entirely too thin, Björnstjerne. You are a much better security."

The long and the short of it was that Lie stayed. But when Björnson, accompanied by the waiter, stormed into his home to get the cash, there was another story to tell.

A HUNGRY HEART

By Edythe H. Browne

A PALE face emerges from the flying wheels and belts of a sweatshop; that same face, flushed and smiling, bends over the pen that writes "The Fat of the Land", adjudged the best short story in one of O'Brien's Year Books. A drooping figure begs for work as scullery maid at the underground entrance of the Waldorf Astoria; the same figure, two years later, sways to the rhythm of the Waldorf orchestra, the guest of honor at a Thanksgiving party. A shriveled bit of person in plaid shawl stares hungrily at the shelves of books in the Public Library; the same person browses among these books a few years later while one librarian nudges another and says, "It is she."

And this individual — this heroine of a life so full of dramatic contrast — is Anzia Yezierska.

By the flicker of a match I first saw Miss Yezierska as she bade me step inside her tiny room while she lit the gas.

"I was resting", she began, wrapping a big grey blanket around her and hunching herself in bed. "I go to bed early — yes. You see, I'm up writing at five in the morning. All day I write and it is so hard — so very hard for me to write real life down on paper!"

She spied "Hungry Hearts", her first volume of short stories, under my arm.

"You like them — my stories? It was very nice of Mr. O'Brien to dedicate his book to me but you know —" The dull eyes suddenly brightened. "What is it they say in America? 'One swallow does not make a summer'? Happy? Yes — I am happy when I feel someone has heard me. But success or failure should not really count. 'Work as if for results but leave the results with God' — that little verse is my creed."

She turned to the window as if her thoughts pierced the straggly lace curtain and the cluttered fire escapes around and stared into the patch of twilight blue sky peeping above all.

"And that I call my 'crucifix curtain'." She pointed to the bit of lace at the narrow window. "It is so ugly — at first it bruised my very soul to look at it; just like when I would try to write some days and nothing would come. I would get so angry with myself. But now, now I have faith and when you can follow faith like a star it really doesn't matter whether it is ebb or flow with you."

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There has been much of ebb in Anzia Yezierska's life from the time she emigrated from Poland to America when she was nine years old. To write was her ambition. Yet the rent had to be paid and hungry mouths had to be fed, so the sordid business of making a living — if twelve hours a day for seven days at $1.50 can be so called — smothered the divine fire. But leaping sparks smoldering under years of sweatshop drudgery burned through the grime of tenement hall rooms until the spiritual hunger of the emigrant flashed from Yezierska's realistic pen into short stories of New York's Ghetto. "Hungry Hearts" was followed by "Salome of the Tenements", a tense novel of East Side life but judged by critics a little below the standard Miss Yezierska had set for herself in "Hungry Hearts", in its leaning to types rather than to distinct characters. And now comes her second collection of stories, "Children of Loneliness".

"I guess you are surprised when I say I don't read much. Books — they seem so artificial to me. I must have real life. Would you believe it that for six months I walked and talked and cried with my heroine, Hanneh Hayeeh?"

It was this character portrait in "The Fat of the Land" that gripped the attention of a short story instructor at Columbia and struck a path to "The Century", "The Metropolitan", and O'Brien's Year Book. Since its inception Miss Yezierska has created other characters as vitally interesting for numerous periodicals.

"You ask me for something about myself." Her head bent low under a crown of auburn hair. She spoke slowly.

"You have read my story, 'My Own People'? Well — I'm the Sophie Sapinsky — that is my whole life." Then the monotone changed to a lively earnestness. "You know, like Sophie, I have often envied those who could write so beautifully about nothing when I had so much to say, yet could not say it. Like Sophie too, I prefer to live here, alone. I guess it's a hobby with me, I so love solitude." As she dipped her pen to autograph my book she smiled, a wan little smile that only added to the hungry, dreamy look in her eyes, a fleeting shadow of the sweatshop life of drudgery.

No one ever told Anzia Yezierska she could write. The factory girls sneered. Her landlady merely humored her. But she believed in those emigrant characters and plots germinating within her, believed they had a message. We have that message now; but it is the author's uncooling faith more than anything else that makes it heard.

"Always I feel", continued Miss Yezierska, clenching her hands as if in embrace of that very faith which is her dearest possession, "that the more you are pushed down by the world, the more you must rise above it. The pushing only serves to bring you up again. You got to push yourself up, by yourself. In my darkest hour I have always hoped."

In a corner of Miss Yezierska's room stands a rickety little table. Only a short while ago, perhaps, it held the hat and coat tossed aside by a weary, downtrodden Yezierska upon her return from the factory. But now — now that same little table creaks under the weight of magazines, manuscripts, and important business letters from editors who crave to hear of that very exhaustion, that very heart sickness, of which the little table might speak so eloquently. But Anzia Yezierska alone in her hall

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room in the shadow of Washington Square shrinks from publicity.

"No — no!" she drew back when I broached the word *write up*. "I feel I have done nothing yet — I have only just 'arrived', as they say."

It is because Anzia Yezierska has "just arrived" with her bundle of short stories tucked under her arm that she is doubly interesting. Today she is the recognized mouthpiece of New York's Jewish East Side which hails her as "Ghetto Queen" for her sincere and sympathetic chronicling of emigrant joy and sorrow. With ear to the sidewalks of Essex Street Miss Yezierska has been too engrossed recording tenement life to hear the booming and hurrahing of Success outside her hall room door. Not even the screening of "Hungry Hearts", for which she received a neat sum, could win her from the lonely existence that she craves. She has never taken notes and does not go abroad for material. Each story is an echo of her own life. Day by day the crowd is thickening to listen to that echo.

"My own people will not be stilled in me till all America stops to listen", ends a prophetic last line of one of her stories.

America *does* halt. America *does* harken.

THE NEW TRADITION IN BOOK PLATES

By Babette Deutsch

THE art of printing is something less than five hundred years old. A mediæval library was far less than a modern first edition, and it is not to be wondered at if books were considered a choicer rarity in those days than a glass of wine in these. There was something warming and exciting about owning a book, even in the early years of the printing press, something that went to the heart like a cordial. It is not for nothing that we find old books heavily bound and fastened with lock and key.

And it is natural, too, that the owners of books placed their seal upon these rich and bulky properties. But it is only in very recent times that a genuine art has grown up around the passions of the book lover. I mean, of course, the bookplate.

The average man who visualizes a bookplate probably sees a heap of books, a quill pen and a wise old owl, or perhaps an oil lamp burning through midnight, or a coat of arms. But of late years, and especially among some of the younger American artists, a new tradition is being developed. The modern maker of bookplates would as soon sketch in the worn out designs as he would name his child Habakkuk as being an old, high sounding name. It was well enough, in the old days, to stamp books with "gules and a lion rampant" or some such time honored emblem. But what true lover of books would mark them as one brands cattle?

"What a pity it is that all owners of books do not put their signatures on a fly-leaf!" writes Andrew Lang. "It is more interesting than a bookplate, and takes up less room. It is interesting to learn who have been our predecessors, and to trace them, perhaps for four hundred years, would be of exceeding interest. They might add the price they paid, and the place of purchase, as Sir Mark Sykes has done, in an Aldine 'Fustinus', in red

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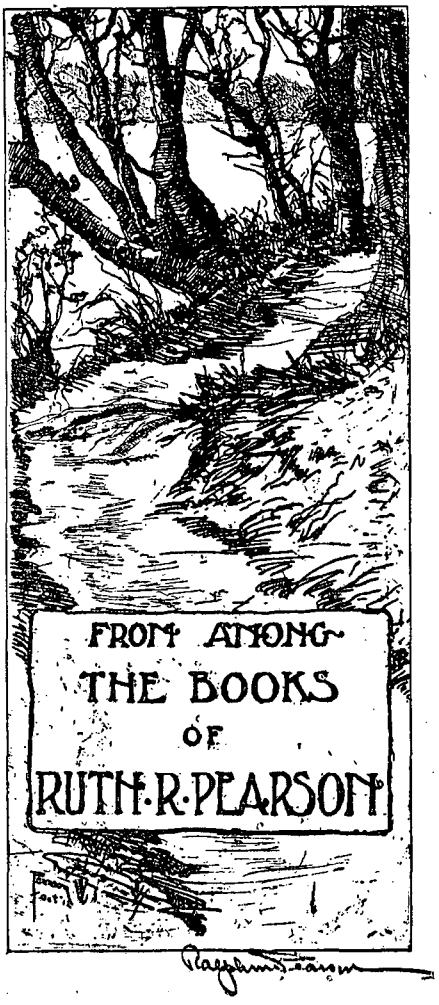
morocco, with yellow silk lining, *penes me*. But men have owned that book for nearly four centuries, and there is nothing to tell us who they were. Our predecessors shared our tastes, at all events, and if they had taken the trouble to write their names, they might receive from us, and we from them, a slight telepathic impact of a friendly character.

"Our old books are haunted things, but in an obscure way, when they lack signatures. Even marginal notes I own to liking."



One wonders what this genial scholar would have said to bookplates as good as signatures — nay, as confiding as marginal notes! For that is what the modern bookplate artist aims at. He is in a sense a veritable portrait painter. Some of the keenest of them declare that the personal aspect of their work is its chief charm. It gives the artist the pleasure of portraiture without limning his model's face. It gives the owner an expression of his personality as unique as himself. Ralph M. Pearson's work is remarkable for freshness of design and charm of execution. To him the appeal of the bookplate is that of an art "providing a natural set of boundaries, within which there is an unlimited field for individual expression both for the owner who, in selecting subject-matter typical of his own character, chooses boundaries for the artist within which he is, or should be, absolutely free, and for the artist who because of this freedom can bring to bear all of his creative ability."

Thus we find Pearson's bookplate for Albert and Margaret de Silver showing a Gothic arch through which one looks out upon the spires and towers of the great city, the dark figures in the foreground reminding one that the owners of these books are not buried so deep in literature but that they have a keen sense of life — the beauty and struggle of the artificial life of the cities. It reminds us, too, of Pennell's lovely etchings of "the unbelievable city". And for contrast we have the picture of the low — is it adobe? — house of Irving and Ione Scales, with the great tree before it, a feeling of terraces below, and the sun bursting through the clouds above. So, on the other hand, we have Thomas E. French's bookplate for Samuel Groenendyke McMeen, with its Scotch

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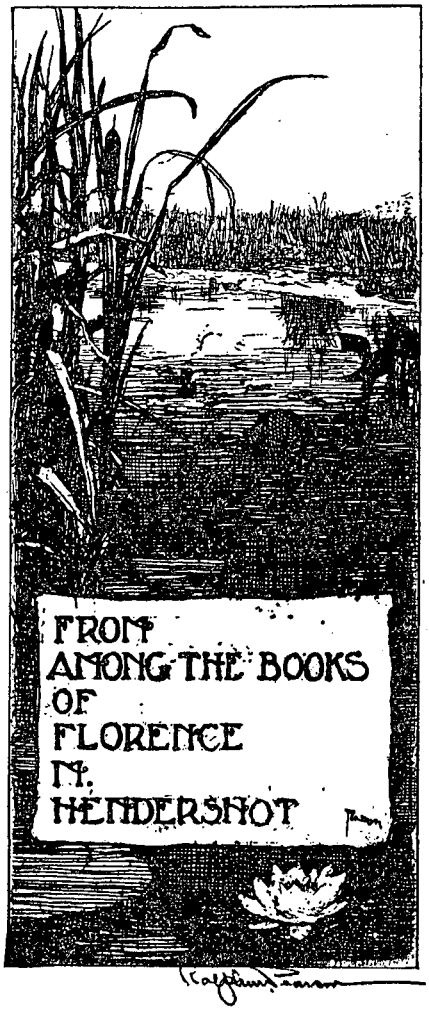
thistle and Dutch tulip, its knights brave with bow and arrow, and the legend: "Il faut bien avoir deux cordes à son arc." For Mr. McMeen is a man of books whose interests go far beyond them, and whose hobby is archery. On the margin of Pearson's bookplate for Florence Lowden we find the history of her interests, which range apparently from plants and children to stars and paints and chemical retorts, not least being the horse and the squirrel and the honey bee.

It is curious to note that at least two exceptional bookplate artists have lived in regions remote from libraries. Pearson makes his home in the Ranches of Taos, New Mexico. H. Nelson Poole has been making bookplates as far from the haunts of civilization and Carnegie branches as the Hawaiian islands. As Pearson employs the New Mexican landscape of Indian desert and Spanish terraces, so Poole uses the lagoons and towering palms of the sea washed beaches. Recently he returned to the California coast. It will be worth while watching his progress there. When he was on the islands, people from the mainland were apt to be surprised by his designs, especially, the artist declared with ironic humor, that anything like them should come from a place that they generally regarded as semi-savage. His retirement to the islands had a touch of the Gauguin romance in it: for it was largely influenced by the artist's desire to get away from the barbarisms of the suburbs, from the reduction of life to certain standardized forms of which his chosen symbol is the Ford. Art does not travel in Fords. It may swoop forward in an aeroplane or go backward to once-upon-a-time in the seven league boots of the fairy tales. But it rejects what Poole also definitely rejects: a leveling to the commonplace and the mechanical.



Another bookplate artist who wanders far from the traditional path is Aaron Levy. The main contribution of his work is the obvious and interesting influence of European decorative art. With the true passion of the craftsman he designs his plates, engraves them on wood blocks and finally prints them on his own proof

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press. His use of brilliant color in his plates gives them distinction and marks them as the work of a designer of posters. His bookplate for Ann Brown, who is an artist's model, has a design in soft browns and sepias, of a nude figure easily posed.

It is a far cry from the antique heraldic device to a bit of color pattern inspired by the gentle uses of advertisement. But it is a clue to the possible developments in bookplate designing. Not that the bookplate artist need imitate any current mode, but that the bookplate is no longer reflecting the past. Neither the owner nor the artist is longer content with dead symbols and dull mottoes. Owners of libraries are beginning to appreciate that the bookplate is not a family emblem so much as a personal mark. The calling card has replaced the totem of the tribe. The fact that the contemporary prefers to omit designs of books themselves is the clearest sign of the growth in this intimate and fascinating field. We learn thereby the owner's taste in life as well as in literature, and the scope of the artist is vastly amplified. That the public is becoming more generally engaged by this delightful art is evidenced by the increasing frequency of exhibitions.

The restrictions of the graver's art plus the flexibility of the designer's imagination, make for something at once firm and fine. A. D. French, Winifred Spencelly, and Sidney Smith have become names to conjure with among bookplate collectors. But it is the very young men and women, and often the merest amateurs working *con amore*, to whom we must look for the future of an art that is both decorative and personal. An art that should flourish immortally if, as the prophet declared, "of making many books there is no end". The experience of two thousand years inclines us to agree with him.

ON SOME MODERN POETS

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

KEATS is a corpse and Shelley has been bled
Whiter than Petrarch's fine Italian hand;
Silent among the mute, inglorious dead
The ghosts of Rupert Brooke and Seeger stand.
Yesterday's rebels and the wars they fought—
Where hang the swords and armor? They have gone
Out of men's minds forever, out of thought,
Like him who wrote in water and passed on!

And as I sit here turning over pages,
Reading new names and seeing how camps divide
Against themselves, how still the battle rages,
I am bewildered, lonely, mystified,
Feeling, somehow, that when the last line's through
Beauty will be a bit old fashioned, too.

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

XXIV: HEYWOOD BROUN

With a Caricature by William Gropper

THIS assignment to lift the veil and let the readers of THE BOOKMAN see something of "The True Heywood Broun" is, if I may filch a phrase from the *opera* of Dorothy Parker, like being asked to carry gilded lilies to Newcastle. There is no one — not Calvin Coolidge or Peggy Joyce nor any other celebrity — who dwells more continuously or more openly in the public eye. Any reader of the New York "World" knows something of Broun's age, weight, income, and dimensions, knows whether he has bought a new suit and what fortune his amorous adventures have had and in what condition are such inner possessions as his pride, his faith, his parental emotions, his courage, and his hope of immortality. Such a reader must be an exceedingly hasty one who cannot tell offhand how Broun is feeling this week about Mayor Hylan, God, Jack Dempsey, and Ruth Hale.

Philip Moeller tells the tale of some tourists arriving so late at Oberammergau during the season of the Passion Play that they were in desperate straits for sleeping quarters but finally persuaded one pious shopkeeper of that hamlet to put them up for the night. It was not until next morning, when they awoke to find a group of interested villagers and pilgrims gazing at them from the sunlit sidewalk, that they realized he had turned an honest mark by renting his shop window as a bedroom. Their predicament would strike most of us as a chapter out of some familiar but dreadful nightmare. I do not see how it could have ruffled the calm of that singularly expansive New Yorker, Heywood Campbell Broun.

Not long ago one of the more handsome and more roguish matrons in the rapidly aging younger set asked Alexander Woollcott if he thought she would derive a compensatory enjoyment from an affair with Broun.

"My dear," replied that sagacious critic, "I know no other way in which a struggling young girl can get so much free publicity."

Among Broun's friends — and while he is close to none of them, his acquaintances, with a few negligible exceptions, all like him enormously — this candor of his is not only a byword but an endless source of surprise and entertainment. Not one of them would think of telling him anything that was not to be repeated. Not one of them but has heard him open a conversation somewhat in this wise:

"Hullo, I've just heard something I've promised never to tell. I'll tell you, however, if you'll tell me a secret in return."

"But," you may answer, cannily, "I don't happen to know any secrets today."

"Well, then," Broun will resume with a thwarted look, "I'll tell you anyhow."

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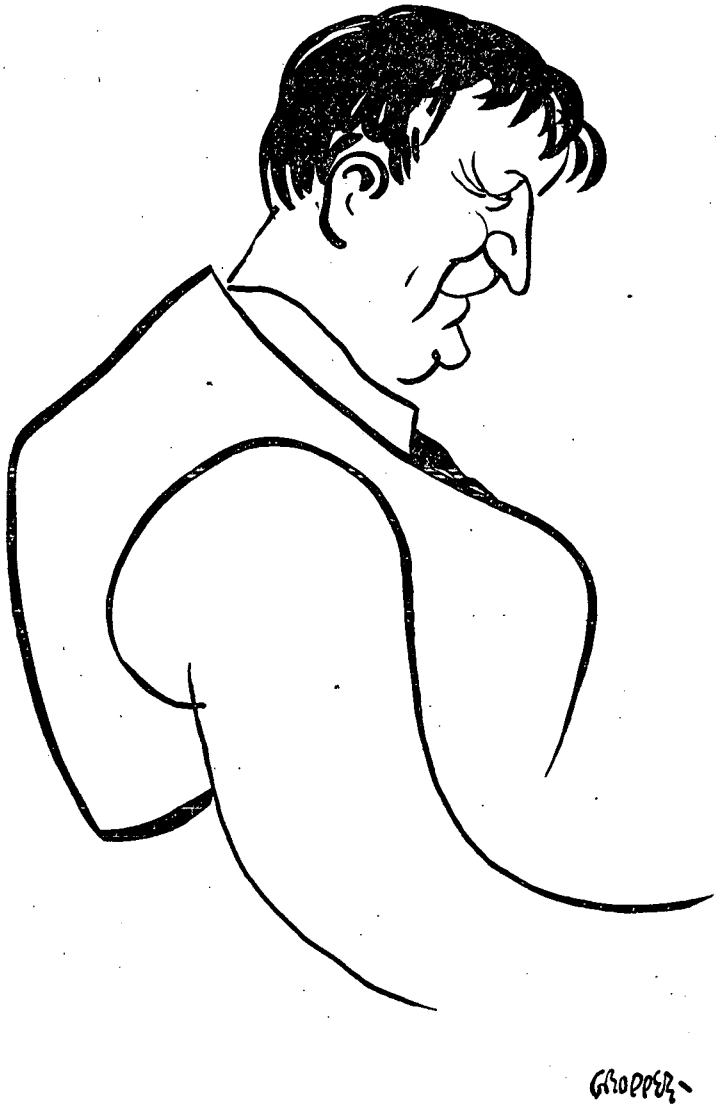

Heywood Broun

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And the tale begins. Now all such talk comes from him not in malice or in vanity or from any of the motives which set most tongues a-wagging. It comes, some say, from a sheer inability to retain information. Or rather it comes from a natural response to his own favorite motto, "Sieve and let sieve" (not, as one might legitimately imagine, by any means the worst of his puns). More exactly, I believe, it comes from his lack of respect for the conventional standard of privacy — one of many standards such as those of dignity, modesty, self sacrifice, reverence for grey hairs and the like, of which his exploring mind long since challenged the validity. To a person thus released, conversation is an emptying of the mind. In speech and in writing, Broun turns *his* inside out, as a woman dumps her purse, himself genuinely curious as to its contents. Certainly Broun will tell things to his own discredit and embarrassment quite as freely as he will tell those which discomfort others. Conceivably he might steal a thousand dollars from you if you left it lying around, but the next time he saw you, he wouldn't be able to resist saying, "I took that thousand dollars from you."

He was engaged some time ago to speak in Rochester. Absurdly enough the local agent had booked him incongruously at a basket party, to follow after a long minstrel show full of local talent. No one could have been good in such an emergency, not even Broun, who is a capital speaker. He was a flop. He had made notes on the train which he planned to consult from time to time in the opportunities created by the laughter at his sallies.

There was no laughter and he soon vanished ingloriously from the platform. Now most of us, thus trapped to our discomfiture, would have buried the episode deep in memory and said nothing about it on returning home. But Broun, on arriving next noon at the Round Table at the Algonquin in New York, began by saying that he had been lecturing in Rochester the night before. The question as to how it had gone came automatically from several directions.

"It went very well", said Broun in an offhand manner and then, after the briefest of pauses, he added, "That was a lie. It didn't go well at all. I was rotten." And out poured the whole story.

And if it had not been for him, no one would have heard the diverting tale of his venture into high society last spring. It was before his recent conversion in the matter of style and tidiness. Now, on an impulse imparted by I know not what force, he has suddenly emerged as a well dressed man. He is well groomed, well tailored, slim. His ancient resemblance to the Barrymores has come back in full force and girls who had laughed at him tolerantly in other years have been caught recently in the act of trembling at his approach.

But last spring a thousand anecdotes about his hopeless externals enlivened the town. They were all justified. He weighed 240 pounds, wore slovenly and spotted clothes, let his hair grow like the lawn of a deserted house, and scuffled along the street without a vestige of polish on his No. 13 shoes. "He always looks", said the most acid of actors, "as if he had taken the coal out of the bathtub and then decided at the last moment *not* to take a bath after all."

It was such an object that rolled up to the front door of one of the finest houses on Fifth Avenue last spring in response to an invitation to play

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bridge. The page looked at him in cold surprise and suggested that he go to the rear door. He mumbled something about being expected. The door was closed as a precaution but in a moment the head footman opened it a crack and inspected the visitor. "Go away," he said, "and come some other time. Madam has company this afternoon." "But," said the visitor, "I'm part of the company. You go tell her Heywood Broun is out here on the door step." This sounded so authoritative that, after a wavering instant of indecision, the footman again closed the door and disappeared into what probably, for the purposes of this story, ought to be called "the mansion". When he came back it was to open the door wide, stare incredulously at Broun for a moment and then say grudgingly: "You are to come in."

Everyone told this story, but no one told it so well as Broun told it. And the point of its relation here is that no one would have told it at all if he had not told it first. What we have as the protagonist of this anecdote is the only primitive wandering free among the sophisticates. He is the only simple person in the lot but I believe we could prove, if we put all the stories together, that it is a recaptured simplicity—the simplicity of a man who, after a shy and intimidated and conventional youth, has grown freer year by year as, year by year, he realized how meaningless were the taboos which held most folk in thrall. Yet, in trying to prove this, I should be wrecked by a thousand contradictions.

He is simple about money, yearning for the possession of it in actual shining currency. If, in payment for a piece of work, he were to be offered his choice between a heavily guaranteed six months' note for ten thousand dollars and a neat pile of five thousand-dollar bills, he would, I am seriously certain, choose the latter. In poker he is merciless, caring only to win and seeing no sense at all in the conventional rule among sportsmen that a loser should smile. This loser never does anything so artificial. On the contrary, when thus bereft, Broun's face darkens and he slouches off into the dawning day, refusing even to walk up the street with a lot of yapping winners. Yet I have known him to go to New Haven to lecture for fifteen dollars, have known him to make secret gifts of prodigal dimensions. And he is more totally oblivious to what becomes of the money he does gather in than anyone I know.

He is kind, with unfailingly gentle manners, but I cannot imagine his planning a good time for someone else.

He is almost universally liked and so enormously gregarious that he cannot endure solitude. Yet there is just a faint film covering him like a capsule, so shutting him off that he has reached his thirty-sixth year without winning a nickname, except for a brief time in France when his calamitous efforts to order eggs won for him among the other correspondents the *nom de guerre* of "Oofs" Broun.

He is timorous and will cower at the very thought of an embarrassing interview and yet, when he was passing a street corner meeting and heard a silly and cowardly thing said about Michael Collins, he walked up to the speaker and threw two pennies in his face, a reckless thing to do, as was afterward intimated by the five Irishmen who followed him up the street and blacked his eye for him. He is honest, and in all matters of any importance will say what he believes in his column though the world scoff and

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the "World" wince. Yet having agreed solemnly to speak at a certain dinner on Wednesday night, he will, when the hour comes, heave himself up from the poker table and leave it only long enough to telephone to the committee and in an astoundingly croupy voice explain that he has been struck down with laryngitis and cannot get out of bed.

As you see, there are entirely too many contradictions here to permit this large person to be squeezed into the straitjacket of a formula. If ordered to find such a formula or be shot at sunrise, I should probably try to write of Broun as one who, like primitive man or any Newfoundland dog, lives only in the current moment and, in matters of courage, honesty, kindness, and possession, forgets yesterday and has never heard of tomorrow. Yet I should know that that formula left a lot of pieces of him strewn about. After all, it is as silly to try to sum up so abundant, miscellaneous, and accidental a being as Heywood Broun in a few words as it would be to reduce Charles Dickens or the Mississippi River to an epigram.

I hereby abandon the attempt and will wind up by telling the most characteristic anecdote of them all. George Kaufman tells the tale of how Broun was idling in Woollcott's office at the "Times" one midweek afternoon when in bustled Annie Nathan Meyer, bent on getting publicity for a benefit in which she was represented by a one act play. She ingenuously brought along some photographs of the cast for publication on Sunday. Woollcott, whom the superficial always regard as rude, explained to her bluntly that with limited space there never was room to celebrate a negligible and fleeting performance and that therefore it would be a waste for her to leave the photographs. They wouldn't be printed.

A fortnight later, Broun was relating the incident to some friends.

"Woollcott was terribly gruff and rude to poor Mrs. Meyer", he said. "I had to come to her rescue."

"And what did you do?"

"Why, I told her I should be glad to take the photographs and have them printed in the 'Tribune' the next Sunday. She went away happy."

"And where are the pictures now?"

"Oh, I forget. No, wait a minute. Here they are in my pocket. I forgot to throw them away."

DAWN: A PASTORAL

By Keith Preston

THE sun arises red and grand:
The tarn is tinted silk.
The swallow skims the water and
The milkman skims the milk.
For, ere the sun rose from the pool,
The cream rose in its pan;
But neither one of 'em could fool
That early husbandman.

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THE LONDONER

English and American Publishers--A Collected Wells--New Books by Aldous Huxley and David Garnett--The Tusitala Edition of Stevenson's Works--"Conversations in Ebury Street"--"Streams of Ocean"--C. E. Montague--A Good Bookseller--Storm Jameson

LONDON, *October* 1, 1923.

I HAVE been asked to ventilate a small grievance which London publishers have against their American confrères, and I propose to do this immediately. As is well known, American publishers are in the habit of visiting this country at different seasons of the year in search of the best English books for the American market. We are always glad to see them, and it is not to be denied that very often American cooperation is a necessity in the case of a book which could not be remunerative upon such a sale as can be relied upon here. There is no question, therefore, of the need for good relations between the book producing sections of both countries. The American publishers find it worth while to seek certain books in England, and the English publishers find it worth while, even at the cut prices upon which American houses are alone willing to do business, to sell books to the United States. So far, so good. Each year, representatives of the principal houses in America make the journey to Europe, and call upon their London confrères. Each year, some of them find that an earlier visitor has carried off some book or books which they would particularly have liked to see in their own lists. They are disappointed, and complain. The following year, perhaps, they too come earlier, and secure the prizes; so that the later comers again meet with disappointment, and complain. Some of them come so early nowadays that many books are not in a state to be shown. It must be remembered that in general English publishers work upon a narrower margin of time than Americans. They make their arrangements later, and the book is often hurried through the press. Why this should be so I do not always understand, but it may be that English authors are less open about their books before they are finished, or that the whole business of publishing in this country is more casual. In many ways the advantage is with the American publishers, who in general are probably better organized than the English. But the American publishers have sometimes returned to the United States by the time an English house gets the opportunity of publishing a book of considerable interest. What is the English publisher to do? It may be answered that many of the American houses have agents in London, to whom the books can be submitted. That is true. But these agents have no power. They have to send to America any book that is offered to them. And whether offered direct or by way of one of these accredited agents, the book has to make the journey across the Atlantic. Its English printing is held up pending the decision of the American house. Weeks pass — sometimes six weeks — before the English publisher, whose book has been held up, receives a laconic note or (in few

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and extreme cases) cable declining the book. He may spend six months in this way before making his sale to the United States; but in general he prefers to lose his American sale in order that he may not miss the English market. Then comes the beginning of the next migration of the American publishers. Comes the first visitor, who asks why he has not been offered this book while there was time to score a success with the book in America. Everybody is displeased. The English publisher, always dilatory himself when it is a question of considering American books, thinks that he should have an answer by return mail; the American publisher thinks that he has been treated with less consideration than his rivals. And so on. The little frictions do not make for easy working between the two sections of the publishing trade. Now, as is the case with English publishers, one does not know offhand which house will like a particular book. Mistakes are made upon both sides, and there must always be errors of judgment. But there is this sense of grievance, and as long as American publishers continue to buy from English publishers there will always be friction until a means of counteracting it is discovered. The only means I can think of, since no publisher can be continually crossing the Atlantic, is that the English agents should be given the power in urgent cases to buy. If the English publisher could telephone news of a book to the London agent, and get a quick decision, there would be a real basis for business. At it is, the London agents for half a dozen American houses may write in making inquiries for a particular book, and when the particulars are given to the first comer it may be nearly a couple of months before the process can be repeated with the second comer. In course of time, the English publisher proceeds as though there were no such country as America upon the map. That cannot be the ideal way. There must be a better. And since the conjunction of business houses in the two countries is to the advantage of both, it seems to me to be desirable that the matter should be ventilated, in order that there may be some step to better mutual understanding.

* * * *

Publishers' announcements for the autumn are making massive shows in the literary papers and the literary columns of unliterary papers. They do not give me very much satisfaction, although there are several books which are of the greatest interest. First, for me, is the new complete edition of Wells, which is to be published here by Fisher Unwin. Each volume will have a bibliographical introduction by the author, and each will contain a remarkable illustration. Some of these frontispieces will be portraits, but many of them will be photographs of places, and these should be of extraordinary interest for Wells lovers. The edition has been in preparation for many months, and a great deal of thought has been given to it, not only by the publishers but by H. G. Wells himself. I am not sure, but I think I am right in saying that there will be several facsimiles of original manuscript, those most fascinating of all things in connection with much admired books and authors. Apparently Wells writes very much more carefully than many other authors. He writes his original manuscript, and then revises it most painstakingly. Queer balloons make their appearance, and take the author's busy thoughts into the margins of his paper. The whole is next typed, and there are

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further revisions, still drastic. Then come slip proofs, which, for the uninitiated, are long strips of printed matter into which the author can introduce new material, or from which he can excise what he now considers superfluous. This stage passed, there remains the proof in page form, which is very much as the book will appear when it is printed, and in which the author makes very few changes. And by these long and trying stages the book is actually perfected. I do not know whether other authors take the same trouble with their works, but I do commend the method as one which might be followed with advantage by many of our too facile writers. It has its great points.

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A new full length novel by Aldous Huxley will be published this autumn, entitled "Antic Hay". The title is taken from a passage, with which I am unfamiliar, from a poem by Marlowe. Huxley, having been recently in London, has returned to Italy, where he can work without distraction. He has recently written an article for the "Daily Mail" describing the fevered sightseeing of visitors to Florence (which visitors he can see from his cool room, toiling through the sunshine and heat of the streets below), and attempting to account for their frenzy. "Antic Hay" is a highly characteristic piece of work, full of delicious satiric portraits and Huxley's own brand of light ridicule of all that is affected and preposterous in our most precious circles. Another new book by one of the youngest school (the word *school* is ill advised, since the writers belonging to it are so different, but let it stand) is "The Man in the Zoo" by David Garnett, author of "Lady into Fox". This is in similar vein to the author's first book. "Lady into Fox" has just been the subject of adverse comment upon the part of Middleton Murry, in "The Adelphi", and of "C. K. S." in "The Sphere". In each case, the comment has been evoked by the praise given to the book by enthusiastic critics, and it is worth while to revive the question whether the author of a much praised book should not cry, "Save me from my friends." Friends, at any rate, are the causes from which enemies spring. Literary friends, of course; and literary enemies.

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When I was talking last month about A. A. Milne's love of "The Wind in the Willows", I did not know that he was dramatizing that book as a children's play for Christmas. Such, however, is the case, and I hope, therefore, that we may be seeing Mr. Toad and his friends upon the stage before many weeks are past. It should be a very amusing entertainment. And while I am making this addition to the subject of my paragraph on favorite books, may I correct a slip of the typewriter in regard to Wells's favorite? I mentioned this as Cotter Morison's "The Service of Man". I should have said Winwood Reade's "The Martyrdom of Man". I am sorry to have made a misleading statement.

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The approaching expiration of Stevenson's English copyrights is, I suppose, responsible for the announcement of a new and super complete edition of Stevenson's works at a popular price. We had a great rush some years ago when Ruskin came out of copyright, and also when various other Victorian authors were open to the cheap reprinters. No doubt these reprinters are hovering upon the works of Stevenson as the scrum half hovers upon the heels of his forwards during

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the scrimmage. Well, they are being given a difficult task by the authentic publishers of Stevenson; for reprinting is no longer what it was in the days of low wages and cut prices of production. Moreover I am given to understand that the new edition to be marketed for the associated publishers by Messrs. Heinemann is one which it will be hard to beat in the matter of quality and quantity. The volumes, apart from those which hold the longest books, such as "St. Ives" and "The Wreckers", will be brought up to a convenient standard length by the inclusion of all sorts of new and attractive material. For example, there will be a number of new prefaces by Lloyd Osbourne (some of them, I gather, to be published in America in "Scribner's Magazine"), which will be Mr. Osbourne's biggest contribution to our intimate knowledge of Stevenson as he was. They are of such a character as to suggest once more how great a pity it is that Mr. Osbourne has never put into biographical form his recollections of his famous stepfather. These essays will (or would) form the nucleus of a good biographical sketch, and nobody could do such a book with more skill and delicacy than Mr. Osbourne. His portrait might not at all points gratify the Stevensonian fanatics, who have made of Stevenson an arch prig, but it would be the picture of a real and comprehensible man — of, in fact, a human being whom one could like and respect.

* * * *

The new edition of the works of Stevenson will be in thirty-five volumes, and it will include the play "Monmouth" about which there was agitated correspondence on the part of Mr. Gosse, Sir Sidney Colvin, and E. V. Lucas in the "Times" of a couple of years or so back. Ten volumes, I understand, will be published in November, and the remainder in similar batches. The first ten will contain a variety of books. It is not intended to publish all the stories together or all the essays, but so to mingle them that every phase of Stevenson will be represented. Mrs. Stevenson's introductions to the various works are to be reprinted, and the letters are to be freshly supervised by Sir Sidney Colvin. In this way the objections made to the clumsy interpolation of letters into his collection by those responsible for the Vailima Edition will not apply to the new venture.

* * * *

One of the most interesting announcements of the season is that of George Moore's new book, "Conversations in Ebury Street". I imagine that all those who have ever been to Ebury Street, if they have read the "Hail and Farewell" series of Mr. Moore, will be shivering in their shoes. Those three diabolically outspoken and exquisitely malicious volumes of analysis of his friends remain to my mind the incomparably best things that Mr. Moore has written; and if "Conversations in Ebury Street" has the same terrible quality of destructive simplicity and candor (as there is no reason to suppose it will not) it should be the book of the autumn. It will be discussed, at least, by all the coteries and literary dinner parties throughout the season. Unfortunately, it will be published in a limited edition, which means that many would be readers will have to hang upon the kindness of their friends for a glimpse of the book. Mr. Moore should be more generous. It is one thing for his more recondite works to appear in limited form; it is another altogether for enjoyment of so unmistakably fascinating a work as this to be restricted to the few.

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"Streams of Ocean", which also is to appear with the firm of Heinemann, is by Aubrey de Sélincourt. Mr. de Sélincourt is the husband of a young poet who some years ago made the welkin ring by means of a book "Songs to Save a Soul". As this book had a success in America, where it was published by B. W. Huebsch, and as Irene Rutherford McLeod's other poems followed from the same publisher, I think many American readers may be interested in a new writer for a personal reason. "Streams of Ocean" is a book of essays. Mr. de Sélincourt, I understand, is a contributor to "The Manchester Guardian", which in itself is something of a testimony to his capacity.

Speaking of "The Manchester Guardian" reminds me that C. E. Montague, the author of "Disenchantment", is writing another novel which, however, he does not expect to finish for a year. Mr. Montague is one of the principal persons who are engaged from day to day in creating the best newspaper in England. He is the son-in-law of C. P. Scott, the owner and editor of "The Manchester Guardian", and is chief leader writer to the paper. He has thus what would be described as "an onerous trade". It is also, however, an honorable one. Mr. Montague's first novel was "A Hind Let Loose", and I can remember the day of its public discovery by Arnold Bennett as though it were yesterday. The book was a wildly brilliant fantasia upon the life and lives of journalists—a tremendous performance in the matter of style, but not well written. One was conscious of its coruscation; and the really brilliant style (such as Mr. Montague now uses) does not permit one to notice its gemminess, but proceeds to intoxicate the reader without allowing him to be aware of the stages of his intoxication. (If it be objected that the really brilliant writer, moreover, does not mix his figures of speech, I retort that I am not a brilliant writer, and have never been considered such.) Mr. Montague followed "A Hind Let Loose" with a less striking book called "The Morning's War", of which I remember only that some of the scenes were in Switzerland and that the end (I believe) was tragic. He also collected some of the dramatic criticism which he had written for "The Manchester Guardian" into a small book called "Dramatic Values". There was a pause in the book production of this fine journalist. The war came. Like a number of other stalwarts, Mr. Montague deceived the military authorities regarding his age, and became a private. I am under the impression that he had reached the rank of sergeant by ordinary means when he was recognized by somebody or other and converted into something superlative in the way of guides for distinguished visitors. His idea was to take them into the front line trenches and, bidding the visitors keep down their heads in case of danger, to raise his own head above the parapet for the purpose of ascertaining exactly what danger there was. To one such visitor he once said, "We really ought to go a long way round through these communicating trenches; but I think we should be all right if we scuttled across the open." The visitor scuttled like a rabbit, Montague following at a more sedate pace. Is it any wonder that he wrote that little haughty preface to "Fiery Particles", in which he says that the men who stay in his mind are the brave and upstanding ones?

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A novelist of my acquaintance has just written a novel in which he has

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had occasion to mention a well known periodical. The periodical is named by name. It is a famous paper, famous for the skill with which it caters to an enormous and constant public. My novelist friend has finished his book and has sent it to the publisher. His proofs have been read by the publisher's house reader. Against the name of this famous periodical — let us call it "The Weekly Ripper" — the publisher's house reader has put a query. He has written: "Would author object to this being changed to [let us call it] 'The Weekly Coterie', a paper that is associated with this house?" I can guarantee this story.

* * * *

It is always pleasant when good bookselling has its reward, and I was glad to hear the other day that the firm of J. and E. Bumpus, which was acquired some few years ago by Debenhams, has made such progress under the management of J. G. Wilson that the premises are considerably enlarged. One of the chief difficulties of the bookseller is display; but the chief difficulty of the book buyer is the bookseller. In London, contrary to the general belief, there are several good booksellers. There are some so mighty that, like Pooh Bah, they will not condescend to anybody under the rank of stockbroker. Others there are, again, more human, who can be courteous to all comers. Mr. Wilson is one of the human ones, and he also knows a great deal about books. He is thus a boon to the book buyer, who can ask Mr. Wilson a question with reasonable expectation of receiving (a) a courteous answer, and (b) an informative answer. It is due to Mr. Wilson that the famous bookshop in Oxford Street is again a living force in the book world. Mr. Wilson comes from across the border — from Glasgow, in fact — and he has learned his bookselling in a hard and thorough school. He actually reads books. I know it sounds incredible, but he actually *reads* books. Few booksellers have time to do this. They are too much occupied in other matters to read the goods they handle. It is considered a crime that they should read so little. How can they know a good book? ask the impatient ones. The answer is a mystery. I once knew a man who could set Hebrew type without knowing a word of Hebrew. He set it by the aid of some sixth sense. The good bookseller is like that. He takes a book and looks at details which most readers never notice. Two minutes with that book is enough for him. The name of the author, the name of the publisher, the title, binding, paper — and above all, the price — all have their message for him. A glance here and there at the text and, if there are illustrations, at one or two of them, and he has formed a judgment. "No", he says. Or "two", or "seven" or "a hundred". It is a gift. And one reason why the good bookseller is rare is that few have this gift. They have not only to buy books; they have to sell them. It is a vast difference when one comes to think of it. Their stock has to contain the books that are wanted at any hour or minute of any day. It has to be turned over and aerated so that it is not a dead weight, so that the business does not stagger painfully along under its overwhelming load of derelict books. Such is a part of bookselling, and a part only. Another part is involved in the knowledge of individual customers, either casual or recurring. I sometimes think I should have been a bookseller myself, so greatly do I appreciate the heroes of the trade. I have great quarrels with them. I have never seen why the bookseller should

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make more profit from the sale of a copy of a book of mine than I make myself. I have my "working expenses", my rent, my lighting, my stocks of various goods, my employees, just as the bookseller has; and yet I earn less from the sale of a copy of my book than a bookseller makes. The bookseller, I know, has some unanswerable reason why he should make more profit than I. He says, "It is more difficult to sell one copy of your book than it was to write the whole of it. And it requires more art." I do not believe him. All the same, I would rather the bookseller sold books than I. It is a noble calling, much degraded by many of its practitioners, who run books as a side line to stationery or tobacco or chemicals and drugs; and the good bookseller is a rare sight. Mr. Wilson, to return to the subject of this paragraph, has shown himself a good bookseller. His shop is to be enlarged, not to accomodate dead stock, but to reveal new splendors to the entranced and pouncing book lover. What a privilege to buy books from J. and E. Bumpus!

* * * *

A new novel which is getting a very good press here is Storm Jameson's "The Pitiful Wife". I have not read a novel by the author, but I read her book on the modern drama, which was impressively all embracing but rather hectic in some of its judgments. Strindberg, I remember, came off very well, and Shaw very badly, which made me think that Miss Jameson, having learned many details about the drama, had something still to learn about life and art. However, all that is past; and the author's increasing reputation is founded upon her novels. A serious, intelligent young woman, keenly interested in life and ideas, can do much with the novel form, and Storm Jameson appears to have been drawing her themes from pressing war and postwar emotional problems, so that she is being very modern indeed. She is also doing other literary work, and is representing in England one of the most enterprising of American publishers. This variety of employment is in itself an indication of the abounding vitality (physical or nervous) which is an imperative necessity for all who would embark upon the literary life. Miss Jameson may yet, in the common phrase, go far; especially if she has more humor than was to be inferred from her book upon the drama. This is more than possible; it is probable. It must be remembered that criticism of the drama extinguishes all humor in most writers, because the modern drama is a religion. Well did Bernard Shaw retort upon an interrupter of one of his lectures. "Theatre audiences are the stupidest gatherings in the world", he said. The interrupter, referring to the theatre at which Mr. Shaw's own plays were being performed to full houses, cried: "What about the audience at the Court?" To which Mr. Shaw answered, like lightning: "That's not an audience; it's a congregation!"

SIMON PURE

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BOJER'S CONQUEST OF AMERICA

By Allen W. Porterfield

With a Sketch by H. W. Gorham

JOHAN BOJER has invaded America and America has capitulated. It is strange. Though our indigenous literature is already bulky and not unworthy in quality, the world at large does not give us excessive credit for our interest in the world's literature. We are monolingual by history, poor linguists in fact, and have been inclined thus far to balk at the idea of translating foreign works. Yet here is a Norwegian fifty-one years old, the author of an even dozen novels, about a dozen short stories, ten plays, and five fairy tales, who a trifle over two years ago was as unknown in this country as a stowaway just landed. Now he is being read by as many people as can conveniently secure those of his works which a judicious publisher is seeing fit to bring out in English translations. It is a significant episode in our spiritual development.

Who is this Norwegian, this Johan Bojer whose name is pronounced as though it were written *Boyer?* My first visit to Christiania began on May 1, 1917. My first act after depositing my baggage at the hotel was to go to the university in order to strike up an acquaintance with some students who might tell me who was who in Norwegian literature. There were some differences of opinion — the Norwegians are the most pronounced individualists living — but all agreed on four names: Arne Garborg, Gunnar Heiberg, Knut Hamsun, and Johan Bojer. With the first three I was already slightly familiar; Bojer's name was unknown to me. Nor was I able to make his acquaintance at the time. That privilege was reserved for me in New York, in the spring of 1921, first in the lobby and then in the grill of the Vanderbilt Hotel — where Bojer paid the bill and answered with pleasure a series of questions which a less human immortal would never have allowed to arise.

Johan Bojer was born March 6, 1872, near Trondhjem on the northwest coast of Norway, where the sun shows but little inclination to set in the summer or rise in the winter. Like Strindberg, he was the son of a servant girl who, unable to support him, put him out to nurse, somewhat as Peer Holm's wife did with her two children in "The Great Hunger". Over the age of infancy, he spent his time fishing, watching cattle, going to school once a week, to church every Sunday morning, to the cemetery every Sunday afternoon, and listening to fairy tales well told.

When fifteen he entered a Norwegian country school where he heard for the first time that there is something called poetry. Here it was, too, that the head master read "Peer Gynt" in such a way that even the bravest boys shed tears. But his stay was short. He left the school and hired himself out to a prosperous farmer, a position which gave him an excellent

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opportunity to study practical politics. His odd hours were devoted to reading the Bible and the Norwegian "Congressional Record", to writing psalms and delivering speeches to the trees.

By a turn of fortune, he was able to enter the school for non-commissioned officers at Trondhjem in 1890 where he remained three years assembling the most miscellaneous sorts of information. He learned to read English from a hotel porter before this dignitary was sent to the penitentiary for manslaughter. He took a course on the history of European literature which opened his eyes to the higher things of life. But the two chief events of his stay of three years at Trondhjem were one lecture by Herman Bang and another by Knut Hamsun. Up to this time he had wished to become either a farmer or an army officer. From now on he set his heart on becoming a poet. Bang and Hamsun had worked the transformation in two hours.

During the years 1894 and 1895, Bojer was in turn a fisherman at the Lofoten Islands, a clerk in a store, a sewing machine agent, and a writer. His first play, "A Mother" (1894), was performed at Trondhjem with a total success to its author of 600 kroner, or about $175 when the exchange is not war-made. This was his first honorarium and he dates his authorship from the day he received the check, nearly thirty years ago.

Where has he not been and what has he not done since then? He has acted as a newspaper correspondent in Copenhagen, studied in Paris, lived five years in France and three in Italy, wandered over Denmark, Germany, and England, learned the art galleries of Belgium by heart, slept under haystacks in Holland, and finally returned to his native Norway by sailboat a better and wiser man.

In 1899, he married Ellen Lange, daughter of Colonel Lange. Unlike his own Reidar Bang in "Life", he has been most happy with his charming wife. They have three children. In 1915 he bought a piece of land near Christiania, built himself a house on it and established a permanent home after forty-three years of wandering. He writes only during the summer; in the winter he studies. His knowledge of French, Italian, German, and English literatures is uncommonly broad. His familiarity with the classics is enviable. His store of general information concerning the countries he has visited and the people he has met, or observed without meeting, is extraordinary.

He has a delightful personality. It would be impossible for him to affect a pose, be disinterested in what is going on around him, supercilious in the presence of his inferiors or forward among his superiors. He would make a matchless companion on a canoe trip where there are long carries and would be equally entertaining in an exclusive hotel or a farm house. But woe be to the man of sluggish intellect who would attempt to engage him in debate on some such venerable canon as "honesty is the best policy", or "be sure you are right and then go ahead." He weighs issues with such exceedingly great accuracy that it is a game to follow him in conversation and a lesson in the logic of the soul to accompany him in his books. That we are reading them and him is to our infinite credit.

With profound even if conventional respect for critics eminently reliable, one would suppose — because they are creators — that we have not suddenly taken to reading Bojer because Blasco

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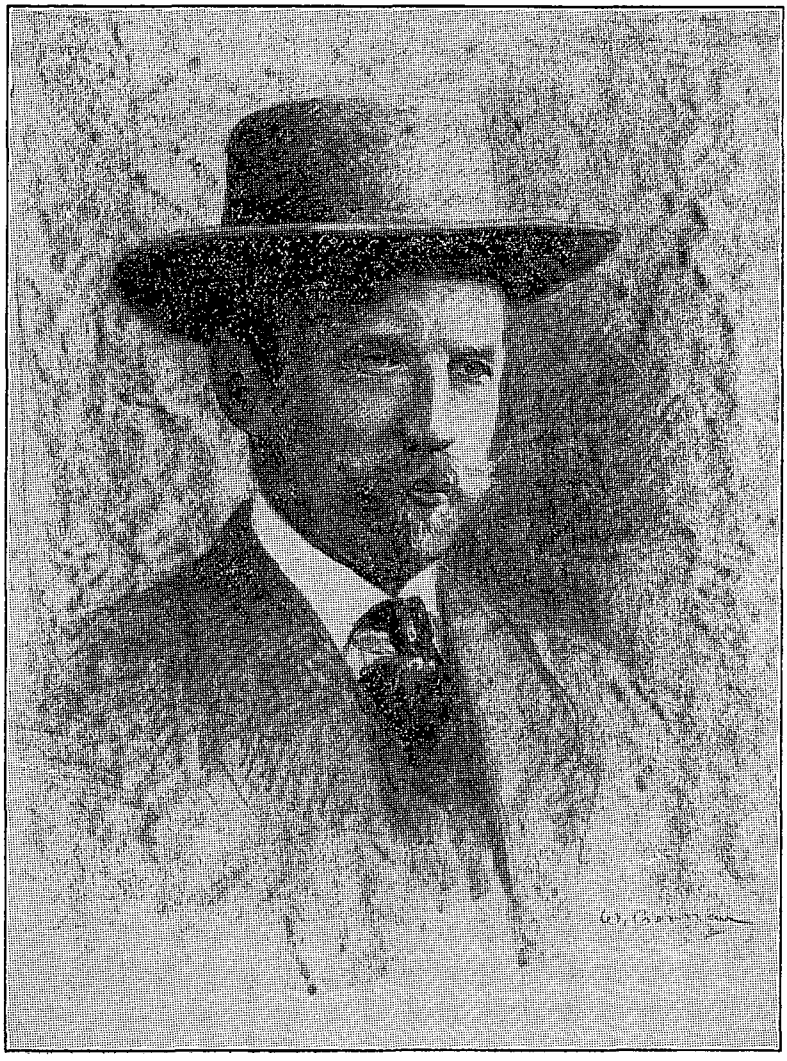

Johan Bojer

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Ibáñez has assured us that he is "the Maupassant of the north", or because "The Great Hunger" was the first work of fiction Galsworthy ever reviewed, or because Hall Caine said of "The Power of a Lie" that "it would be difficult to praise it too highly." We may be naïve but there is after all a reassuring difference between naïveté and gullibility. We are reading Bojer because he somehow has an inspired faculty for approaching old problems from a new angle. Pontius Pilate asked what is truth and then hurried away. Johan Bojer asks what is a lie and sticks to his question until he has answered it.

As to his works in general, I regard his "Sigurd Braa" (1916), a drama, as one of his great creations. He has written no poetry. When I asked him why he had not, he replied: "I tried to write poetry when my wife was my fiancée. It was not a success. And if a man cannot write poetry when in love, when can he?" I suggested that he might when in the shadow of a great sorrow. He replied: "That may be true. But thus far, though I have seen much that is sorrowful, I have really never experienced a great personal sorrow, and for the distress of the world at large the epic and the drama are the better mediums of expression." This will forever differentiate Bojer from Björnson whom he resembles in many other ways.

Concerning the seven novels here under discussion in the order of their appearance in Norway, their leading characters are, respectively, an incorrigible and eventually almost unconscious liar, an ill advised and in the end dictatorial reformer, a thoroughly unfortunate and yet human lover, a repentant Napoleon of ambition, a would be Atlas of compassion, a man to whom life has been a disappointment of fearful magnitude, and the last of the Vikings. It is such men and women that make history whether they live in Stavanger or Springfield. And the fact that (with the exception of "The Power of a Lie" and "The Last of the Vikings") the titles of these novels could be shuffled and redealt, should be borne in mind by the reader who would know the complete Bojer.

There are certain fundamental truths of which Bojer is never unmindful. He knows that hunger which is more than bread, love which is more than passion, and vanity which is more than rouge, rule the world. He is aware too that it is a wise man who knows his own thoughts, can interpret his own impulses, and justify or appraise his own conduct. It is for this reason that his novels stimulate, challenge, and remind.

This threefold activity is particularly true of "The Power of a Lie" (1903)[1]. Knut Norby has a wife, two daughters and a son. His wife is unbending toward the peasants because she looks down on them, and unbending toward the local authorities lest they assume the same attitude toward her. Knut is a leader in the community. But in a peculiar hour he endorses a note of quite respectable proportions for one Henrik Wangen who fails, as a bankrupt always does, at the most inconvenient time for his backer. Norby, in order to save himself a thousand humiliations, denies that he ever signed the note. As a result of the delay in disproving this statement his wife prefers a charge of forgery against Wangen, and a lawsuit ensues during which all manner of mud is slung. In the end Wangen actually does forge a note,

1 Translated by Jessie Muir. The Century Co.

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while Norby is acquitted and given a banquet of rebirth. He drives home satisfied with himself and all those about him — except a man who can stand up in court and lie as that man Wangen did!

In his penetrating study of Bojer[2], Carl Gad feels that neither Norby nor Wangen is sufficiently developed to make the novel seem wholly real. I feel that it is as real as real can be. It is not a question of justifying the conduct of Norby and his supporters, which Bojer does not do, but of understanding them. And here, it seems, is where Hall Caine suffered a critical derailment. When, after the trial and banquet, Norby is patient and tolerant where he was once restive and overbearing, he has not "become unselfish", he is merely on his good behavior after a narrow and lucky escape. This trait of human nature runs through life from infant grandson to aged grandfather. As to Norby's believing his own lie, that is possible too. After the fashion of the James-Lange theory of emotions, he acted himself into feeling innocent. The novel challenges and reminds of so much that goes on in the world.

So does "Treacherous Ground" (1908)[3]. Erik Evje has tried his hand at a number of things, in Christiania, and failed in all of them. No man can fail without injustice entering into the case. It may not be his, but it is there. In this case it is Erik's. Consequently, like Knut Norby, his senior by only four years, he decides to return home and convert his estate, or rather his mother's, into a settlement for those he has wronged. He builds the homes and the families move in. But a sort of Ibsenesque Dr. Stockmann informs him that the houses are built on treacherous ground. A landslide is apt to take place at any moment. It does. The number of deaths is almost Japanese. The most notable character to escape is Lars Brovold, Erik's foil, who searches out from among the ruins the body, not of Petra, his wife, but of Kristina whom he had loved but had not been able to marry. He buries her with the faithfulness of a beast for its kind.

The individual who reads a novel only for its plot and who wants that plot pleasant, will suggest that Bojer should have been deported on his arrival in America a month ago. The reader who likes to go through a story of morbid events leading up to one grand crash and do so without asking himself any questions, would have welcomed an invitation to membership on a committee to receive Bojer. But Bojer himself takes neither type seriously. He writes for those for whom the uninterpreted plot is of secondary consideration; for those who can see that the world is full of Erik Evjes, men who try to reform a civilization they do not understand and, unsuccessful at this, do something quite unexpected in order to help the victims of their egotism, delusions, and perversities. This is a book for thinking Socialists and for such "capitalists" as all Socialists seem to think men of means are. Thus the novel has a wide public, and it deserves it.

A happy feature of Bojer's next novel, "Life" (1911)[4], is the title. Reminiscent of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" and Gottfried Keller's "Romeo und Julia auf dem Dorfe", Norwegian to the core in scenery and

2 Johan Bojer. The Man and His Works. By Carl Gad. Translated from the Norwegian by Elizabeth Jeliffe Macintire. The Century Co.

3 Translated by Jessie Muir. The Century Co.

4 Translated by Jessie Muir. The Century Co.

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setting, it exposes the æolian harp to the winds of life. Its idea, though elaborated, is not formulated: That man succeeds who, when nearly down, gives the god of hardships three kicks, saying, after each impact, "Of the two of us, I am going to be master."

General Bang and Captain Riis were classmates at the military academy. The general somehow got ahead, the captain brought it up to a captaincy and there he stuck. Reidar Bang the son would marry Astrid Riis the daughter, but there are Romeo and Juliet obstacles to be removed. Jörgen Holth, teacher, malcontent, and potential villain, enters and the Shakespeare motif takes its exit. Astrid gives herself to this pedagogue, out at the elbow but capable of rejuvenation for the nonce, the artist Tangen furnishing the recipe gratis. And then Astrid marries Reidar. But it is too late. The time comes in this young woman's life when death is the unique liberator. The cold, clear waters of the Christiania Fjord receive her beautiful body after her soul has spent itself hungering for real love.

Some books seem specially written for certain classes. The army officer, mystic, sportsman, artist, teacher, merchant, student (and father, mother, son, daughter, brother, and sister) whose soul is not expanded on seeing how Bojer blows the breath of life into this skeleton of a plot is fit only for some type of society as yet unorganized. But while the novel stimulates and reminds it does not challenge. When you have read it you can pass it on to a friend and not be $2.50 out.

Every poet eventually writes his "Faust". Bojer's is "The Great Hunger" (1916)[5]. It has been called his greatest work, and it is — with strictures and explanations. As to the strictures, there is more preaching in this novel than in any Bojer has thus far produced. And the text is familiar: Material progress will not bring peace of mind; that must come from within, from sowing seeds in the enemy's garden. As to the explanations, that Victor Hugo's Jean Valjean helped in the making of Peer Holm is manifest. On this theme words need not be wasted. But there is another parallel to "The Great Hunger" as a whole which is so striking that, if Bojer was unaware of it, those who acquire degrees for running down literary "influences" might just as well start in while there is yet time to make an honest living at something else. I refer to Wilhelm Raabe's "The Hunger Pastor" (1864) and am not misled by the mere external similarity in titles.

Peer Holm, the illegitimate son of a well to do captain, swindled out of his inheritance by a scoundrel, familiar with distress of all shades, is determined to amount to something and does. He becomes an engineer, amasses a fortune, marries happily and has three children, but is not quite satisfied. He is Raabe's Hans Unwirsch. His half brother, Ferdinand Holm, puts mischief into his head. Why not invest a pile of money and so on in an engineering scheme in Belgium or Egypt? He does, and loses step by step everything. Two of his children have to be let out and the third is bitten by a neighbor's dog and dies. Ferdinand Holm is Raabe's Moses Freudenstein.

In the end Peer Holm goes out in the night and sows seed in the garden of the villain neighbor who sicked the dog on little Asta. To such spiritual heights has he risen. And Bojer rose

5 Translated by W. J. Alexander Worster and C. Archer. The Century Co.

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equally high when he wrote "The Great Hunger", even though it be Raabe's story arranged for new hands.

As to "The Face of the World" (1917)[6], James Branch Cabell thinks and hopes that it "is a piece of irony". Richardt Gandrup of Copenhagen is of the opinion that Bojer meant to show what a hard time a poor chap has who looks the world square in the face, becomes conscious of its utter hideousness, and tries to redress its wrongs in the beauty parlor of philanthropy. The author of the initial blurb informs us that Bojer proves that it is better to save one soul by faith in mankind than to carry upon one's shoulders the grievances of a universe. Mr. Cabell is right.

Bojer once told me that in Erik Evje he had tried to depict a "fool reformer". Harold Mark, M. D., is an enlarged portrait of Erik Evje. His wife had the good sense to throw him over because he was so intent on hearing Jaurés dilate on the Jews in Kiev that he left his home without a husband. And yet no man was fuller of flapdoodle than he for the home that is not a hotel. He appointed Ivar Holth, half crazy and wholly irresponsible, to an important position in a hospital because other men had picked on him. Ivar rewarded him by setting the town on fire. And so on. Read it!

Bojer does nothing by halves. (And let the William De Morgans of this country take a lesson from him in brevity.) He is particularly thoroughgoing when he paints a fool. And he is particularly stimulating when he has a fool decide that it is criminally selfish, unspeakably thoughtless, to saunter through the park even with your young and altogether charming wife, or go to hear the Philharmonic, or motor out to the roadhouse, so long as penal and charitable institutions exist and the cemeteries are filled with dead who — if they could only tell of the evils of society that murdered them! It is magnificent irony; it stimulates, challenges, and reminds.

In "God and Woman" (1920)[7], one of Bojer's least known novels in this country, we have, in the writer's studied judgment, one of the most effective portrayals of what may happen when a family remains childless that has been made accessible to American readers since James Madison was president. We have, too, a highly diverting, indeed quite intriguing, depiction of the situation that arises when the child becomes trained away from its parents. There is no contradiction in these two statements. For the parents of this book wanted a child, but could not have one. Wealth they acquired, only to learn that the husband's son, born out of wedlock by a mother who had emigrated to Wisconsin in order to escape her shame, is coming home to visit the family. The father is surprised; that he had a son was unknown to him. His wife, equally surprised, accepts the situation as it is.

The boy returns, expecting to see in his father a mighty chieftain wearing the armor of the school texts; he finds a senile farmer creeping up to the back door of a hotel with a basket of eggs on his arm. The father's wife is likewise unattractive — to this man from Wisconsin who has become mayor of his home town, wears a loggy watch chain, employs five thousand men, and chews the juiciest brand of tobacco on the market. In this meeting there is tragedy such as Æschylus created,

6 Translated by Jessie Muir. The Century Co.

7 Translated by A. R. Shelander. The Century Co.

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satire after the fashion of Aristophanes, and a wealth of plain sense such as Bojer commands.

No bit of fiction published in the United States within the last two years has received such consistently favorable reviews as has Bojer's "The Last of the Vikings" (1922)[8]. As the title indicates, it is an epic based on the transition period that came over northern Norway when the motor launch drove the sailboat on to the junk heap, necessitated a complete change in the lives of the natives, and probably disturbed the very fish.

The reviewers have, without exception, commented on Bojer's marvelous powers of description. Great as these seem to be, there is nothing marvelous about them. Apart from the charm of the epic itself, there is a lesson to be learned from the success of this book. Why some men can write and others cannot is a perennial question, particularly among college people. Some estimable ladies and gentlemen contend that if you take much Greek and more Latin you will become a brilliant stylist. This is well nigh imbecile nonsense. The ability to write depends to a large degree, in some cases wholly, on having something to say. Bojer enjoyed that predicament when he sat down to put the last of the Vikings on paper. He had lived on the Lofoten Islands; he had tugged at a net, manipulated a sail, pushed an oar; he had caught the fish, prepared them for shipping, and made his living by his enterprise. Consequently, when he undertook the telling of this tale, this epic, this saga if you please, all he had to do was to narrate what he had gone through. Hence the favor with which the novel has been received; hence the hosts of friends the book will have long after much that is still "going strong" will have been as dead as the life his Vikings once lived.

As to Bojer's future — let him speak who can tell what Byron would have written had he died in London about 1858 instead of in Greece in 1824. Or let him predict who can explain what end Providence had in view in allowing Fouqué to live thirty-two years after he had written "Undine". When Dickens was Bojer's age he had written all his works except "Edwin Drood".

The question should be of serious, and indeed immediate, concern to Bojer's publishers. At present, they deserve credit for and are to be congratulated on having given us Bojer in the language Dickens wrote but not exactly as he wrote it. They should remember the case of Strindberg who has to be done over. If Bojer grows and they stand still — in the matter of translations only, for Bojer's new publishers are doing nobly in the matter of physical make up — they may open their morning mail some day only to find that they have a rival. For it is not enough that this kind of work be done reasonably well; it should be done excellently, which can be said only of the translation of "The Great Hunger". The rest is intelligent without being distinguished, acceptable though at times unsympathetic.

8 Translated by Jessie Muir. The Century Co.

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IN BEHALF OF THE PUZZLE NOVEL

By H. W. Boynton

THAT popular maker of mystery stories, Louis Joseph Vance, some short time ago spoke up for the dignity of his trade. He was right to do this, but I am not sure that he did it in the proper way. Someone had asked him if the contriver of his sort of fiction had to take it seriously. Certainly, said Mr. Vance: "You can't do work of any sort that will gain a respectful hearing — *and* royalties — if you write with your tongue in your cheek." This is sound doctrine. Good stuff is turned out by the workman who believes in it. The cleverest imitations seldom carry far. There is a hollow sound to them, or a thick sound, which the ear of an expert, or an addict, at once detects and resents. You may be far more clever in your own way than the potter with his silly pots. But beware of flattering yourself, after a lesson or two, on having mastered his method. The chances are you will fail to make pots that people will buy, because you secretly think pottering with pots is a silly business for anybody, maker or buyer.

It is true that with a little ingenuity and patience an experienced writer can concoct and very likely "put over", for the moment, a fair imitation of any kind of popular thing. There are known rules for faking the Cobb chuckle or the O. Henry punch. A friend of mine once sold his first attempt at a mystery yarn to "The Black Cat" at a good price—with his tongue in his cheek. It was also (so he tells me) his last attempt. He had been curious to find out whether his talent might be black-cattable if necessary. "What was the use?" he says. "I was only faking, and the faker would have come to no good. I mean he'd have been found out!" Yes, Mr. Vance is right. Nobody could hope to do an imitation, or at least a series of imitations, of Harold Bell Wright or Louis Joseph Vance and to "get away with" either the easy hearted audience of the one, or the inquisitive minded audience of the other. Mr. Wright believes in himself, that is to say his work, and a mighty profitable belief it is. Mr. Vance also.

It is pleasant to be sure of this. Mr. Vance has the useful knack of dropping a quasi-critical pebble now and then into the green pool of the public mind, with ensuing wavelets of opinion (like this of mine) which may serve at least to keep things stirring a bit in a dull season. One professional confidence which he let drop a few years ago (I am pretty sure it was he) sounded like a frank confession of levity. It was to the effect that he had never visited any of the foreign parts in which the action of his hair raisers had been cast, and saw no particular use in bothering with them as actualities. To the inventive mind, we gathered, travel was naught: a superfluous tribute to Messrs. Cook and Baedeker. . . . . I seem to perceive now that this was not the frivolity of a conscious fraud, but the ingenuousness of an earnest artificer. He sincerely (and perhaps

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rightly) believed that, for the article he had to turn out, all the necessary atmosphere, costume, topography, and so on, could easily be got from a few hours' reading, with now and then, perhaps, a travelogue for good measure. His main object, the object of his scrupulous care, was something very different from his scenery and properties — namely, his plot.

Here, I say, was and is the real and proper object of his devotion. At this point he begins to take his work with almost prayerful seriousness. "As a matter of fact", he says, "the construction and writing of a good mystery story is one of the most difficult and intricate forms of literary endeavor. The analysis of human character even in its psychoanalysis, and the narration of a chain of every-day events in daily affairs such as the ordinary reader will accept as not improbable is child's play compared with the labor and ingenuity and patience required to make the mystery story, so despised of the average, in any way acceptable."

Now it might be said with some justification that we can't make much out of this pronouncement till we have settled what the speaker means by "mystery story", by "construction", by the "ordinary" or "average" reader, by "literary endeavor", and so on. But let us admit that we understand what he is driving at: namely, that a good marketable detective story is a job calling for much skill and ingenuity, and that even a passable one means more work and pains than a merely passable novel of "real life". Both, that is, are considered as commodities, to be taken or left by a sufficient number of buyers to yield or miss a profit upon their manufacture. This is probably all Mr. Vance means by his remark; but its effect is to muddle further what is surely muddled enough. It tends, not to clarify, but to obscure for the ordinary or average reader (if such a person there be) the essential differences between not qualities, but kinds, of fiction. Pity the poor reader who can enjoy only one kind of novel — but Lord help him to whom all kinds look alike. To be able to enjoy heartily the best of every kind is the great thing: to love "The Rise of Silas Lapham" and "The Three Musketeers" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" without thought of setting one against another. And why not? It is by trying to put them on the same plane that one confounds the fiction which stands or falls as a contrivance with that which stands or falls as a play of fancy, or as an act of creative interpretation. I suppose by "literary endeavor" Mr. Vance means simply the art or trade of story telling. But as the phrase falls in the above context it seems to imply that all story tellers belong to pretty much the same class, and that the mystery story writer is about the cleverest of the lot. Hence the easy and shoal comparison. You might as simply, and as truly, laud the superior ingenuity and patience required for the successful juggling of a feather, a dumbbell, and three dinner plates, in comparison with the difficulty of a good piece of acting. Both, to be sure, are "acts" in vaudeville parlance! As for "character analysis", his parenthetic qualification betrays how little the phrase means to this writer. "Even psychoanalysis!" Delicious phrase!

The truth is, a writer of detective stories should have the tastes of a child and the mind of a chess player. That is why sex is of so little account in such stories. That it should have to be lugged in at all is one of the

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chief mysteries about the mystery tale. Nobody takes this "heart interest" seriously, it is about as real in this kind of fiction as it is in "The Young Visiters" — love viewed with a preoccupied infantile eye as a necessary but trivial counter in the game. . . . And that is why character study is irrelevant to this kind of fiction. You add no merit to the puzzle of "Pigs in Clover" (or its current equivalent) by differentiating and analyzing — even psychoanalyzing — your pigs. . . . Mr. Vance's mystery tales, as I recall them, are of the brass box, New York to the Orient and return, property damsel, conquering Yale-man sort. They pretend (such of them as I have read) to be nothing else. *Mystery* is a word cheapened somewhat to fit them and their kind. They do not stir the heart and fancy to wonder and terror, they start one cheerfully guessing. What we have to deal with in most so called mystery stories is not mystery so much as quandary and surprise. *Mechanical romance* is not a bad term for them. They are built, not created, they run by machinery of a very intricate pattern. It is certainly true that a vast deal of ingenuity and patience go to their making if they are to pass muster with their audience of experts. For the confirmed reader of this fiction is a strict judge of plots. Mechanical romance is his avocation, and he is no mean critic of machinery. I used to have a theory that he was impatient of anything *but* machinery. I am not so sure now. At all events, absolute banality of style is no longer the rule. I doubt if "The Black Cat" any longer advertises (as it used to when it bought my friend's tale) that plot is the only thing it cares for and that form is of no consequence. But the plot is still, and properly, the main thing, lacking which all else is vain.

As for the mystery or puzzle novel's being "despised of the average", there is something in it. It is far enough from being rejected by the average. But there are many to love and none to praise. The mystery novel flourishes in an atmosphere of general as well as official disdain. There is proper cause for complaint on the part of the honest manufacturer in this fact. Why should the very people who eagerly approve his commodity by use find nothing to say for it? That a Roosevelt and a Wilson, that this great mathematician and that famous lawyer are admittedly fond of detective stories is taken as a sort of confession. These too, then, are human! These too, these great ones, have their moments of weakness, when sweets and even "dope" are to be indulged in. The great Chesterton, stepping on our shores, confides to a pressman that he reads nothing but "dead authors and detective stories"; that is, a living writer of detective stories (including G. K. C. himself, who has written some pretty bad ones) cannot be dignified with the name of author. What he produces is not a book but a straw for timely tickling.

As a lover of a good stiff yarn in its time and place, I spurn this feeble convention. How unnecessary and how absurd to pretend that contempt and shame lie beneath the relations of a great man and his puzzle novel! It is a thing to busy and delight his mind, if only the top of his mind. A plain contraption; but we need contraptions. There are two roads of escape from reality — from the back breaking grind of everyday which is "life" and from the heart searching study of meanings which is creative literature: the road of sentiment (which includes laughter) and the

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road of curiosity. Your tired business man may use either, losing himself at will in the nonsense of musical comedy or the mystification of the detective story. I believe a professional man, a brain worker of any kind, chooses a nut to crunch, rather than a morsel under his tongue. It is hard to stop his mental machinery, but amusing to set the stone crusher at the delicate cracking of — say peanuts. Nothing is more restful than your pocket enigma to the mind weary of balancing great matters like politics or æsthetics or morals or conduct — tired of being always pedagogue or high priest or interpreter at the gates of heaven.

The proud fact is that a really good detective or mystery story offers diversion and solace for a grown man without requiring him to be a snuffling or a sniggling idiot. All honor to it!

COUNTRY CLUB PORTRAITS

By Wayland Wells Williams

I

Winthrop Hawkes

WINTHROP was short and square, and loved a pun
More dearly than all other brands of fun;
And he *was* funny. People found him most
Agreeable away from home; as host
He didn't shine so much. His wife was stiff:
She rarely smiled, and made him act as if
He was a boy in Sunday school. But when
He found himself alone with other men
He was a joy. You'd hear him about six,
Making the grill room ring: "Now Heinie, mix
A little ink with just a dash of tar —
A mourning cocktail in the evening. . . . Far
The saddest words that fall on human ear
In this dry age, are these: It might have beer!"
"Heinie!" he'd raise his ruddy face to call;
"Near-beer would make you sick — wood alcohol?"

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His wife, in her forbidding way, played golf
("At it", she said). One day she started off,
Reached the fourth hole, and there a wandering drive
From the fourteenth lit on her temple. I've
Never seen Winthrop act, before or since,
As he did, walking out. He didn't wince
When we informed him, just went stiff and hoarse;
For once his cheery figure on the course
Looked thin. At last he saw her, where she lay;
The doctor raised his hand; Win's face turned grey.
He loved her, yes, and never more than then;
But oh, eccentric whirl the thoughts of men!
Who knows all things, no less, may tell us why
Win whispered, stricken: "Looks like a dead lie."

II

Ethel Vane

I NEVER could see much in Ethel Vane.
Stoop shouldered, wiry, blonde — I can't explain
Why I disliked her, but I did. She had
A habit no one could describe as *bad*
Of holding her hands crooked up, like a rabbit,
Over her waist line. How I loathed that habit!
She came to every party, and she'd dance
With everyone, from greybeard to short pants,
As though she liked him best — for she was keen
On having a good time, and wasn't green.

One night as I was taking Susan Black
From the veranda — it was summer — back
To dance, Ethel came up behind me, and
The screen door swung back hard and hit her hand.
It was my fault, and I foresaw a row:
But she was fairly calm, just squealed out "Ow!"
And licked her finger. I apologized
And went on dancing, but I was surprised.
I thought it over, and cut in on her,
And she was nice; I felt like a low cur.

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"Nonsense, it didn't hurt a bit", she said,
But I could see her finger, where it bled
Under her handkerchief — that rabbit hand
I'd hated so! I can't quite understand
What changed in me, for she stayed just the same,
Giggly and thin; but when I hear her name
I don't get spinal shivers any more.
In fact, I like her — thanks to a spring door!

III

Dickie Homans

(*Aged 14*)

WISH I could drive. My putting game's O. K.
I started out so well the other day,
Fourteen for the first three — two worse than par;
Then on the fourth I tried to drive so far,
Remembered everything that I'd been told,
Head down, wrists loose — made it as good as gold.
Know where it landed? Down by the old dam,
A hundred yards! . . . . Ambitious? Well, I am!
You've got to knock 'em far on those long holes;
Some fellows say not, but to save their souls
They can't beat bogie, unless they can count
On long straight drives. You know, sir, any amount
Of cracks come down here Saturdays to play?
I watch 'em; there's a man they call McKay —
Small, skinny guy — he sure can soak the pill!
Last week I saw him put one up Long Hill
From the ninth tee; must be three hundred yards . . .
Well, near it, then! I saw him afterwards
(I know him), and I asked him how in heck
He did it. He just grinned and pinched my neck.
"Just wait ten years", says he, "or maybe five."
Five years — Jerusalem! . . . Why *can't* I drive?

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A JOB FOR THE FEMINISTS

By Burton Rascoe

THERE is one matter which I hope the rising feminism will see its way clear to correct. The gigantic scope of the undertaking will not, I trust, deter it. Justice demands, truth cries out that this work be done. It will, of course, be a monumental endeavor, involving labor more extensive than compiling the Code of Justinian or that of tracing the Baconian cipher. It will necessitate important historical revisions. It will mean practically rewriting the major part of the existing biographical literature. But in the end we may begin to view the manifold phases of life from a more rational, a more advantageous perspective. A misleading lot of masculine sentimentality will be done away with; false emphasis will be displaced by the true facts in the case; and at last *the wives of geniuses will be given their due!*

I permit myself the emphasis of italics and an astonisher, because this is something that is near to my heart. Had I the ability and the means I should emulate that good abbé of whom Anatole France speaks who dedicated his life to the exoneration of Judas. I should placard the world with the story of a long martyrdom.

For no Justin in his most excruciating moments ever suffered the lot of a woman whom malignant fate throws into the same household with one who dedicates his soul to those dubious abstractions, Truth and Beauty. And has this indubitable fact been allowed to grow and flourish? I venture a very positive negative. On the contrary these martyred women, almost without exception, have been calumniated beyond all reason. They have been belittled and maligned to make a sentimentalist's holiday.

Consider what, for instance, the wife of a literary genius goes through. Her husband, if he is worth his salt, values nothing so highly as the phrases he makes. Devotion, amiability, ordinary marital companionship mean nothing to him. He is preoccupied most of the time and if he hears what she says he usually answers only in monosyllables, often idiotically beside the point. When he kisses her, nine times in ten, he is mentally selecting the most appropriate out of a possible five adjectives. When she inquires what he would like for dinner, it usually takes him a full two minutes before he can divest his mind of the fancy that encumbers it and ask her to repeat the question again, please.

Moreover he is absolutely no good around the house. He cannot fix the furnace or repair a leak or help get the children ready for school. He is vain and untidy and indolent and in the way. He keeps his room in a mess and if she disturbs any of the million papers he has piled around, he has a fit. If she left money matters entirely to him they would be without house and home inside of a year.

He is discourteous to her guests, though he is usually cordial enough to his own. And what a bunch of freaks he chooses to make friends

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with! Not a sane, normal, prepossessing looking person among them. A boorish, conceited, egostistical lot of noodles who seem to consider her a negligible piece of furniture and are visibly surprised and annoyed if she puts in a single word during the conversation.

On the maid's day out he is just as likely as not to call up at five o'clock and say he is bringing out So and So for dinner. Perhaps she has never heard of So and So, and frequently after one encounter she devoutly hopes she will never hear of him again. Her husband and So and So will sit throughout the meal gabbing about books and writers, hardly so much as glancing at her or ever thinking of complimenting her on the meal she has been at so much pains to get up. These two will talk until after midnight, and after So and So is gone her husband, the chances are, will think up something to 'write. And instead of going to bed, he will putter around making coffee or looking for matches the rest of the night, disturbing the whole household and making it impossible for the wretched woman to sleep. Why he is always wanting to write at night is something she cannot make out, unless it be through some innate perversity or desire to annoy her. Any other man works at regular hours during the day, so she cannot see why he doesn't. Besides, he can lie abed and sleep of a morning; but she has to get up: she has her housework to attend to.

And then, as to his literary work itself. If she reads it (which she should not) it is a constant source of mortification to her. The man has no sense of shame or reticence or decency whatever. He parades before the whole world the most intimate family secrets. He drags all the skeletons out of the closet and puts them on view, often adding two or three especially hideous ones made out of papier mâché. He offends his wife's self esteem by relating love episodes which, since she does not recall them, he must have experienced with someone else. And he is particularly ungracious in his revelation of his indifference to her type of beauty. If his wife is tall and dark the heroines whom, in his tales, he endows with all imaginable charm, are sure to be slight and blonde. If his wife is plump and blonde he invariably commends a dark slim creature very warmly to his readers.

Further, his heroes are usually just so many retouched portraits of himself, and he seldom gives himself the worst of it. He imagines himself in all sorts of heroic rôles. All his own faults and defects he is at much trouble to condone in his heroes. Often he tries to make virtues out of very obvious shortcomings, or else to attribute to his self-portrait those characteristics he most feels the lack of. Thus if he is a mediocre conversationalist, his hero is apt to spout epigrams by the yard. If he is blond headed and brown eyed, it is warrantable to assume that somewhere in the body of his work he will try to adduce testimony to the fallacious idea that all the great men in history have been blond headed and brown eyed. He is a disconcerting paradox to his wife, and amid a world of improbabilities it is not infrequently true that they love each other quite sincerely. Which does not help matters much for the woman either way. I know the wives of some score of geniuses in divers arts both here and abroad, and with each of these admirable women I have, however unsolicited, a definite sympathy.

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Now let us consider very briefly some of the signal cases with which the future feminist historian will have to deal.

First take Xantippe, Socrates's wife, who, through malicious male gossip, is become a synonym for all that is shrewish and vixenish in woman. A simple examination of the evidence presented by Xenophon, Plato, and Diogenes Laërtius and others will, even amid hostile testimony, show a patient and long suffering wife whose virtues were patently numerous. What if she did, now and then, let her temper get away with her? What mortal woman would not, with such a man for a husband? It is easy to imagine her side of the story. They had been married no time before Socrates began neglecting his job as a stone polisher and leading that life of quibbling indolence which he was later to give over to altogether. He spent all day on the street corner arguing politics and religion with a crowd of loafers. He got so he never took any pride in himself any more and went about looking like a tramp. He kept forgetting to turn in his shirt for the wash and it was always as dirty as a pot. It did no good to remonstrate with him: one might as well talk to the wind. If he had had any get up about him he would at least have tried to make a little money out of his talents. All those other windbags, the Sophists, either charged for, or took up a collection after their lectures. But no, he was just that stubborn; any little sacrifice Xantippe would ask him to make he would be sure to refuse with some sort of vague excuse about intellectual prostitution, or spiritual integrity, or untarnished ideals. He was always getting himself into trouble with the authorities and she would have to get all dressed and go down to the police station to bail him out. Even then he would make it harder for her by antagonizing the police with his jokes at their expense. As if she didn't already have enough work for any three ordinary women, what with her own cooking and washing and ironing to do and a child to take care of besides! Not only that but he was always going to see that frippery minx, Aspasia, who, the whole town knew, was not a whit better than she should be. And then coming back and trying to make out that he had been having an "intellectual conversation"!

If it wasn't that, it was something else. He was always being late for his meals and delaying supper and letting everything get cold. Any woman will tell you that, when she spends an hour over a hot stove trying to get up a good meal, she likes to have everybody ready to sit down and eat, instead of delaying supper until all hours of the night. If he would only let her know when he was going to stay out like that, things would be different. She could plan to have supper an hour or so later than usual. But no, he will go away saying he will be back at supper time, knowing full well that you contrive to have supper at six o'clock so as to get the dishes over and done with and not be slaving out in the kitchen until nine o'clock. And then he will show up at 7.30, acting just as if that were the usual time; and if you say a word to him he will go off the handle or sulk and pout until there is no living with him.

When Xantippe could no longer stand it, and then and there gave him a piece of her mind and ended up by throwing a bucket of water in his face, did he give her any satisfaction whatever? Did he answer her back,

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or make excuses, or show any manly spirit? He did not. He stood and took it. He even grinned and made his little joke about Xantippe clouding up and its inevitable consequence, the shower. It must have been maddening to be made fun of like that—

Next, let us revert to Mrs. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, whom writers with unanimous impudence elect to designate by her first name, Faustine. A very deserving and admirable wife and mother, no doubt. I am glad that Walter Pater, with his unfailing chivalry, was generous enough to put in, amid the universal slander, a good word for her. And what a slough of abuse has been heaped upon her pretty head! Even as late as Swinburne's day we find that poet exhausting the dictionary of all the vituperative words ending in an "een" sound from *Epicene* to *unclean,* in ungentle perpetuation of a libel.

To some slight extent, perhaps, the accusations against Faustine are not without foundation. But what would you do, if you were the wife of a man who began a book by solemnly recounting his many virtues and telling how and where he got them? Here was a comely and spirited woman who was married to a human wall motto, to a fleshy aggregate of New Year cards, to a walking almanac, to a compendium of homely adages. In common honesty can you blame her if, married to a man who spouted moralistic platitudes all day long, she developed a complex of desires to escape from so oppressive a virtue and taste the sweets of sin? I leave Faustine to the fruitful labor of some future historian with sense in his head and a heart on the right side.

And now there is Anne Hathaway Shakespeare, whose husband went away for years at a stretch, leaving her and the children dependent upon relatives. And when he finally did come back, he had a none too savory reputation and had written sonnets to some black haired woman who, it was apparent, had led him a dog's life, and more sonnets to someone else whom it is difficult to guess at. Moreover he had, meanwhile, contracted the drink habit and a taste for late hours and he and Drayton and Jonson seemed to have no regard for the poor woman's feelings at all.

And there is Mme. Victor Hugo whose husband actually believed he was divinity itself and spared no words in his effort to make the belief generally accepted. There were carryings on with that actress — and him at his age! And shocking all the neighbors by taking his bath, unscreened, on the roof of the house. No wonder Sainte-Beuve — But this article is intended only as a suggestion for more industrious and more thoroughly competent hands.

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TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE

Plays and Motion Pictures of the Month

By John Farrar

PLAYS IN NEW YORK WORTH SEEING

1. TARNISH: *The most interesting of the new sex dramas, beautifully written and finely acted. (To be reviewed next month.)*

2. A LESSON IN LOVE: *Emily Stevens and William Faversham illuminate with genuinely powerful acting a reasonably good play. (Reviewed below.)*

3. CHAINS: *A moving study of a snobbish family and their treatment of an unfortunate girl, played exquisitely by Helen Gahagan. (Reviewed below.)*

4. THE CHANGELINGS: *A discursive and sometimes amusing study of opposing moral standards with so carefully a selected cast that the play seems far better than it is. (Reviewed below.)*

5. CHILDREN OF THE MOON: *An unusually fine second act and three splendid performances make this strange tragedy worth seeing.*

6. IN LOVE WITH LOVE: *Pleasant froth written by a playwright who knows how young people act when in love.*

7. RAIN: *The best drama of last year still continues, with Jeanne Eagels's aid, to crowd the house.*

8. AREN'T WE ALL? : *A comedy of English life which sparkles occasionally, and in which Cyril Maude is his old and thoroughly enjoyable self.*

9. MERTON OF THE MOVIES: *Glenn Hunter and Florence Nash still laugh and sob their way through this burlesque of the moving picture.*

10. *Madge Kennedy, Luella Gear, and W. C. Fields make* POPPY *(reviewed below) the musical comedy of the year, with Mitzi's performance in* THE MAGIC RING *(to be reviewed next month) close behind.* HELEN OF TROY, N. Y. *and* WILDFLOWER *are the best of the older group. Of the revues* EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES *and the new* MUSIC BOX REVUE *(reviewed below) are far in advance of the others, though* ARTISTS AND MODELS *has moments of great beauty as well as of shock.*

ALREADY the season is exhibiting its elaborate portrayals and discussions of the problems of sex. Some of these are a far cry, indeed, from Belasco's production of "The Easiest Way" and Mrs. Fiske in "Tess". The sex plays of this season range all the way from the discursive "Brook", which lasted only a brief period at the Greenwich Village Theatre, to Edward Knoblock's amazingly brutal "The Lullaby". Out of eight plays I

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have listed under this head, I find that there are four in which children are born out of wedlock. To those who attend first or second nights it became a matter for laughter when the heroine covered her blushing face and said: "But — there is a *child!*"

To enter here into a long discussion of what is fit and proper to be shown on the stage is unnecessary. Certain parts of "The Lullaby" seemed to me to go beyond the limits of niceness; in fact, the best scene in the play, which is indubitably dramatic, made me a trifle sick.

Regardless of moral attitude, the most effective of all these plays to me is "A Lesson in Love", which when it was presented in London was called "The Prude's Fall" and is by the authors of Margaret Lawrence's great success here last year, "Secrets". If it were not perfectly acted by Emily Stevens and William Faversham it would probably be a little silly; but as it is the play holds throughout. It is the story of Captain Briquette, who astounds a conventional English community and a conventional English widow by making her fall in love with him, break her engagement with a conventional English knight, and accept the French captain's dictum that she become his mistress. The situation is intensified by the fact that Mrs. Audley, the widow, is heartlessly cruel to a former friend of hers who has transgressed the social code. That Briquette has played all this as a trick and really intends to marry Mrs. Audley all the time, affords a happy ending that is a bit watery — but the climactic scene, when the precise Englishwoman breaks from her poise and throws herself sobbing into Briquette's arms, is superb. Miss Stevens is flaring, brilliant, daring. She has done nothing so good since "The Unchastened Woman". She has never been so human. It is a performance to wonder at, to cheer!

"Chains" and "The Changelings" are not unlike in make up, though totally opposed in moral viewpoint. Both are dramatically effective. Both are discursive. Both are well acted, and neither one proves anything nor solves the problem it presents. "Chains" by Jules Eckert Goodman, as has been pointed out by most of the dramatic critics, is an American version of "Hindle Wakes". It is well worth seeing for the quiet power and beauty of Helen Gahagan's performance. It is interesting; but its issue is certainly cloudy. A Harvard undergraduate whose family are highly conventional socially meets a clever young art student of charm and education. They fall in love. The girl gives herself to him. They quarrel. The boy finds her memory and the sight of her only a constant worry to his guilty conscience. He wants to travel with a wandering engineer uncle. The family discover. Their one thought is to pay off the girl to rescue their son from the entanglement. The less conventional uncle, whose freer moral attitude is opposed to theirs, has sought out the girl. She comes to the boy's family, wanting to see not them, but the boy — to be sure that he does not love her any more. The family insult her. This she receives with quietness and scorn. She must see the boy. She does. She finds that his affection is dead. She will have nothing more of him or of his family. It appears, however, that there has been a child. The boy wants to marry her; his family insist, he insists. She refuses to marry a man who does not love her. The resulting scene of domestic storming gives Miss Gahagan a chance to be the majestically

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dominating figure of the play. Conveniently, the engineer uncle happens to fall in love with her. Probably marriage. Curtain. The wayward daughter of the family complicates things and points a moral; but she seems rather to force the play beyond its most sincere point. As a discussion of moral values, "Chains" is interesting. It is well produced and, with one exception, well cast.

"The Changelings" is far more complicated. It might have been called "Change Your Partners!" It is a study, again, in opposing temperaments and standards. The son and the daughter of parents who have been great friends for years, marry. The four parents meet for dinner. The girl's father and the boy's mother are temperamentally conventional. The boy's father and the girl's mother are emotional and radical. The boy suddenly appears with the news that his wife has run away from him with another man. There results much clashing of temperament among the parents and sides are changed, so to speak. The girl finds that the man she is about to run away with is a blackguard. The parents decide that they have been happy so long as they are, that a double divorce would be a bit thick — everything goes back to just where it once was. This play, acted by what is practically an all star cast, makes an interesting evening. Lee Wilson Dodd always writes well. Here, if he is not brilliant, he is able. However, we can't help wondering what *would* have happened if the villain of the piece hadn't been a villain. If he had been a nice fellow would the moral values change? But, as Mr. Dodd would say, nice fellows don't run away with other people's wives. There is food for discussion of the most modern sort in "The

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Ten Minute Plays" edited by Pierre Loving (Brentano). Most of these seem a little too highly poetical or fanciful for ordinary human beings, but many Little Theatres will find them excellent.

"Samson in Chains" by Leonid Andreyev (Brentano). Andreyev is fond of the Samson theme — here he presents a powerful moving version of the biblical tragedy.

"The Heroes of the Puppet Stage" by Madge Anderson (Harcourt, Brace). A delightfully written story of puppets, their creators, their mechanics, and of the characters they usually represent.

"One-Act Plays" selected by James Plaisted Webber and Hanson Hart Webster (Houghton Mifflin). An anthology capably selected, arranged, and edited. Excellent for dramatic clubs and schools.

"Dramatics for School and Community" by Claude Merton Wise (Stewart Kidd). A perhaps overelaborate book, with some useful technical detail and valuable bibliographies.

"The Cloud That Lifted" by Maurice Maeterlinck (Century). Two mystery plays à la Macterlinck — psychics, souls, and vagaries motivate these strange dramas.

"Déclassée" by Zoe Akins (Boni). Three deft comedies of manners from the pen of one of America's most facile playwrights.

"Three Modern Japanese Plays" translated by Yozan T. Iwasaki and Glenn Hughes (Stewart Kidd). Grim and grotesque plays that, through somewhat stilted translations, show dignity and power.

"Nevertheless" by Stuart Walker (Stewart Kidd). A whimsical trifle for the Little Theatre all about a word, two kids, and a burglar.

"Why Girls Stay Home" by Maude Humphrey (Stewart Kidd). A one act play with a clever twist on the flapper problem.

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"The Letters" by Frank G. Tompkins (Stewart Kidd). A rather elaborately clever study in literary types — all about a dead novelist's letters, with some similarity to "The Truth About Blayds".

"March Hares" by Harry Wagstaff Gribble (Stewart Kidd). This somewhat brilliant satire does not seem so gay on reading as when it was played.

"More Portmanteau Plays" by Stuart Walker (Stewart Kidd). Able and charming plays, including the delightfully whimsical "Very Naked Boy".

"Plays for a Folding Theatre" by Colin Campbell Clements (Stewart Kidd). Pleasant, sketchy trifles which are mainly for character actors.

Changelings". It augurs well as the initial production of Henry Miller's players. It is surely splendid enough to see Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton, and Laura Hope Crews in the same cast, to say nothing of the excellent gentlemen likewise involved.

Of the four sex melodramas "Peter Weston", in which Frank Keenan plays a merciless old millionaire, is the best. Again we have the unpleasantly forceful parent. This time it is a father. Peter Weston is a strong man. He bends all things to his will. He makes weaklings of his children. At the height of his financial success one of his sons kills the son of the man he has ruined, this son having, as later appears, been the father of the child about to be born to the Weston girl. The body of the play is the attempt of Peter Weston to save his son from the electric chair. It is dramatic in its way. In the final scene, Weston waits news of his son's pardon or death. He remains hard to the last. Both sons dead, his daughter refusing to live with him, his business sliding from him together with the loyalty of the townsfolk who are angered at his insensate domination, he stands alone in the green morning light which spells the murderer's doom. Here is monologue of the old school. Mr. Keenan plays it in that manner to perfection and moves his audience to deafening applause. This is a melodrama which does not insult the intelligence, though it is not particularly original.

"The Crooked Square" is Samuel Shipman's latest drama. It deals with a rather unpleasant type of blackmail, and one scene is located in a girls' reformatory. It is highly colored, shoddy, complicated; yet withal, dramatic. It tells a silly but an absorbing story, sentimentally but effectively. The cast is an elaborate one, headed by Edna Hibbard.

"The Lullaby" gives Florence Reed a chance to sob, weep, attempt to kill herself, play the vampire, kill a man, and depict a woman all the way from girlhood to toothless old age. What more could any actress ask from the pen of so honored a member of his craft as Edward Knoblock? In the form of a story told by an old woman of the streets to a young one about to go wrong, this pageant of sex, with the exception of one scene, is dully unpleasant. The story is all about Madalon who goes wrong in the first act, further wrong in the second, still further in the third, and — does it seem possible? — still another lap in the fourth. I find it impossible to describe the big scene in these pages. Suffice it to say that it takes place in a light woman's abode under the walls of Tunis, that it is brutal, impassioned, and, I must say, brilliantly played.

"Casanova", as produced at the Empire Theatre, is a beautiful spectacle

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and little more. The famous "arch rogue" has been made into a rather sentimental fellow who dies prettily in the last act. He is so weak, indeed, that he seems scarcely a villain and, though he prates of his adventures and amours, even the one duel which the play offers takes place off stage. The Fokine ballet with which the piece opens is grotesque, and would be interesting if it had anything to do with the action. The main trouble with the play seems to me to be the fact that "Casanova", as written and as acted by Lowell Sherman, never seems for an instant flesh and blood. In spite of grandiose staging, real atmosphere is totally lacking. Katharine Cornell is a lovely spectacle, and her acting, as always, is all that the play demands — and more.

Take it all in all, these eight dramas do not add greatly to the history of the American theatre. "A Lesson in Love", "Chains", and "The Changelings" should be seen by those who do not avoid a discussion of sex morality on the stage.

Turn from these to the shimmer and sparkle of Mrs. Fiske's performance in St. John Ervine's "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary". Here is a mediocre comedy all about how a sophisticated elderly actress visits an English country house, tricks several gentlemen into promises of marriage, then leaves as she came. It is a poor play for the usually brilliant English playwright to have written, but it is a perfect part for Mrs. Fiske. She plays it with grace, charm, abandon, subtlety and, aided by C. Aubrey Smith, urbane as always, gives us the most entertaining evening of the autumn.

By the time this article appears Booth Tarkington's "Magnolia" will have left New York City. What a pity! Here comes a fanciful comedy of great charm and picturesqueness: the story of a coward who makes the world think him brave by becoming a tremendous bully, who succeeds in fooling everyone but the woman he loves. After a somewhat slow first act, it is Tarkington at his whimsical best, the Tarkington of "Monsieur Beaucaire" with an added touch of cynicism. A pity that the public found it less acceptable than the innocuous "Tweedles".

Avery Hopwood's latest effort, "Little Miss Bluebeard", in which Irene Bordoni wears several costumes and sings several songs, is a variation of the bedroom farce. It is in much better taste than many of his former farces and is really funny in a workmanlike fashion. He knows his theatre and he makes use of his knowledge in this play to give an evening of entertainment to those who want frivolous trifles. He acknowledges a debt on the program to Gabriel Dregely, a Hungarian dramatist — but obviously the play is mostly Hopwood.

"The Jolly Roger", A. E. Thomas's pirate play, with which Walter Hampden opened his season at the National Theatre, in which he did not act himself, is a play with an amusing idea which somehow lost its charm in the course of presentation. It is the story of a studious young Massachusetts gentleman in past Puritan days who, of necessity, becomes a blustering pirate, and incidentally subdues a lovely lady by drastic measures. A beautiful production was given this play; but I rather fancy that both the dialogue and the acting were not quite keyed to the fanciful quality of the idea.

"Connie Goes Home", a comedy by Edward Childs Carpenter, was charming and sentimental enough to please; but it failed to catch a public which has evidently made up its mind to

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attend this season either the very smart or the very salacious. Grant Mitchell in "The Whole Town's Talking" has a farce vehicle which is, at times, uproariously funny. Alas, there is so little this month over which to be enthusiastic! Fine performances must for the moment content us, in lieu of fine plays, and we thank fortune for Mrs. Fiske in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary", Helen Gahagan in "Chains", Emily Stevens in "A Lesson in Love", Geoffrey Kerr and Blanche Bates in "The Changelings", and Katharine Cornell in "Casanova".

"The Music Box Revue" is a top notch revue. It is beautiful, it is fast. Robert Benchley, the critic of "Life", gives his speech of the professional money drive man, with excellent effect. Madame Stroeva, a Russian *chanteuse*, sings haunting melodies that are striking and really memorable. Next to Earl Carroll's "Vanities" this is by far the best revue of the year. "The Greenwich Village Follies" has one or two screamingly funny sketches, much beautiful scenery, and a dancer named West who is young, energetic, and humorous — indeed he may some day come to be as good as or better than James Barton or Patricola. "Nifties of 1923", although the scenery and costumes give an effect of haste and cheapness, is honestly funny in an old fashioned way, and with Sam Bernard and Collier it affords a pleasant evening to anyone who does not demand the lavishness of the up to date revue.

"Poppy" with Madge Kennedy, Luella Gear (one of the best of actresses and singers), and W. C. Fields (giving a superb performance as a quack medical man) is superfine entertainment. The musical comedies are really far better this month than the dramas. To them I heartily recommend that you go. A return engagement of the "Chauve-Souris" proved that its charm and brilliance are in no way dimmed, and M. Balieff is funnier than ever before. I saw him at his drollest the other afternoon trying to buy a seat for "The Music Box Revue". Alas! The great entertainer found "standing room only" and stood — alongside of Al Jolson, if I'm not mistaken.

OUTSTANDING MOTION PICTURES

1. THE COVERED WAGON: *Historical drama of power and significance.*
2. IF WINTER COMES: *An almost perfect presentation of the characters and spirit of Hutchinson's book. Admirably acted and cleverly directed. (Reviewed below.)*
3. WHY WORRY? : *Not so good as other Lloyd pictures; but, nevertheless, far beyond most motion picture comedies. (Reviewed below.)*
4. THE SILENT COMMAND: *Good melodrama with impossible situations and sea scenes that are thrilling. (Reviewed below.)*

THIS month, I have seen only seven pictures. Some of these were good entertainment. One I disliked, one was dull. "Rosita", with Mary Pickford, I haven't seen; but I'm told that with Lubitsch directing and with Holbrook Blinn supporting her, she is magnificent, and the picture a most

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beautiful one. Lillian Gish in "The White Sister" is said to be excellent. Gloria Swanson in "Zaza", though the critics did not greet the picture warmly, has been very popular.

"Salomy Jane", the motion picture version of Bret Harte's story, seemed to me to be dull as dull could be; in fact, I remember very little about it. "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" is proving one of the greatest box office attractions of the season. Lon Chaney as Quasimodo is occasionally most effective. The settings, the costumes, the supporting cast are all that can be desired. A more grotesque, morbid, horrible spectacle has seldom been seen. Torture and bloodshed titillate the emotions of huge audiences. Quite apart from the fact that Hugo's book is even more violent, I still maintain that reading about an event is quite different from seeing it and that "The Hunchback of Notre Dame", with its great spectacle and its moments of sheer horror, is an unhealthy film. "Monna Vanna", a German production of Maeterlinck's drama, has its battle and crowd scenes, one or two of which surpass any I have ever seen. As a whole, the picture is not satisfying; but it is worth seeing for the memorable retreat of the Florentine hosts from Pisa.

Quite contrary to most of the motion picture critics, I find that I liked "The Cheat". It is a good emotional melodrama. Pola Negri looks beautiful and acts with the old time passion and abandon. A cheap story, yes; but an effective one. Certainly not designed for the children, however.

"Why Worry?" is about a young hypochondriac who flees civilization for a rest; encounters a revolution and a giant, and with the giant, his nurse, and a disappearing valet, quells the uprising. In the main, this picture is more usual than Harold Lloyd's "Grandma's Boy" or "Safety Last". Yet I can think of no single scene funnier than the one where, with cocoanuts, sewer pipes, and tobacco smoke, the dauntless band drives back a large opposing army. This is rare comedy. As a pantomimist Lloyd is second only to Chaplin.

"The Silent Command" is propaganda for joining the navy; but it is good propaganda, because it is good melodrama. All about how a young navy officer is disgraced for the sake of a cause, and how the Panama Canal is really blown up by the machinations of an intriguing foreign government. The fight which takes place in the radio room of a ship during a storm is grand indeed. I heartily recommend this picture to all boys — and others who like adventure and romance.

"If Winter Comes" is in many ways the most perfect picture I have yet seen — of its kind, surely. Percy Marmont gives the character of Mark Sabre a Christ-like quality which is even deeper than the goodness of the almost too long suffering Marko of the novel. The whimsical note is preserved. The humor is deft and true. The melodramatic scenes are more convincing than in the novel, because circumstantial evidence is built up for us by the scenes shown. I hope everyone who liked the novel will see this picture. It shows what can be done by following a book faithfully. The picture is, very occasionally, sentimental: but then, so was the book!

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Monthly Book Bulletin", and "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

THE FANG IN THE FOREST—Charles Alexander—*Dodd, Mead.* Sometimes we almost wish that London had never written "The Call of the Wild"—so many sins have been committed in its name.

THE MAN FROM PAINTED POST—Joseph B. Ames—*Century.* The cattle country gives us another good story of love and fighting.

AMBITION—Léonie Aminoff—*Dutton.* The third of twelve volumes of Napoleonic romance which leaves the reputation of the first two unchanged.

SINNERS IN HEAVEN—Clive Arden—*Bobbs-Merrill.* An effective contrast between wild life in the Southern Pacific and the narrow conventions of an English shire town.

*THE RED-BLOOD—Harold H. Armstrong—*Harper.* The historical background of a Detroit millionaire. Capable historical and psychological history of an interesting type. *(See page 321.)*

*BLACK OXEN.—Gertrude Atherton—*Boni, Liveright.* How ladies may grow young when science is at its best—and what may happen to them in New York society.

HARVEST OF JAVELINS—Bertram Atkey—*Brentano.* A terrifying tale laid in the deserts of the Sudan, featuring a renegade and some English sportsmen.

THE DIM LANTERN—Temple Bailey—*Penn.* An idyl of love in which the characters trip rather than run.

COLIN—E. F. Benson—*Doran.* A reasonable explanation for many young men of the present day is here provided: Their ancestors sold their souls to the devil and the paper, discounted three centuries ago, has just come due.

LOVE'S PILGRIM—J. D. Beresford—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Tentative sallies of an oversensitive young man who for a time believes the right girl will never come along. Harmless.

JANE — OUR STRANGER — Mary Borden — *Knopf.* An international alliance is so often an international misalliance. Jane, with all her ugliness and millions, seems to us beautiful and vacuous.

STINGING NETTLES — Marjorie Bowen — *Small, Maynard.* "Toil and the home fire, food, drink, sleep and waking, the glance of a man to a woman, and the shout of children. What more can there be?"

THE BIG HEART—John G. Brandon—*Brentano.* All about some hair raising adventures of a lovable small boy and several grown ups well worth meeting.

MONTE FELIS — Mary Brearley — *Little, Brown.* A pleasant first novel in the William J. Locke manner that concerns the love of a blinded soldier for his secretary-companion.

VOICES—George J. Brenn—*Century.* A specialist cleverly uncovers the plotters who have been driving a miserly millionaire nearly mad by mysterious telephone calls.

PELLUCIDAR — Edgar Rice Burroughs — *McClurg.* Little care and less imagination were used in turning out this story.

THE GIRL FROM HOLLYWOOD—Edgar Rice Burroughs—*Macaulay.* Hollywood! Where movie directors make snowbirds of all beautiful girl-Mertons! Where the liquor stolen from bonded New York warehouses is disposed of! Where, however, all villains meet their just reward! Most righteous!

HIS MORTGAGED WIFE — Bonnie Busch — *Dorrance.* A flat and dreary version of the eternal triangle.

*ONE OF OURS — Willa Cather — *Knopf.* The war proves the soul of a young American whose tragedy of body revivifies the spirit.

THE TRAIL OF THE GOLDEN HORN—H. A. Cody—*Doran.* Perfectly good fiction of the Curwood school.

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DARK DAYS AND BLACK KNIGHTS—Octavus Roy Cohen—*Dodd, Mead.* Lifelike reproductions of the southern negro as an average northerner likes to believe him to be.

QUEST—Miles Lanier Colean—*Dutton.* As a general attempt to depict the struggles of pioneers of invention and industry, the book strikes us as being singularly unconvincing. As a biography of one David Bullard, idealist and inventor, "Quest" strikes us as being particularly good.

ZARAH THE CRUEL—Joan Conquest—*Macaulay.* A real thriller describing a woman chief of Arab robbers.

PICCADILLY — Kathleen Coyle — *Dutton.* There is a reflection from these pages of all the beauty and fineness of youth. It is a story of bohemian life in London, with its lightnesses and its intensities, its joys and its sufferings.

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER—Homer Croy —*Harper.* Moral values frankly realized, in a southwestern village this time—bigotry exposed and virtue triumphant.

VAN TASSEL AND BIG BILL—Henry H. Curran—*Scribner.* Considering his wide experience in New York politics, Mr. Curran might have offered us something a little more pointed. Nevertheless these stories are quite readable and in spots amusing.

THE ALASKAN—James Oliver Curwood—*Cosmopolitan.* More he-men and Mary, who "sobbed as the man she loved faced winged death."

TETHERSTONES—Ethel M. Dell—*Putnam.* The villain is as usual a real villain and the hero a real hero, but we do wish the heroine didn't faint at every crucial moment.

LONELY FURROW—Maud Diver—*Houghton Mifflin.* The old triangle handled with really unusual skill. The background is India. The solution is a tragic one.

TANTALUS—Dorothy Easton—*Knopf.* The Vicar kisses the governess and discovers he is not so old as he thought he was.

*THE ENCHANTED APRIL—"Elizabeth"—*Doubleday, Page.* Castles in Italy do remarkable things to tired wives—and to their husbands. A charming novel of escape.

THE RIVER TRAIL—Laurie York Erskine—*Appleton.* Another of the author's thrilling tales of the Royal Mounted Police, marred at times by a slipshod style.

FLAMING YOUTH—Warner Fabian—*Boni, Liveright.* This very frank book might have been called "Women in Love" and how they work out the annoying passion.

THE SOUL OF KOL NIKON—Eleanor Farjeon—*Stokes.* This semi-fairy tale of Kol Nikon's search for his soul must inevitably fall into the gift book class.

*THE MARKENMORE MYSTERY — J. S. Fletcher — *Knopf.* Another of Fletcher's puzzle novels which is the most vivid of his recent output. *(See page 319.)*

RIPPLING RUBY—J. S. Fletcher—*Putnam.* Is it fair to make the author shoulder the whole blame, when there is a reading public satisfied with just such mystery yarns?

THE SINGING BONE—R. Austin Freeman—*Dodd, Mead.* Detective stories of a rather new and satisfactory type, wherein a microscope solves most of the problems.

THRILLING ESCAPES—Joseph Lewis French —*Dodd, Mead.* The details of a great getaway must ever be a theme of absorbing interest; the tales in this anthology are all classics, and wisely chosen.

CAT O' MOUNTAIN—Arthur Friel—*Penn.* The savages of the Amazon about whom Mr. Friel writes such thrilling tales are no wilder than these natives of secluded New York hills.

*FAINT PERFUME—Zona Gale—*Appleton.* Another little lady comes out of her shell—she finds a beautiful love to satisfy her very critical demands.

*CAPTURES—John Galsworthy—*Scribner.* Powerful short stories, carefully wrought. Not Galsworthy's best but far better than most others.

FRIDAY TO MONDAY — William Garrett — *Appleton.* A rapidly moving melodrama, with a clever plot and much humor.

THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD—Philip Gibbs —*Doran.* Europe and a happy marriage at stake—the problems of marriage are more easily answered than those of state.

THE GREAT MOMENT—Elinor Glyn—*Lippincott.* Mrs. Glyn admits that Bayard Delaval is representative of splendid American manhood; and Nadine—ah, what a wild, exotic creature she is, to be sure!

THE GIRL IN THE FOG—Joseph Gollomb—*Boni, Liveright.* A gruesome melodrama simply stuffed with adventures.

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TIMBER WOLF—Jackson Gregory—*Scribner.* The villains are really wicked but then the heroes pretend to be villains too.

NORTHERN NEIGHBORS—Wilfred T. Grenfell—*Houghton Mifflin.* An earnest man's religion supplies a setting for these stories of the Labrador people.

ANOTHER SCANDAL — Cosmo Hamilton — *Little, Brown.* Epigrammatic and badly bred story of high life in Westchester. The hero knows nothing about women and less about "girl", according to the author. We believe him.

THE VALLEY OF ARCANA—Arthur Preston Hankins—*Dodd, Mead.* Walled in by mountains of snow, Charmian decides in a perfectly conventional manner which of two men she will have.

THE VAGARIES OF TOD AND PETER—L. Allen Harker—*Scribner.* All lovers of children will welcome these stories for their humor, pathos, and insight.

PATUFFA — Beatrice Harraden — *Stokes.* The story of a young English violinist and her artistic circle—an uninspiring record.

AH LING OF PEKING—Miriam Harriman—*Doran.* A little story of the missionary order about a Chinese girl who saved her English chum.

THE HOUSE OF HELEN—Corra Harris—*Doran.* The invincible power of stupidity and goodness over husbands who come home to roost.

THE BLACK PARROT — Harry Hervey — *Century.* In that romantic country between Malaya and Indo-China, anything might happen; in "The Black Parrot" it for the most part does.

THE SILKEN SCARF—L. C. Hobart—*Dutton.* The geography, the heart complication, and the plot are all romantic. The conclusion is romantic.

*THE COVERED WAGON—Emerson Hough—*Appleton.* The wagon train moves across the great desert with its incidents of trial, hope, and love. Sentimental in places—but a good story.

*NORTH OF 36—Emerson Hough—*Appleton.* Another tale of colonization in which Texas cattle rangers move from their borders and encounter incidents of thrilling proportions.

THE DESERT HEALER—E. M. Hull—*Small, Maynard.* A woman hater with a title and a pseudonym is cured of his complaint in the land of the Sheik.

JANSE DOUW'S DESCENDANTS — Ida F. Humphreys—*Dorrance.* The grim surge of life—reminiscent of a wax museum.

*LUMMOX — Fannie Hurst — *Harper.* A naturalistic, powerful, frank, and dramatic study of life as reflected around the bulky person of a servant girl. *(See page 320.)*

THE EIGHTH WONDER—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* A volume of short stories, by the author of "If Winter Comes", that combine his deep human understanding, whimsical humor, pathos, and slight exaggeration.

THE TEMPTRESS—Vicente Blasco Ibáñez—*Dutton.* A lady of evil intent makes merry havoc through a series of vivid and passionate episodes.

LEW TYLER'S WIVES — Wallace Irwin — *Putnam.* A selfish and entertaining gentleman and what happens to him in the course of two marriages—and incidentally, to his wives.

THE WADDINGTON CIPHER—William Johnston—*Doubleday, Page.* Well, finally the rascally lawyer is exposed, the long lost family jewels are discovered, and sundry other mysteries are unveiled.

LAUGH AND GROW RICH—Jack Kahane—*Brentano.* A novel of tissue paper lightness that concerns the Parisian amours of a young man very much about town. Pagan adventure tinged with satire, humor, and allegory.

*THE END OF THE HOUSE OF ALARD—Sheila Kaye-Smith—*Dutton.* Pride in the face of poverty—detailed picture of an English aristocratic family.

WEEDS — Edith Summers Kelley —*Harcourt, Brace.* A story that has nothing to do with feuds, blue grass, fast horses, or fair women, but for all of that, is typical of the state these things connote.

THE SACRIFICIAL GOAT—Ernita Lascelles—*Boni, Liveright.* The Shavian hero fascinates Joan and bites David's ear. A brilliant triangle!

LEM ALLEN—William Pinkney Lawson—*Boni, Liveright.* There are hints that this is the first of a series of yarns woven around

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the cheerful pessimist from the Pecos region; his saturnine humor adds immensely to the value of a right good story.

*Doctor Nye—Joseph C. Lincoln—*Appleton.* Scandal and the loyalties of a small town are admirably shown round and about the lovable person of Ephraim Nye.

The Lengthened Shadow — William J. Locke—*Dodd, Mead.* Suzanna Chastel, who combines all the benevolent authority of a minor goddess with the calm assurance of a highly bred cat, walks into the life of two typical Locke characters, for a typical Locke conclusion.

Mr. Arnold—Francis Lynde—*Bobbs-Merrill.* The attempted kidnaping of Benedict Arnold, with just enough love interest to carry the story along.

The Three Impostors—Arthur Machen—*Knopf.* Occult horror and incredible adventure—a new "Arabian Nights" with thrills and chills.

*The Doves' Nest—Katherine Mansfield—*Knopf.* Posthumous short stories, penetrating character studies, many of which are unfinished.

Not in Our Stars—Michael Maurice—*Lippincott.* A combination of predestination and astrology makes a wearisome tale.

Nine of Hearts—Ethel Colburn Mayne—*Harcourt, Brace.* Nine women's hearts, torn by the emotional wear and tear of this world, are laid bare by means of an exceedingly skilful, though somewhat clinical, artistry.

The Black Gang—H. C. McNeile—*Doran.* In which Bulldog Drummond shows that a true British aristocrat can get away with any kind of kukluxing.

I Ride in My Coach—Hughes Mearns—*Penn.* A battle against family pride cleverly won by a charming girl.

Roden's Corner—Henry Seton Merriman—*Harper.* Here's an odd wedding of fiction and social criticism. The book is thick, but the story is thin enough.

The Conquered—Naomi Mitchison—*Harcourt, Brace.* The dry bones of "Cæsar's Commentaries" have been attractively clothed.

The Love Child—Bertha Pearl Moore—*Seltzer.* Somehow, with all its convincing qualities, this story of New York's Ghetto moved us to neither tears nor laughter.

Gladys—J. Morgan-de-Groot—*Lippincott.* Dr. Morgan-de-Groot writes with a lusty verve. His ponderous melodramatics are lightened by interspersed pages of personal philosophy.

*Where the Blue Begins — Christopher Morley—*Doubleday, Page.* A pleasant satire on domesticity—Morley at his very best.

*Bread—Charles G. Norris—*Dutton.* A woman's career, marriage—are they adjustable? A story which is a better portrait than a solution of this vexing problem.

Butterfly — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* But the character that really interested us was Butterfly's sister, who discovered after years of self effacement that she also had a right to happiness.

The Baron of Diamond Tail — G. W. Ogden—*McClurg.* More about cowboys, but well done.

The Mystery Road—E. Phillips Oppenheim—*Little, Brown.* A complicated story of love and intrigue over half the map of Europe.

Robert Gregory — John Owen — *Dutton.* In our opinion, if Gregory had really had such a consuming hatred for poverty, he would have proved far from the submissive creature of environment which the author makes him out to be.

Come Home—Stella G. S. Perry—*Stokes.* Acadian Louisiana with its rice fields, heron pools, and quaint folk forms an interesting background to an otherwise commonplace love tale.

Money, Love and Kate—Eleanor H. Porter—*Doran.* Let's make it Pollyunanimous.

The White Flag—Gene Stratton-Porter——*Doubleday, Page.* An historical novel tinged with the spirit of revivalism, in which lives of simple people are complicated by the simple process of living.

Stella Dallas—Olive Higgins Prouty—*Houghton Mifflin.* A study in social contrasts and a stirring portrait of a self sacrificing mother.

*The Hawkeye—Herbert Quick—*Bobbs-Merrill.* A worthy sequel to "Vandemark's Folly", in which poetic young Fremont McConkey tells his life story.

Island of Destiny—Arthur J. Rees—*Dodd, Mead.* One miraculous coincidence may merely prove that fact is stranger than

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fiction, but in this mystery novel coincidences follow too fast one upon another.

NEW BODIES FOR OLD—Maurice Renard—*Macaulay.* A hideous nightmare in the guise of an allegory.

RUFUS—Grace S. Richmond—*Doubleday, Page.* An old fashioned romance in a post-war setting. A little too sentimental, but then a simple love story is supposed to be sentimental, isn't it?

NAMELESS RIVER — Vingie E. Roe — *Duffield.* A hard riding, straight shooting villain and a devout hero are both women, each splendid after her own fashion.

OF CLEAR INTENT—Henry C. Rowland—*Harper.* The rather insipid romance of a composer with a Puritan conscience and an heiress with a blackguard guardian. Guaranteed aseptic.

TAR AND FEATHERS—Victor Rubin—*Dorrance.* A really good love story as well as a merciless exposé of the Ku Klux.

THE SEA-HAWK — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* In the days of good Queen Bess—Mr. Sabatini's usual characters are disguised as Barbary Corsairs and some of Her Majesty's men.

THE VIKING HEART—Laura Goodman Salverson—*Doran.* Icelandic immigrants in Canada. They seem to be as emotional as Fannie Hurst's East Side characters.

THE WOMAN TAMER—Stanley Shaw—*Macaulay.* A lively account of a search for gold in the Far North, containing some entirely new thrills.

THE TREASURE OF THE BUCOLEON—Arthur D. Howden Smith—*Brentano.* A treasure hunt that entails picturesque adventures and desperate fighting.

THE LITTLE TIGRESS—Wallace Smith—*Putnam.* Vivid local color. The bag of tricks of the Djer Kiss ad man glorifies the Mexican scene.

ARAMINTA—J. C. Snaith—*Appleton.* Jim Lasquelles, as nice a young fellow as can be, is called in to paint the portrait of Lady Crewkerne's poor but beautiful niece—now guess what happens.

THE YELLOW SEVEN—Edmund Snell—*Century.* Exotic scenes in Borneo frame an excellent love and bandit story.

THE GAY YEAR—Dorothy Speare—*Doran.* A picture of younger married sets intended to alarm.

SPIRIT-OF-IRON—Harwood Steele—*Doran.* Imperfectly good fiction of the Curwood school.

THE MARATHON MYSTERY — Burton E. Stevenson—*Dodd, Mead.* So well done is this detective story that after twenty years it bears reprinting.

MODERN SWEDISH MASTERPIECES—Charles Wharton Stork—*Dutton.* Short stories from the works of four Swedish writers. These sustain the reputation which previous translations have made for the modern Scandinavians.

MARCHING ON—Ray Strachey—*Harcourt, Brace.* The three decades before the Civil War serve as an authentic background for a conscientious story of pioneer feminism.

CROSS-SECTIONS—Julian Street—*Doubleday, Page.* Short stories, each of which presents an unusual character and a clever twist.

FOMBOMBO — T. S. Stribling — *Century.* Strawbridge—the name is apt, for our hero *is* a man of straw — performs amusingly heroic and typically American deeds of love and war in a remote and revolution-ridden corner of Venezuela. Comic relief from the author's well known "Birthright".

CUPID AND MR. PEPYS — Netta Syrett — *Stokes.* Gallant men and fair ladies in the brave days of Charles II. Local color galore.

MR. PODD—Freeman Tilden—*Macmillan.* Another story of an ideal state set in another island—the moving spirit this time is an American millionaire, and the author has a sense of humor.

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN—Arthur Train —*Scribner.* A study of New York society and the clash of old and new ideals of the old and new generations.

THE YARD — Horace Annesley Vachell — *Doran.* Mixture of horses and a murder mystery, but a little bit better than the late Nat Gould's stuff.

OCTAVIA—Seymour van Santvoord—*Dutton.* A recreation of Nero's Rome showing why those of Christian ethics did not do as the Romans did.

THE BLIND BOW-BOY—Carl Van Vechten —*Knopf.* A frothy intellectual shocker—

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perverse, readable, and supposed to be highly sophisticated.

*The Cathedral—Hugh Walpole—*Doran.* A careful study of an English cathedral town—moving and exceedingly human characters are involved in scandal and tragedy.

*Jeremy and Hamlet—Hugh Walpole—*Doran.* About a small boy and his dog. It will not decrease Mr. Walpole's popularity.

The House of Youth—Maude Radford Warren—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Of the writing of flapper books there is no end. Mrs. Warren's heroine is particularly irritating, since she reforms early in the story and must *thereafter wade knee deep through the slosh*ing sea of her creator's sentimentalism.

Uncle James' Shoes—Doris and Samuel Webster—*Century.* An inconsequential love story that, withal, possesses a certain amount of naïve charm.

Spooky Hollow, A Fleming Stone Story—Carolyn Wells—*Lippincott.* Another intricate mystery by this versatile author rapidly solved by her master of common sense methods.

Wheels Within Wheels—Carolyn Wells—*Doran.* This detective story would be rather dull with only its mystery and its detective, but fortunately there is a perfectly fascinating character in the village idiot.

Men Like Gods—H. G. Wells—*Macmillan.* Another rather cosmic piece of fiction in which H. G. Wells prophesies the point to which we may come in years distant.

Jeeves—P. G. Wodehouse—*Doran.* Adventures of a valet whose chief duty is to rescue a young Englishman and his friends *from perilous love affairs.*

*Bunk—W. E. Woodward—*Harper.* Long after we should have been asleep, we read on and on. When the end came, tired but happy we could have started reading this most unusual book all over again.

The Mine with the Iron Door—Harold Bell Wright—*Appleton.* A story of virtue pitted against villainy.

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Stephen Vincent Benét

THERE seems to be some dearth even of passable magazine verse in the August magazines. Can August and its dog days have infused lethargic humors into the blood of magazine poet and editor alike? The answer is No, of course, for to suit the exigencies of magazine publication the poems in question were probably written last winter. But the perusal of magazine after magazine only makes one realize the more how much can be done in the field of uninteresting verse just by *rechauffeing* a bit of Housman, or Masefield, or T. S. Eliot, or Edna Millay, adding a gallon of water and serving lukewarm.

The most interesting experiment of the month is contained in the August number of "Poetry", where certain juvenilia of such established poets as Frost, Masters, Amy Lowell, Sara Teasdale, Vachel Lindsay, E. A. Robinson are reprinted side by side with typical samples of the work of a group of young poets of today written at about the same age. The latter group seems far the more interesting—though E. A. Robinson emerges unscathed from the comparison—but

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then, as Sara Teasdale says, nothing is apt to be quite so dead as a thing twenty-five years old. The only conclusion we feel able to draw from the lyric competition is that some people write better in their twenties than others — and that poetic styles change with the times. We like particularly Hilda Conkling's poem to a bowl of calendula flowers, Marya Zaturensky's "A Young Girl Takes Her Place Among the Mothers", and Bertha Ten Eyck James's series of Chinese dragons.

Among the other magazines, George Sterling's ballad "The Young Witch" in "The Century", though very uneven, holds fragments of magic. "Travelling Storm" by Mark Van Doren (also in "The Century") is an accurate, laconic piece of observation. Maxwell Bodenheim's "To A Baby", in "The Nation", is typical of Mr. Bodenheim's original technique. James Stephens has an interesting adaptation from the Irish in "The New Republic". Malcolm Cowley's poem in THE BOOKMAN is vivid and intense.

From three poems by Robert Frost in "The Measure", we select for quotation the first:

IN A DISUSED GRAVEYARD

The living come with grassy tread
To read the gravestones on the hill;
The graveyard draws the living still,
But never any more the dead.

The verses in it say and say:
"The ones who living come today
To read the stones and go away
Tomorrow dead will come to stay."

So sure of death the marbles rhyme,
You can't help marking all the time
How no one dead will seem to come.
What is it men are shrinking from?

It would be easy to be clever
And tell the stones: Men hate to die
And have stopped dying now forever.
I think they would believe the lie.

Robert Frost
—*The Measure*

And this, from a group of "Three Poems" by William Carlos Williams in "The Dial", displaying as it does Mr. Williams's characteristic force and unusual method of presentation.

II

Our orchestra
is the cat's meow

Banjo jazz
with a nickel-plated

amplifier to
soothe

the savage beast —
Get the rhythm

That sheet stuff
's a lot a cheese

Man
gimme the key

and lemme loose —
I make 'em crazy

with my harmonies —
Shoot it Jimmy

Nobody
Nobody else

but me —
They can't copy it.

William Carlos Williams
—*The Dial*

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

A Russian Prophet

ALEXANDER HERZEN was a Russian gentleman, born in Moscow on March 25, 1812. He was a man of some character and much imagination. Politically, for those days, he was radical. His "Memoirs" —parts I and II of them — translated from the Russian by J. D. Duff (Yale), are filled with thrilling incident, romantic moods, and unusually wise speculation. Much that has seemed inexplicable in the political conversion of Russia becomes plain to the reader of Herzen. He lived through tyranny and suffered from it. Yet his reactions are those of an intellectual who sees with large measure of clarity. Not the least interesting thing about the book is the prophetic quality of some of his sayings. Note this, for example:

> The formalism of theological training and Polish indolence had alike disappeared, and had not yet given place to German utilitarianism, which applies culture to the mind, like manure to a field, in the hope of a heavier crop. The best students had ceased to consider learning as a tiresome but indispensable byway to official promotion; and the questions which we discussed had nothing to do with advancement in the Civil Service.

And this:

> I said, long ago, that the Pacific Ocean is the Mediterranean of the future; and I have been pleased to see the remark repeated more than once in the New York newspapers. In that future the part of Siberia, lying as it does between the ocean, South Asia, and Russia, is exceedingly important. Siberia must certainly extend to the Chinese frontier: why should we shiver and freeze at Beryózov and Yakutsk, when there are such places as Krasnoyarsk and Minusinsk?

Herzen possessed an unusual amount of sentimental attachment to his cause. This, combined with a practically always present sense of humor, makes his journal a book which you will find interesting not only as charming reminiscence but as political and historical analysis.

Two Romances

SURELY two authors more unlike in some ways than J. S. Fletcher and John Buchan cannot be conceived. Yet they are both exceedingly prolific —and they are both spinners of fairy tales. As such we salute them. If only there were more tales as winning as the puzzle novels of Mr. Fletcher and the adventure novels of Mr. Buchan!

"The Markenmore Mystery" (Knopf) seems to me to be the best of recent Fletcher stories. As usual it is dry, precise, carefully plotted, and cunningly woven to its precise end. As usual the love story is thrown in with a sort of genial gesture, in a few paragraphs, as if Mr. Fletcher said, "Well — here you are — you who *must* have sentiment — here it is!" But in the case of the Markenmores Fletcher has created a set of characters who are a bit more of flesh and blood than those in some of his novels. They have passions and revolts. They, and the exotic Mrs. Tretheroe, seem real. Fletcher too often seizes on a picturesque name and expects that to make his character. What annoying names he does corral: Braxfield, Fran-

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semmery, Blick, Eckhardstein, Walkinshaw. The net of mystery in this latest story is even more complicated than usual. Suspicion is directed here, there, and everywhere! Yet the *murder* — yes, there is a *murder* — is quite satisfactorily explained.

"Midwinter" (Doran) is a gay yarn — one of John Buchan's best. When he chooses to place Prince Charlie in the background, he has chosen, for me at least, the true spirit of romance. Then he adds Dr. Samuel Johnson as an extra tidbit — a dashing Samuel Johnson, minus some of his later pomposities. To complete this savory dish of romantic ingredients we have the mysterious and curiously compelling "Midwinter", one of the "Naked Men" whose followers are always hiding under leaf and behind hedge, the real cohorts of Old England. Here, truly, is a story! Buchan has an unusual talent for catching the fancy in a word or two, for packing adventure in a paragraph. Let me show you what I mean. "Midwinter" talks — and makes you want to jump out of the office window and find adventure in the wilds of Murray Hill.

"You and I are at opposite poles of mind. You are drunken with youth and ardent to strike a blow for a dozen loves. You value life, but you will surrender it joyfully for a whimsy of honour. You travel with a huge baggage of ambitions and loyalties. For me, I make it my business to travel light, caring nothing for King or party or church. As I told you, I and my like are the Naked Men."

Again:

The man shut the gate with his whip. "Then follow me close and not a cheep o' talk. We've some cunning and fast journeying to do before the day breaks."

The man shut the gate *with his whip* — that's the phrase. It sets the stage for romance. It is swashbuckling. Buchan's characterization, too, is firm, quick, colorful. Watch this:

. . . he saw a face which woke some recollection.

It was that of a tall, thin, and very swarthy man who was engaged in grating a nutmeg into a pot of mulled ale. His clothes had the shabby finery of a broken-down gentleman, but the air of a minor stage-player which they suggested was sharply contradicted by his face.

Here's Sam Johnson for you!

"And for men?" Alastair asked.
"For men port, and for heroes brandy."

If there is any criticism at all of "Midwinter" it is that the story gives the impression of great rapidity of writing — and is a trifle complicated. But it will give you a gorgeous evening.

Downright Realism

ALAS! to turn from romance to realism. Here are two American novels which certainly deserve our most serious consideration. Harold H. Armstrong is one of the most capable of our young writers. Fannie Hurst is a genius. Their books have at least one thing in common — sincerity of purpose and treatment.

"Lummox" (Harper) is an arresting and powerful portrait. Miss Hurst has spared no pains and omitted no details in her attempt to build up a striking picture of her huge, lumbering, chaotic minded servant girl, Bertha. She has succeeded admirably. In some ways "Lummox" is a brutal piece of work. Yet it has passages of great beauty. This is to a certain extent a new style of Miss Hurst's. It is occasionally awkward, occasionally poetic, occasionally downright funny. The book's great fault is one which

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Miss Hurst shares with Sherwood Anderson (of whom this novel somehow constantly reminds me): there is practically no humor in it. Life spread out over the character of a servant girl is what Miss Hurst has attempted to give us — the soul of a peasant struggling to understand the complicated events of civilization. This is an unusual book, and one into which Miss Hurst has obviously put much love. She deserves every ounce of praise we can give her. Few people know the heart of womankind so well as she!

"The Red-Blood" (Harper) is another portrait of a middle western business man —this time, however, the period is a past one. The "richest man in Detroit" is shown from his humble beginnings, through varying trials — to death. A fine piece of work, this, in many ways. It reminds one of Dreiser and of Sinclair Lewis. Not so well written as "Babbitt", not so largely conceived as "The Financier", the book yet represents solid achievement in American fiction writing. I am inclined to think that Harold H. Armstrong will go on writing excellent novels and that some day he may write a great one. He has come a long way since "The Groper". "The Red-Blood" is a far better novel than "Zell". But Armstrong still insists on his use of odd phrases.

"'The mentor's tithe', Milk laughed breathily and decapitated the cheroot with deplorable fangs. 'Well, must be jogging along now.'"

Miss Hurst and Mr. Armstrong have this fault in common. Their choice of words is sometimes startling, almost humorous. I cannot decide whether it is a mannerism or a calculated attempt at stylistic individuality. Whichever it may be, it seems deplorable.

Splashing Waves

IT is grey this morning, and misty; the mist is penetrated by the rattle of a steam drill. "Blue Water" (Harcourt, Brace) is the antidote on a morning like this. Arthur Sturges Hildebrand, his illustrations, and his story of the cruise of the yacht "Caltha" are all thoroughly delightful. Here is a book that combines the ordinary travel descriptions with the mysteries of yachting and the feel of the sea. Hildebrand has a faculty for making the slight incidents of voyaging dramatic and the most shadowy of ports real. He has indubitable understandings of the word tags that make us want to wander.

Isn't this a disturbing paragraph!

> South, for blue water. There will be an "S" in all our courses now until we sight the flying fish and watch the dolphins play. The breeze was behind us, and we went along merrily, singing all the songs we knew, to express our satisfaction, watching the hills of Arran grow darker, and more and more like cardboard cut-outs, and clearer and sharper against the light in the sky. Ailsa Craig was ahead — a pinnacle in the sea, a thousand feet in height, with thirty fathoms of water all around it. It was our first milestone.

Or this?

> There is always something miraculous about a landfall. That a man should be able to find his way across the "trackless ocean" — about which one hears so much — when his guides are the Magnetic Pole, the Observatory at Greenwich, a pair of printed books, and the sun in the sky — all of which are fantastically remote from his immediate question — seems nothing less than magical. And the magic increases with the inexperience of the navigator. In our case, the wonder was supreme.

This story of voyaging from Scotland through the Mediterranean is filled with beauty and humor. Incidentally, it is a well made book.

—*J. F.*

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

CAPTAIN BONE'S "LOOKOUTMAN"

By William McFee

Mr. McFee's review is the eleventh of a series of longer book reviews to be published each month in THE BOOKMAN. *The books discussed will not necessarily be new nor will they be books which have never before been reviewed in the magazine. The aim of the editors is to present, in the selection of volumes and reviewers, articles which shall constitute solid pieces of criticism.*

IT is a source of pride to any merchant seaman within the meaning of the Act that, given the order and the circumstances, he will know what to do. Ours is an ancient and, we like to affirm, honorable craft; we are the inheritors of a formidable and complicated tradition, highly amusing at times to landsmen. We move within this linked and laminated harness of ours easily enough, well aware of its durable resilient and protective qualities, and satisfied that no emergency can arise with which we cannot cope, provided we are instructed in the conventional procedure of our lawful occasions.

It is with misgiving, therefore, that we have to record a case in which this admirable system has broken down, and a subordinate, having received his instructions, is aware of no precedent in the history of the service that might afford him any guidance, and is obliged to carry on as best he can upon his own initiative. With what success let the reader of this monograph decide!

For even the consolation of the Scriptures proves inadequate for one who discovers that his commander, a man very far removed from being an enemy, has written a book. That this same commander should desire a scathing review of his own work, couched in language designed to discourage circulation, is bound to occasion a certain amount of misery to the minion thus distinguished among his associates, even were the particular volume involved a work of despicable character. Which, upon investigation, it does not appear to be. So much for apology and preamble.

The kinds of literature in this western hemisphere we may consider broadly as two. Or we may be a trifle metaphysical, and speak of the dual character of imaginative writing. There is, in the first place, because of its preponderating volume and appeal, literature of sex. Now the writer is so sensible of the possible misapprehension of his meaning when he uses that abused and fundamental word, that he feels the need of a brief digression to elucidate. What he means by "the literature of sex" is certainly not that department of modern fiction that dwells, with svelte lubricity, upon the less admirable aspects of our social relations, and which conceals, beneath indubitable fine writing, a poisonous preoccupation with base desires. What he means to convey is something — to borrow a phrase that seems to elicit much amusement from the sophisticated — "better and finer".

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He means that vast body of literature that is erected upon the emotions arising from dramatic encounters of men and women, emotions lovely and of good report, with all the reactions throughout the visible world deriving from these encounters; with the philosophies and heresies of human hearts colliding with fate; with the poetry that arises like a divine exhalation from our loves and our follies.

On the other hand we have a department of writing that draws its inspiration from the affections inspired by the secular phenomena of places and things, and includes the glamorous illusion of travel. At one end of the scale we find the reverberating harmonies and monastic rhythms of "Urn Burial" and "Opium Eater" (and parts of "Moby Dick"). At the other, the facile sprightliness of lady travelers who astound distant potentates with their inconceivable ineptitudes.

With these extremes, however, we have at present nothing to do. In between we can find, let us say, "The Sea and the Jungle" and "The Nigger of the Narcissus", books of profound significance because of their essential concern with men at grips with natural forces. Both Tomlinson and Conrad here develop their themes austerely, with a scornful obliviousness of the "heart interest" so noisily demanded by the crowd. They delight in the pure form of the emotion, not distorted by the agonies of sex, so that their books resemble philosophies written by poets, sombre thunder clouds riven by the lightnings of genius. They are like mystic umbilical cords holding us to our original mother earth and sea.

Subsidiary to these come, in due order and ranking, the books of classification, volumes born of great affection and pride, that emotion so effectively alluded to by a certain Secretary to the Admiralty when he said, "My Lord discovered a great love for his ship"; which indicates the measure of Pepys's mental range, for he was a man with an abundance of sex and full of potential follies. Yet he saw that love his patron had for his ship. We can but be sorry he made no catalogue of the ships to go with the models we have still in being. In the distance of time we have lost sight of many varieties of bottom, as a moment's thought must show, since every yard has its idiosyncrasies, and each fishing ground some fancy gadget or hollow stroke supposed to give an extra lick of speed or seaworthyness.

This brings us, with due dignity and deliberation, to the book the author desires us to regard with cold brutality. He calls it "The Lookoutman" and it is full of useful information. This, upon consideration, is the most damning thing we can discover to say of it at present, for we are well enough aware of the mess some great artists, and many smaller ones, would make of such a theme. It would be either better, or worse, than the theme required, and as such would fall short of our ideal, which is, that it should be written as a treatise on natural history. "The purpose of the book", he says, "is to familiarise the reader with the outward appearance of representative types of vessels, so that they may be recognized on occasion, and to offer a lookoutman's comments on their character and habits and tempers."

Now the reviewer is here assisted very materially by his author's allusion, dry enough in all conscience, to John Burroughs, an eminent and most lovable observer of certain aspects of nature. Burroughs went to

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England by way of the Clyde and the Lowlands, and Bone notes that, while the great naturalist sees with most uncanny exactness the configuration of the land, the (to him) amazing juxtaposition of a cornfield and a half built steamship, the essential qualities of brae and loch, he never notes at all that most indigenous affair, the Clyde pleasure steamer, so different from the vocal monstrosities of his native lakes and rivers. This is the right spirit. Here you have one naturalist completing the other. For if ships are not fauna, what are they? How are we to describe so noble an extension of man's personality as those graciously modeled forms that carry him and his burdens of love and fortitude to distant regions? Let it be granted that ships form an order, with many interesting varieties and subclasses — a reasonable proposition. So we find massive and costly volumes devoted to the pure science of a ship's shape and structure, treatises of nautical anatomy as it were, with companion tomes preoccupied with its diseases. "Breakdowns at Sea" is an ominous but necessary book, by the way. One of the finest, a sort of practical derivative of these larger works, is entitled with refreshing candor and peremptory brevity "Know Your Own Ship". There is in this the bark of an order, and most of us who are afflicted with a passion for ships, at some time or other have endeavored to do what the author desires. And to these, holding out a friendly hand to the layman ashore, to assist him when he beholds strange craft on the beam or tied up beside him in harbor, comes "The Lookoutman", classifying and describing, with affectionate precision, the notable figures in the unending procession of vessels up and down the high and narrow seas.

It is necessary to insist, however, upon the true character of the inspiration of such a book. The love of a man for a ship must be accepted by the public ashore, and especially the great inland public of America, as one of the major emotions of the human heart. It is the peer of the love we bear horses and houses and native air. It stands well above the narrow obsession of cobblers for leather, for example, or the small minded ferocity of the fellow whose trade or calling happens to be subjected to criticism. National as it is in the sense that a ship is instantly recognized as "one of ours", yet it transcends frontiers and flags, and we can take a dark pleasure in the bizarre contraptions that indicate for us a ship's "country of origin"!

It is the extraordinary and minute observation forming the basis of such a book as this that gives us the key to its inspiration. What we are interested in we remember; as anyone may admit who has reflected upon the miraculous memory a boy has for the records of his idols in games, or a racing man for the unfathomable details of form and pedigree. We remember a ship by many things — according to our rating in her — from the mate, who recalls an unfortunate windlass, to the messroom boy, with horrible memories of an always choked pantry scupper. And looking out upon our neighbors we can see marvelous discrepancies in their gear. We can tell by the cut of the counter if she comes from the Clyde or the northeast coast. Our eyes detect the mysterious hieroglyphics on her funnel, and we have been known to announce, from a mile away, that the captain had his wife aboard!

"The Lookoutman", however, keeps dourly to the main classifications of

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ships at sea. He comprehends that the vital issues of life ashore, the Sunday newspaper and golf, earning a living and bringing up a family, will prevent the lay reader from becoming an expert in nautical natural history, so he divides all craft into a dozen definite and easily recognized groups. His comments upon modern naval architecture are sound and humanely tolerant toward the fashion that leads the designer to imitate a hotel with his "baronial halls", Renaissance smoke rooms, and Louis Quinze lounges. Such fancies mean very little to the critic except that they emphasize the danger of cutting deck beams to give extravagant head room for domes and Byzantine ceilings. They have their virtues, as our author points out, since the demand for excessive luxury on the part of the traveler has brought along with it decent comfort for the seaman and safety for us all.

Moreover, as is also remembered by "The Lookoutman", these millionaire gadgets can be humanized into genuine ship garniture in time; and they evoke in the naval architect a very fine art in the design of the hull to carry them. Such ships are full of beautiful contrivances and compromises and reenforcements. The mere insertion of the trunks for those gilded cages that slide up and down to hoist the passenger to the sun deck or deposit him on the dining room level, is a problem for the designer. The layout of bathrooms, with all their attendant pipes, is worth noting. The critic remembers the launch of the "Lusitania" and the comments of a local ship yard foreman who had traveled all the way from South Wales to Liverpool just to see her, the most wonderful ship of her day. He came back in a condition of amiable incoherence, for his own work lay in the building of coasters and the repair of tramps. Yet as he had wandered along those stripped and freshly riveted gangways and noted the justness and beauty of her modeling he had comprehended, with a fellow craftsman's science, the problems involved. "Man, she has nine decks", he whispered, almost in awe. "Do you hear what I say? Nine decks!"

Deep calling unto deep!

"The Lookoutman", by virtue of his office, finds it necessary to warn the public that "the maritime importance of a nation in the ways of commerce is not wholly measured by the numbers and tonnage of fast and luxurious steamships possessed, but rather by the countless smaller and perhaps unimposing vessels that carry its national flag to remote places." This admonition should be taken to heart by American newspaper men, who are particularly prone to adopt the immigrants' idea of four funnels' being bigger and better than one or none at all. Indeed the main difficulty in the way of getting a sane body of public opinion in the United States on the subject of shipping is the importance given by eastern ship news reporters to the enormous vessels that carry prime donne and rich bankers to Europe. The inland folk who never see a ship naturally derive a false notion entirely of what constitutes a merchant marine. The business of shipping is not acquired in a day, or even in a generation. Big ships with Pompeian swimming baths and so on can be built only if wealth is being made out of the freight paid for the tramp steamers' cargo, just as the revenue of a railroad comes, not from Limited Fliers but from the long trains of freight cars that rumble through in the small hours. This has to be re-

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membered to explain the comparatively small proportion of "The Lookoutman's" interest centred upon the very large "liners" that secure so much publicity in the press. He knows that the harder it is to determine the exact status of that ship on the horizon, the more important she may be, as a class, to her nation.

We discover too, in this book of affectionate description and competent appraisal, a feeling of sound conservatism in the matter of design. The connoisseur of ships has suffered severely of late years by reason of the hideous and unseamanlike contraptions that rear themselves up before his scandalized gaze in the harbors and seas of the world. Possibly nothing worried him so much as the straight line configuration of the fabricated ship. It was like beholding a tree with a square trunk or a horse with rectangular anatomy. There is a fundamental lack of science and morality in those dreadful structures offering their ugly and weak superficies to the weight of a winter's gale. The flat uncambered deck, the houses like harsh iron sheds erected upon a scow, were an unhappy necessity in the urgent days of war. But it is with ships as with churches and furniture and human beings—beauty is the bright shadow of strength—the two are inseparable. Flare and sheer and camber are not put on the ship as ornaments; they are the outward and visible symbols of design. They are the marks of her breeding and ancestry, and may be regarded, if you so please, as the conditions of her poise and buoyancy. The builder of ships is like any other artist—he is bound by the medium in which he works.

Another point of some interest which may be noted here briefly is the individual character of each ship after she has left the ways. "The Lookoutman" has been unable to deal with this matter, since his space is compactly filled with generalizations. But he would agree readily enough that it is a remarkable fact how two ships, built to the same blue prints from steel of the same mills, in every way identical, if built in different yards will exhibit striking divergences of behavior, even to a knot of speed. The expert's answer is that one yard builds a stiffer ship, one that lacks resiliency in a sea way and never seems to get in tune with her engines. Which may explain the fact, but leaves the spiritual mystery unsolved.

There are many ships the critic has seen about, which he would like to have included in this collection, but he refrains from mentioning them, save one. He alludes to those fascinating and enigmatic affairs the Happy Ships. They are the ships we all wish to sign with, the ships we remember through the years and sigh for when we have the misfortune to sail in the other kind. There is no doubt "The Lookoutman" has seen them now and again, for his observation is keen enough.

Everything in sight has been reported.

The Lookoutman. By David W. Bone. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

NARCISSUS AND ECHO

By Raymond M. Weaver

THE European moderns are all *trying* to be extreme. Two modern literatures have, however, come to a real verge: the Russian and the American. And by American is not meant Sherwood Anderson, who is so Russian; the old people, rather: Hawthorne, Poe, Dana, Melville, Whitman. These last reached a pitch of extreme consciousness, as Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Chekhov, Artzybashev reached a limit on the other side. The great difference between the extreme Russians and the extreme Americans lies in the fact that the Russians are explicit and hate eloquence and symbols, seeing in these only subterfuge, whereas the Americans refuse everything explicit and always put on a sort of double meaning. The artist usually sets out — or used to — to point a moral and adorn a tale. The tale, however, points the other way, as a rule. Two blankly opposing morals, the artist's and the tale. The proper function of the critic is to save the tale from the artist who created it. Such is the thesis of D. H. Lawrence. And in "Studies in Classic American Literature" he comes forward in the rôle of a friendly Egyptian princess to lift out the swaddled infant of truth that America spawned among the bulrushes some time back. "Now we know the business in these studies: saving the American tale from the American artist."

The soul of man, as seen by Mr. Lawrence, is a dark forest. The known self can never be more than a clearing in the forest. Gods, strange gods, come forth from the forest into the clearing of the known self, and then go back; and it is good to have the courage to let them come and go. "There", Mr. Lawrence proclaims, "is my creed. He who runs can read. He who prefers to crawl, or to go by gasoline, can call it rot."

The dark forest of Mr. Lawrence's mind is exuberantly peopled; and in this last book of his, strange gods pounce into the clearing to do a stout menagerie prance of self ostentation. Nor is the freedom of what Mr. Lawrence calls "my own Holy Ghost" hampered by information. His ignorance of American literature is comprehensive and profound. Raleigh improved his years in prison writing a "History of the World" — from his imagination and fantastic sources. Mr. Lawrence's industry has been more casual; his egotism is more brilliant, his impertinence more epic. He has probably in some manner examined a little of Franklin; "Letters from an American Farmer"; some of Cooper's novels; some Poe tales; "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Blithedale Romance"; "Two Years before the Mast"; "Typee", "Omoo", "Moby Dick", and my life of Melville; "Leaves of Grass". And this is about all. But this has been ample for Mr. Lawrence's purpose. He wanted a springboard upon which to prance his "spontaneous Me". And in "saving the American tale from the American artist" he can cut amazing capers upon a very narrow footing. In Fenimore Cooper he discovers profound

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erotic mysteries; in "Moby Dick" "the last phallic being of the white man".

These "Studies", so called, of American literature of the last century, by a Britisher, are countered by "Studies in Victorian Literature" by Stanley T. Williams, assistant professor of English, Yale University. The antithesis is striking. While Mr. Lawrence has gone beating about in the dark forest of his mind scaring up the inmates of that jungle, Professor Williams has been cultivating his quiet little garden. Within the literature of the Victorian Age, Professor Williams — unlike Mr. Lawrence — has read extensively. But beyond this there is little range to Professor Williams's scholarship: he has too evidently "specialized in a period".

"Both Thomas Carlyle and Matthew Arnold", Professor Williams writes, "were wont to speak of the many and confused voices of the nineteenth century. My essays are, I hope, true echoes of those voices, — echoes that may help to clarify the confusion." The echo is more obvious than the clarification. "This group of essays does not aim to subvert established judgments or to determine, in such criticism, new principles." It is an orthodox echo. "I have written them as an expression of the belief that one may learn much concerning an age by haunting its bypaths." And it is an optimistic echo. So Professor Williams writes fifteen essays — of which two are on Carlyle, four on Arnold, besides "Clough's Prose", "Newman's Literary Preferences", "Kingsley's 'Yeast'", "Landor and His Contemporaries". "In the criticism of literature", Professor Williams states, "something may be said for the art of overhearing. In this way indeed unexpected values may be established." It may be. Professor Williams's essays are certainly the result of "overhearing": it may be of overhearing the demand of sterile scholars that a professor must "produce". The "unexpected values" are an unrealized hope.

In speaking of "The Forsaken Merman", Professor Williams writes: "Arnold's poem is touched with the magic of life in the sea-deeps; we dream, almost believing, of the mysterious life of sea-beasts, of marine flowers, of the quiver and gleam of spent lights. Arnold stirs the imagination by occult sights and sounds. Red-gold thrones shine faintly, and through the secret windless abysses is intoned the tintinnabulation of a ghostly bell. All this is definite, yet mystical — boons for the inner eye and ear." Those who like this sort of thing will find Mr. Lawrence "hot, dizzy trash". But barbarian souls are likely to discover Professor Williams atrociously harmless, insipid beyond human tolerance. Let such hail Mr. Lawrence. He is as good as an Armenian massacre.

Studies in Classic American Literature. By D. H. Lawrence. Thomas Seltzer.
Studies in Victorian Literature. By Stanley T. Williams. E. P. Dutton and Co.

MARKING TIME WITH THE BABIES

By Ruth Hale

THE current crop of books on how to bring up children is abundant, of fair quality, and of some variety, but it has a fault. It contains nothing very interesting. There is something tremendously interesting to be said about this subject, and it undoubtedly will be said, though for the present the long line of child training books

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are doing little more than to mill around on the ground covered at one end by Dr. Holt and at the other by Judge Ben Lindsey.

Perhaps the best thing that can be said of the very considerable number of new child books is that there is such a lot of them. At least the degree of enlightenment at which we have arrived is getting spread around, and since the least important of these books, if followed at all, will be better than none, we can probably well afford to be cheered while we wait for stimulation.

We like best, among those we have just read, "A Parents' Manual" in two volumes, by Dr. Maximilian P. E. Groszmann, the first subtitled "Child Problems, Mental and Moral", and the second, "Child Problems in Health and Illness".

Dr. Groszmann is betrayed by his enthusiasm into a rather hindering attitude toward parents at the very beginning of his Manual. He says: "Marriage is for the child; home is for the child. The communion of parents with their children is a sacred thing. It must come first in all considerations." Parents are hereby advised that if they can control their justifiable impulse to throw the book out of the window when they have read this far, they will find Dr. Groszmann later full of gentle wisdom, sound feeling, and a ripe sagacity. Once he is on the subject of how to behave with children, to say nothing of how to watch over their health, he is an ideal guide. Pretty nearly all the specialized educators and supervisors of children fall into this error of overloading and oversolemnizing the relationship between parent and child. It is simply useless to say to any parent, male or female, that the whole of adult life must hold in abeyance for a child, or for children. The way to begin a book on raising children is to say: "Recognizing that we have in the past been ridiculously hampered by the attention our children have required from us, this book outlines a decent minimum . . . "

Almost the only virtue in Lady Cynthia Asquith's book, "The Child at Home", is that it intimates, rather between the lines than in them, that a child and its mother can have a really good time together, if they don't overdo it. Lady Cynthia chats pleasantly, aimlessly for the most part, and sometimes rather wittily, about nurseries, games, and young social life.

A far duller and more portentous book is "Living with Our Children" by Clara D. Pierson. All the mothers of whom Mrs. Pierson approves are grave and noble. Home life is what it is over too great a stretch already because women have tried to bring these two virtues to the making of it. We should like to see a home in which, for example, the mother had been convinced that her children could do her as much retaliative damage as another adult could if she took liberties with them. We believe the standard of good manners, charm, joy, and general entertainment would be remarkably higher than that produced by Mrs. Pierson's psychology.

Dr. S. Josephine Baker's three books, "Healthy Mothers", "Healthy Babies", and "Healthy Children", are pleasantly done, and contain much precise information. The books deal almost entirely with physical conditions, as their titles suggest, and whether they are right or wrong we would not even venture a guess. When Dr. Baker goes into the questions of food, medicines, etc., she goes into the most disputed field in the world, and

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we, for one, are not equipped to follow her there. She is probably nine tenths right, anyway, and she is ten tenths kindly, encouraging, and sane.

A Parents' Manual. By Maximilian P. E. Groszmann, Pd.D. Two volumes. The Century Co.
The Child at Home. By Cynthia Asquith. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Living with Our Children. By Clara D. Pierson. E. P. Dutton and Co.
Healthy Mothers; Healthy Babies; Healthy Children. By S. Josephine Baker, M.D., D.P.H. Little, Brown and Co.

LITERARY SYNTHESIS

By W. N. C. Carlton

AFTER the spectacular success of H. G. Wells's "Outline of History", the admirable "Outline of Science" appeared, and now comes an "Outline of Literature", edited by John Drinkwater. Literature, as a universal form of human expression, really needs just such a splendid synthesis and vivid, personal interpretation as Mr. Wells gave history. Ever since the mandarins of scholarship transformed the humanities into laboratory sciences, the products of their pens have been unintelligible to educated readers and hermetically sealed books to the man in the street. No wonder, then, that after forty years of wandering in a wilderness of monographs, legions of eager minds should find intellectual adventure and delight in "The Outline of History". And "The Outline of Science", under Professor Thomson's masterly direction, while lacking the unifying element of Wells's passionate purpose, revealed to them the meaning and wonder of that great field of human interest.

Under the influence of these triumphs a comprehensive survey of literature has been essayed by Mr. Drinkwater and a group of anonymous associates. In an all too brief introduction — which should have been an inspiring vision of the glorious country about to be entered upon — the author of "Abraham Lincoln" defines the purposes of the new "Outline": "It is to give the reader something like a representative summary of the work accomplished by the great creative minds of the world of letters", and to show that "from the beginning until now, from the nameless poets of the earliest scriptures down to Robert Browning, the spirit of man when most profoundly moved to creative utterance in literature has been and is, through countless manifestations, one and abiding." These high aims, the finest subject in the world, and Mr. Drinkwater at the helm, justified great expectations of the project. But it has proved an Icarian flight. The sun of literature melted the wax in the wings of the fliers. For, throughout the nine chapters which carry the story from "The First Books in the World" through "The Renaissance", it is impossible to feel that these representative summaries of great writings are adequate or the spiritual kinship of the great creative minds made clearly evident. As for grace of style, easy flow of narrative, unity of concept, or vivid dramatization of material, they are not here. The final impression is of beautiful themes clumsily handled, noble works mutilated in the depiction, and the high meaning of great writers but weakly indicated.

Some writers are treated so briefly, the uninitiated reader will completely fail to understand why they are included at all. And, while appreciating fully the selective principles necessary in a work of this character, there are

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omissions difficult to forgive. As to the descriptive and critical qualities of the text, one or two quotations may explain my feeling that the book fails to rise to the height of its great theme.

In the list of Olympian deities Juno is thus catalogued: "She was queen of Heaven. Among her emblems were the peacock and the cuckoo. She distrusted her husband, and loved Greece."

The name of Pan suggests the following extraordinary reflection: "But Pan was also the dread of all who wandered through a trackless forest or near a gloomy cave. Sudden and unreasonable fear would seize them at the thought of Pan's presence. Hence our word 'panic'. It is a singular thought that a panic on the Stock Exchange recalls the eerie terrors of darkness felt by Arcadian peasants in ages remoter than any of which history tells."

On Jupiter's struggle for his throne against the Titans there is this comment: "This stupendous war for the control of all things is described by Hesiod in terms which make the brain reel — though whether, in the advance of destructive science, it will do so much longer is a solemn question."

Of Euripides we learn: "The poet's temper was probably made sourer by the fact that he had two wives, both of whom were unfaithful to him." How anyone could let that sentence stand after seeing it in page proof passes comprehension.

The description of "The Greek Anthology" gives not a glimmering of the true significance of that immortal work. Thucydides's "History" is referred to, but its great purple patch, Pericles's "Funeral Oration", which might well have been quoted in part at least, is unmentioned. Lucretius is certainly one of the "creative minds of the world of letters", but would one learn why from this single sentence devoted to him? "There is the great philosophic poem of Lucretius, 'On the Nature of Things', written in the early part of the first century, B. C." The "citation" that admits Catullus to this company of the elect reads: "Catullus, not having to depend upon a patron, wrote to please himself and friends — especially his lady-friends, of whom the chief was Lesbia, upon whose pet sparrow he wrote poems which have been the envy and despair of light versifiers ever since his day."

In the chapter on the Middle Ages, no space is found for such outstanding literary monuments as the Icelandic eddas and sagas, the Welsh "Mabinogion", the Irish epics, the "Arabian Nights", or Persian poetry. But possibly these are reserved for later volumes. The "Canterbury Tales" deserved a more enthusiastic treatment than they receive, their place in English letters is so distinctive, their character so intensely human. To represent the Renaissance, Ariosto, Machiavelli, Rabelais, Montaigne, Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, and Spenser have been chosen, but the analysis and interpretation of their works and permanent significance leave much to be desired. Again and again the quality of the text drops to pitifully low levels. Such an observation as the following on Rabelais is, as a "colyumist" would say, the nadir of something: "He anticipated the love of fine-sounding words of Mr. Wells's Mr. Polly."

Traces of secondary compilation are far too frequent. Only one chapter, "The Story of the Bible", bears the name of its author, Canon Barnes, of Westminster. It is the best in the

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book in independent mastery of subject and stylistic quality. The others suggest the literary man of all work and evoke in memory the familiar odors of the British Museum Reading Room.

Excellent bibliographies accompany each chapter for further study of its subject matter. The writers appear to have used some of the books listed, but not always skilfully, and they occasionally betray a curious choice in the authorities selected for reference or quotation. It will surely extort a grim smile from Major George H. Putnam to find himself the sole authority extensively quoted in the summary of the works of Confucius!

Unless the succeeding volumes are much superior to the first, this work will in no way rank with its predecessors in the recent "Outline" class, and humble confession will have to be made that the historians and scientists have scored heavily over the devotees of literature in finding more gifted popular interpreters. Are there no knights errant to rescue belles lettres from lay dullards and academic Brahmins?

The Outline of Literature. Edited by John Drinkwater. Volume I. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE POETICAL COMPASS

By Herbert S. Gorman

A LOOSE sort of symbolism may be effected by attributing to the four poets considered here a certain time significance. Thus, Mr. Masefield is the past; Fannie Stearns Davis is the present; Conrad Aiken is the future; and Louis Grudin is — well, the fourth dimension. Only by such forced statements can I reconcile their appearance in one article, for there is nothing particularly kindred to them all except, perhaps, the fact that they all write poetry — even here some jaundiced reader is likely to boggle a bit. There is excellent material for a debate on this very point; as, for instance: Can any reader equally enjoy the poems of Fannie Stearns Davis and Louis Grudin? In other words, the four books characteristic of these four poets represent the four points of the poetical compass.

Mr. Masefield, I have said, is the past. "The Dream, And Other Poems", containing but nine poems in all, brings nothing new to our conception of this writer. Beauty is invoked by the thin wistful evocation of past things; the martial note is struck in a paraphrase of one of the greater passages in "La Chanson de Roland", several sonnets which might almost have leaped out of "Lollington Downs" are in evidence, and the sea is mentioned in a final poem. There is color, a fine melodic treatment, and that underlying sadness that permeates most of Mr. Masefield's later work. One or two curiosities are in evidence, one of them being a poem which Mr. Masefield declares came to him in a dream, appearing "engraven in high relief on an oblong metal plate, from which I wrote it down". As usual with dream poetry the reader experiences a brief regret that the poet did not wake up sooner. This book, however, should please Masefield worshipers, although it is to be suspected that even they will be a bit disconcerted by its brevity. It is life that is short, not art, and five rather mediocre wood engravings by Judith Masefield are not sufficient to carry a book of nine short pieces when it is issued at the usual trade prices.

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Fannie Stearns Davis's volume, "The Ancient Beautiful Things", represents the present in so far as it is a rather unaffected hymning of daily life, of love for one's children, of nature moods and house moods and the idea of the home. There is a gentleness of conception and a naïve faith in the intrinsic appeal of her subject matter that partially disarms the critic. She rhymes agreeably; her lyrics fall daintily upon the ear, and there is evidenced a sufficient degree of sincere ardor to convince the reader that this is poetry. Nothing unusual occurs, no sudden flashes of beauty or irresistible snatches of melodies. One must accept this book as it is proffered — a gentle and wholesome series of marginal comments upon the poet's own life. *Delicacy* is probably the right word to use in describing her work. Its great failing is an ever present thinness of mental conception and a distinct limitation of personality which even its undoubted ardor fails to disguise.

Turning to the future we find Conrad Aiken's "The Pilgrimage of Festus" and begin to wonder when this poet, who has proved himself so excellent a craftsman in certain lyrics and in "Punch, the Immortal Liar", will desist from rewriting this poem. He has done it several times before. His Senlin, his Forslin, were cut from the same cloth that Festus is. Here again is the wanderer through the land of images who passes through mysterious forests seeking the secret of life and the high approximation of living. Turn back to "The Jig of Forslin" and note how it starts:

In the clear evening, as the lamps were lighted,
Forslin, sitting alone in his strange world,
Meditated; yet through his musings heard
The dying footfalls of the tired day
Monotonously ebb and ebb away
Into the smouldering west;
And heard the dark world slowly come to rest.

In his new poem we find Mr. Aiken introducing his character, his pilgrim who is really but the shadow of his intellectual self, as follows:

And at last, having sacked in imagination many cities
And seen the smoke of them spread fantastically along the sky,
Having set foot upon so many walls, fallen and blackened,
And heard the harsh lamentations of women,
And watched without pity the old men, betraying their vileness,
Tear at their beards, and curse, and die,
Festus, coming alone to an eastern place
Of brown savannahs and wind-gnawed trees,
Climbed a rock that faced alone to the northward
And sat, and clasped his knees.

Festus, we see, is our old friend Forslin with a dash of Mr. Eliot's "The Waste Land" thrown in.

If we allow for a certain repetitiousness in Mr. Aiken there is a deal to be said for his poetry. It moves to a dreamlike and beautiful melody and, although it is never surprisingly beautiful, it holds to a certain high evenness of distinguished phrases. It is essentially atmospheric poetry, always creating a world of its own for the reader, a world of dim forests, and twilight and moonlight. One of its failings is that it grows tiresome after a time; the reader wearies with the eternal melancholy fall of the syllables. In "The Pilgrimage of Festus" we find Festus attempting to conquer the world of himself, wandering in the Forest of Departed Gods where Confucius, Buddha, and Christ talk with him, struggling in the net of himself, and coming to the eventual conclusion that all knowledge is inconclusive. This is not a very astonishing goal to reach, after all.

Young Mr. Grudin has been likened

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to a representative of the fourth dimension, but this was only to take him out of the time symbolism. In "Charlatan: A Book of Poems" (he need not have subtitled it so carefully; we should have guessed) he offers a rather aggravating series of efforts. He will hardly escape the accusation of being unduly influenced by the work of Maxwell Bodenheim, but even so the fair reader will discover that Mr. Grudin possesses a mentality and a certain decorative fashioning of words that are altogether his own. He, like Mr. Bodenheim, appears to be essentially an ironist but, unlike Mr. Bodenheim, he does not push his irony so far. Young men have a habit of starting out under the masks of tremendous bitterness; and the bitterness, mainly implied, in Mr. Grudin's work smacks altogether too much of youth to be taken seriously. If he can find himself (and I do not think that he is particularly near to his real self as yet) he should do excellent work. As it is, "Charlatan" is even a more tentative volume than the earlier privately published booklet which he was unwise enough to suppress.

The Dream, And Other Poems. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Co.
The Ancient Beautiful Things. By Fannie Stearns Davis. The Macmillan Co.
The Pilgrimage of Festus. By Conrad Aiken. Alfred A. Knopf.
Charlatan: A Book of Poems. By Louis Grudin. Lieber and Lewis.

RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

"I AM employed as Taster", says S. P. B. Mais in "Some Modern Authors" (Dodd, Mead). Mr. Mais's samples include just about everybody in the literary world now being discussed, boomed, or cried down. Among the novelists he notices are Sherwood Anderson, Gilbert Cannan, Galsworthy, Hergesheimer, Hutchinson, Ibáñez, Sinclair Lewis, McFee, Katherine Mansfield, Hugh Walpole, and Victoria Sackville-West. Among the critics he "tastes" Dean Inge and Lytton Strachey; Arthur Machen among autobiographers; Chesterton, Housman, and Hardy among poets; O'Neill and Clemence Dane among dramatists; and Alice Meynell and "incomparable" Max Beerbohm among the essayists. We must readily grant Mr. Mais's competence in two qualifications important to his position as a taster; he has variety and an unjaded palate. Does he — and here is the third, and most important condition — communicate the glow of his enthusiasm? Does he engender interest in the "thing itself" — in Mr. Galsworthy, in Bernard Shaw, in G. S. Street's essays? It is the reviewer's function to raise these questions; only the reader can answer them, and each reader only for himself.

Heaven save woman from her apologists if they be all like Anthony M. Ludovici, author of "Woman: A Vindication" (Knopf)! "A creature whose worst can be shown to be only the outcome of her best and most vital qualities . . . and whose best is but the normal and effortless expres-

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sion of her natural endowments", is one of the book's characterizations. In other words, the writer defends woman against the charge of being anything else but a wonderfully coordinated mechanism for the perpetuation of the species. Say what you will against her, the author will calmly admit its truth and extenuate it on the grounds of being the expression of a natural function or the unnatural expression of that function when inhibited. The vindication offered is worse than the crime alleged. For those who love to argue, the book is full of material.

The "Satyricon" of Petronius has appeared in a new English version by J. M. Mitchell. It is one of the series of Broadway Translations published in London by Routledge and in New York by Dutton. In spite of the American sounding name of the series, this is a translation into good colloquial British. The slang and the various argots of the original Mr. Mitchell has turned into the corresponding expressions in London English today, with some curious effects in verbal anachronisms. The "Satyricon" is among other things a clever satire on the vulgar newly rich, a picture of Roman life under Nero, and a study of certain sexual perversions. Those passages which are obnoxious to the Puritan morality of our times are either modified or set down in the original Latin. Anyone who has learned his Latin grammar, it appears, has thereby put himself out of reach of moral corruption.

James Peter Warbasse, in his "Co-operative Democracy" (Macmillan), is no lone spokesman of an untried system, no Tennyson babbling of "the parliament of man, the federation of the world". President of the Co-operative League of the United States, and member of the central committee of the International Co-operative Alliance, he speaks to these United States of a slowly evolving, well established "Co-operation" that in thirty-seven countries has over thirty million heads of families working within it. No dark and dire world communism is hidden here. "Service, not profits", "the consumer, not the producer", as the keys to his system, Mr. Warbasse presents ably, challengingly, his "practical, working plan for a complete reorganization of society upon a voluntary, non-political basis".

Now soon will April's laughter chime once more
From youthful brooks; young leaves will thrill with rain;
The earth will bear its fruitage, as of yore;
And yet — can Spring be Spring to us again?

So reads the second of three interesting quatrains entitled "Springtime in War", included in a new series of short poems by Paul Scott Mowrer, "The Good Comrade and Fairies" (Dutton). Mr. Mowrer's nature poems which adhere to rhymed iambic pentameter are more pleasing than those written in blank verse. The versification of the "Fairy" series is more varied. "The Sea-Fairy", rich in imagery and action, is composed of sprightly couplets:

Leaning alert in a lavender shell,
From darkening hollow to whitening swell,
Through spray that hisses and slaps and stabs
She guides her team of galloping crabs.

Her arms are white as the break of a wave,
Her eyes are bright as the foam they brave,
And the cry she gives, as she takes a crest,
Is wild and sweet as a fairy jest.

E. M. Forster's "Pharos and Pharillon" (Knopf) is a series of sketches

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of ancient and modern Alexandria. "Pharos, the vast and heroic lighthouse that dominated the first city — under Pharos I have grouped a few antique events; to modern events and to personal impressions I have given the name of Pharillon, the obscure successor of Pharos, which clung for a time to the rock of Silsileh and then slid unobserved into the Mediterranean." The antique events are the more interesting; but the book, though written with subtlety and wit, is, scanty literary fare.

"Gloucester by Land and Sea" (Little, Brown) was written by the late Charles Boardman Hawes to the accompaniment of drawings by Lester G. Hornby. It is not a source book for historical or genealogical research, but an interesting story for an interested reader, told simply, consecutively, and with literary charm.

The adept handling of T. R. Glover's Latin version of Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses" (Appleton) will have an especial appeal for teachers and advanced students of Latin. Instead of merely presenting a Latin translation, Mr. Glover, a keen and sympathetic student of Stevenson's works, has rewritten the themes in the language of Horace so adroitly that he succeeds in retaining the Stevensonian charm throughout. "De Ludis et Hortis" is a definite contribution to literature and, at the same time, a delicate tribute to our beloved R. L. S.

In Harold Nicolson's "Tennyson" (Houghton Mifflin) we find a sincere scholarly biography. The author has collected a tremendous amount of detail, sifted it honestly, and presented us with a really adequate portrait of his subject. Mr. Nicolson has not permitted his sense of values to be warped by the closeness of his study of his material. Although the book lacks (and, we must confess, we miss it keenly) the brilliant irreverence with which we can imagine it might have been vested by Lytton Strachey or Philip Guedella, it never for a moment becomes dull.

Occasional volumes on the war are still finding their way to the book stalls. Among them is "The Red Vineyard" (Torch Press), by the Reverend B. J. Murdoch, late chaplain to the Canadian Expeditionary Forces. It is a vivid narrative of experiences on active duty, written in the first person. Since the experiences are those of a Catholic priest and much stress is given to the festive days of his religion, the narrative will be of greatest interest to Catholics. However, Father Murdoch's depiction of the horrors of the front line trenches should hold the attention of readers of any creed.

After all the tawdry Sunday supplement publicity given to the excavated tomb of King Tutankhamen, it is a relief to come upon a solid scientific work on the reign of this king and the religions of his time. In "Tutankhamen: Amenism, Atenism, and Egyptian Monotheism" (Dodd, Mead), Sir E. A. Wallis Budge of the British Museum presents his subject simply and clearly, but without attempting to play down to the so called popular taste. Yet his discussions of the cults of Amen and Aten, their historic development and significance, not only are of the greatest interest to the Egyptologist; they are comprehensible to the general reader as well. And many authentic illustrations, and re-

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productions of hieroglyphic originals, supplement the text.

It is not the London in which Thackeray himself lived and worked, but that in which his characters had their being, that E. Beresford Chancellor pictures in "The London of Thackeray" (Doran). In an historically descriptive manner the author presents the city of Henry Esmond and Harry Warrington, of Arthur Pendennis, Becky Sharp, and Charles Yellowplush. He achieves continuity by following the line of development of Thackeray's novels, and brings out his points by "purple patches" of quotation. Well chosen illustrations add to the interest of the book, which, however, is a reference work rather than a volume for casual reading. To attempt to read this cicerone *per se* would hardly be advisable; but in its proper sphere — as an adjunct to the reading of Thackeray — Mr. Chancellor's book will do a good deal to clarify localities in the reader's mind, and will give much of the joy of recognition to lovers of the great Victorian.

Rafael Sabatini's "The Life of Cesare Borgia. A History and Some Criticisms" (Brentano) has, to begin with, several advantages. First, it is founded less on outgrown politics than on comparatively authentic, unbiased contemporary accounts. The Cesare Borgia of Burchard's "Diary" and not the defamed caricature from out the salacious minds of Sanazzaro, Guicciardini, "Tommaso Tommasi", and other "historians", is Sabatini's Cesare. Secondly, Sabatini comes to his central figure through painstaking yet absorbing heredity and environment. And, thirdly, this Sabatini fellow seems to have been born with a pen in his hand! Not one novel in a hundred has the Machensian "ecstasy" this biography affords. With a little less emphasis on swashbuckling battle and a little more on "the arts of peace" the "butcherous Borgias" really did so much for as art patrons, this volume would come near to being the ideal treatment of its enthralling subject.

The essays, metaphysical and historical, in Hartley Burr Alexander's "Nature and Human Nature" (Open Court), constitute a medley of many philosophic themes which represent some fifteen years of reflection. "Nevertheless", says Professor Alexander, "the collection should not be without its own consistency, which, first of all, should be that consistency of the growth of a characteristic point of view which is (in their author's belief) the substance of every philosophy." Though originally published in philosophic journals, the essays are for the most part not technical and seem well adapted, if not actually intended, for the intelligent layman.

When a printer and editor makes "A Dash Through Europe" (Oswald), he is apt to ride his hobby hard, whatever the side attractions of the trip may be. Edmund Gress has made his enthusiasm for fine printing the major interest in his book, and has illustrated it well with photographs of old Roman inscriptions, and reproductions from English texts, ancient and modern. There is an excellent account of the International Book Fair in Florence, where America's exhibit was but a meagre representation compared with the displays from Italy and Germany. The secondary details of the trip are much like those of other "first" travel books, except that the author's very practical mind is revealed at every turn. His last chap-

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ter, giving the minutest details of expense, itinerary, food and the best places to find it, will probably be of value to any traveler who has not much time to spend and wishes to make the most extensive use of it.

Free verse still fits the inspiration of some of the newer poets. In his "Cups of Illusion" (Houghton Mifflin) Henry Bellamann has handled formal metre well in a minority of the poems, and dispensed with it in the rest, in favor of short, irregularly syllabled lines. All of which goes to show that a genuine poet can use free verse without being led astray by it. Yet it does, almost always, leave a sense of unfinished things even when, as here, the unfinished things are often beautiful. There is a very delicate fancy running through these poems; color and finely touched harmonics of interpretation are here. These are poems for poets, slight at times, but never unpoetic.

There are two general classes of biographies: the impartial, matter of fact type; and the type which deals principally in honeyed encomiums — the former epitaphical, the latter eulogistic. We claim to have discovered a biographical Burbank. In "Victor Hugo, His Work and Love" (Doran), Lieutenant Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard has crossed the two genera, producing a hybrid form that is quite delightful. If he has retained some of the stickiness of the sentimentalist he has also retained a great measure of the lucidity of the historian. The book is absorbing reading, not only because of the lure of Hugo himself, but because Colonel Haggard adheres to plain, unostentatious diction that is almost conversational. His is a carefree, easy style that lends itself admirably to the subject. Not too scholarly for the uninformed, and sufficiently accurate to be of service to the student.

It was with a slight grimace that we took up "French Literature During the Last Half-Century" (Macmillan), for we found that John W. Cunliffe and Pierre de Bacourt were coauthors. Once upon a time we studied one of Professor Cunliffe's textbooks, and flunked the course (naturally the fault lay with Professor Cunliffe!). But there is a vast difference between reading a book because one's teacher says one must, and reading it of one's own volition. Under durance vile, the texts of Professors de Bacourt and Cunliffe aroused violent antipathy; now, we experience profound admiration for the present volume which is succinct, yet not cut and dried. A series of familiar essays about several French writers well known during the last fifty years comprises the body of the work. These short treatises are informative, readable, and as impartial as such treatises ever can be. Here should be an admirable reference book both for the student of comparative literature and for him who wishes to understand the modern French viewpoint in the writing of fiction.

In striking contrast to his countryman, d'Annunzio, who so frequently makes passion the subject of his song, Giovanni Pascoli almost entirely disregards the love element, with the exception of love for his fellowman and for nature. A book of selected "Poems" by the eminent Italian writer has been gracefully translated into English verse by Evaleen Stein (Yale), with much of its original lightness and beauty preserved, in spite of the

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well known difficulty of interpreting the easily rhymed Italian in our own much less facile language. Pascoli's work breathes sincerity and quiet tenderness, handling well worn themes with delicate fancy and a never failing ability to see in them an inward loveliness. In this he is a refreshing contrast to many of the realists of today, whose eyes are so focused that only ugliness makes a clear image on their poetic retinas.

A kind of Baedeker de luxe, a handbook for the well to do tourist, Rolland Jenkins's "The Mediterranean Cruise" (Putnam) gives the main items of historic, legendary, and practical information that those who make the Mediterranean sea voyage might feel able to assimilate. Up-to-dateness (the Russian refugees in Constantinople and Tutankhamen in Egypt are remembered), large type, forty illustrations, a reading list of travel books dealing with the countries covered, and a simple manner of presentation, within reach of the normal tourist capacity, characterize the pleasantly written work. The average traveler will welcome it: it is not meant for those who rely upon a broader cultural knowledge rather than a pleasant surface currycombing to point the glow of their exotic reactions.

Charles Wharton Stork, editor of "Contemporary Verse", has selected about 120 poems from the files of his magazine and gathered them into a "Second Contemporary Verse Anthology" (Dutton). Most of these were originally published between 1920 and 1923, though a few earlier poems are included, presumably because the authors have since become famous. As might be expected in such a collection, only two or three of the poems are really inspired. All of them are sincere, however. The editor says that his anthology attempts to represent America, that he wishes it to be read as "the spiritual record of an entire people". Alas, the baseball box scores afford a better "spiritual record" than any collection of poetry whatsoever!

The common theory regarding the successful politician is that he must be a man born of the people. As a matter of fact he should be all of this and at least one jump ahead of them; otherwise he will never leave the herd. This is a rather roundabout way of getting to "The New Henry Ford" (Funk and Wagnalls), a biography by Allan L. Benson, but it has a great deal to do with Mr. Ford, inasmuch as common gossip has him competing in the next presidential race. Mr. Ford responds nobly to the first requisite but he appears sadly minus the second. For some unsanitary reason Americans prefer that their presidents be born in small houses; Mr. Ford's parents have obligingly supplied this little detail. What they did not do, however, was to equip Mr. Ford with the power to capitalize his birthright to the extent that he could successfully turn public interest into sentiment once it had come his way. And, from Mr. Ford's biography — as is more or less interestingly compiled by Mr. Benson — it is quite apparent that Mr. Ford, or his type, will be always minus that ability.

In "My Mission to Russia and Other Diplomatic Memories" (Little, Brown) Sir George Buchanan, English Ambassador to Russia, 1910-1918, gives us what is undoubtedly the most straightforward, revelatory, altogether readable account we have had of the conditions which contributed most to

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the downfall of Russia's old order. The briefest possible coherent record of some thirty-five years in diplomatic service in Vienna, Berlin, Sofia, Petrograd, Rome, *etc.*; a considerable synopsis of Balkan history leading up to the world cataclysm; the minimum of the World War from a military standpoint, are among the wise proportionings of these two average sized volumes. Of their 150,000 or so words, hardly one is wasted.

Rare indeed is the book of verse which can stand the test of being read at one sitting. The little wisps of beauty, each one of which would give us a moment of happiness if met alone, fade into monotony when one hundred and fifty are ranged side by side. In her latest volume of collected poems, "At the Roots of Grasses" (Moffat, Yard), Muriel Strode catches, in many words and phrases, the loveliness which she so constantly pursues; but these happy flashes are smothered by the sameness of her theme and the everlasting glorification of the perpendicular pronoun. One gets throughout too much the impression of conscious soul searching. This is a pity from a poet who could write "God of Desecrated Beauty", or such adroit lines as:

> God of my yearning, how deep is the whorl,
> and how shallow is my dipping up!

"The Story of the Mikado" (Knopf) had to be told. We are to be humbly thankful that W. S. Gilbert himself did it. If he hadn't done it, the burden might have been assumed by a graduate student at the University of New Mexico. The whole story is here, without undue omission or elaboration. Sir William's prose runs as smoothly and as trippingly as his verses, and is fittingly enclosed in a handsome format. Certain concessions have been made to a potential juvenile audience in the retelling. Koko's famous song, for instance,

> Of inconvenient people who might well be
> underground,

now is made to deal with the scholastic perplexities of grammar school, "people who are stingy with their jam", dentistry, nurse maids, and the tortures of music lessons. All this is very delightful, yet one wonders at the author's temerity in emending a classic, and wishes that "The Story of the Mikado" might have represented the original with absolute fidelity of detail.

"The Open Door Doctrine in Relation to China" (Macmillan) "potentially at least, a political as well as a commercial principle", from its inception has rightly regarded "equality of privilege" as "a better bulwark to the tottering Chinese Government than a door open to one nation and closed to another." Loans, investments, cooperation with other nations are needed, as Dr. Mingchien Joshua Bau (author also of "The Foreign Relations of China") points out. "International cut-throat competition, the practice of spheres of influence, or international cooperation and combination" — we must choose one of the three. So, the only workable principle seems — the international banker — *and trust to luck!*

The author of "The Happy Traveller" (Holt), Frank Tatchell, distinguishes sharply between those for whom the book is intended and tourists, rightly considering the latter almost unworthy of mention. Ramblingly, discursively, he makes sug-

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gestions and offers inducements for the rambling and discursive style of journey which he recommends. His joy is in meeting and observing people rather than in viewing sights; for those who have become wise enough to agree, he is casually rich as his beloved vagabondia. The book touches various countries from the South Seas to Portugal, with appendixed vocabularies, suggestions for food and drink, occasional names of hotels and cafés. There are also valuable hints for those who, like Mr. Tatchell, find it convenient to travel inexpensively.

Next to the British lecturer, the British informal essayist has done most to mar that natural amity which we like to think does, or conceivably might, exist between our country and England. Robert Lynd purchased atonement with his "Books and Authors", a terse, pithy, and graceful book, quite in the best tradition of the English causerie. "Solomon in All His Glory" (Putnam) is his most recent volume, and one more concerned with rabbits, owls, Londoners, dresses, the Sabbath, conversation, buses, and beggars, than the literary topics which he handled with so light a touch in the earlier book. All this is familiar, and dangerous, ground. But Mr. Lynd scans the countryside with the bright interest of a vacationist townsman, observes the town with the shrewd eyes of the countryman, and manages with exemplary skill to vitalize the trivia over which so much good ink has been spilled.

Samuel Adams, Franklin, Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Jefferson, John Marshall, Daniel Webster, Andrew Jackson, Lincoln, and "Fifty Years of Growth and Change" supply the skeleton framework for Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's "Building the American Nation" (Scribner), lectures delivered during the spring of 1923 before seven various university audiences in diverse cities in England and Scotland. Not without skill when it comes to keeping repetition at a minimum and to making sundry hypothetical tributaries flow into a single progressive stream of human affairs — yet one yearns, as one reads on in these lectures, for simpler, more spontaneous, not less opinionated but more truly imaginative and fair minded utterances.

"How to Write Stories" (Harcourt, Brace) by Walter B. Pitkin is the most recent addition to the long shelf of manuals and technical handbooks for those whose vanity or cupidity is touched by the thought of authorship. Mr. Pitkin's book is as disappointing as one of Calvin Coolidge's epigrams. Throughout its length it insists upon a rigid schematism for the creative process. It makes one feel that he can, by exercise of intelligence and diligent study of "How to Write Stories", build a first rate plot, manipulate a sound narrative, select detail with a sure sense of fitness, and evoke the uniquely characteristic act which tops off a fine story. But what the book can teach is simply the critical canon by which the average editor determines whether a manuscript is at all possible or no. This may assist a writer of some aptitude to turn out a salable story. But the result will be easily recognizable as the familiar, standard product, *la pièce bien faite*. After reading some of Mr. Pitkin's own excellent short stories the reviewer is moved to remark that Mr. Pitkin is a better artist than æstheticiant; which seems to prove the case for the intuitionalist against "How to Write Stories".

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

The inevitable, as is its custom, has happened again. Harold Bell Wright has emitted a new novel and in its second month it has jumped from nowhere to second place in popularity among library book borrowers. This procedure is as regular and as easy to forecast as the precession of the equinoxes. Mr. Wright's public is as faithful as Old Dog Tray and as numerous, apparently, as the stars in their courses. His sure fire hits partake of the certainty of natural phenomena. And if it hadn't happened that the curious sexual theme of Mrs. Atherton's "Black Oxen" was still whetting the prurient curiosity of the youth of both sexes — including, as Ring Lardner might put it, the latter — to the point where library waiting lists run into the hundreds despite scores of duplicate copies, there is no manner of doubt that "The Mine with the Iron Door" would have topped the list of fiction in demand in September.

The candid commentator cannot repress a certain sense of sympathy for Mrs. Porter, in the circumstances. She, too, has a following as devoted as Mr. Wright's, if perhaps slightly less numerous. Given a clear track, whatever she puts her name to usually gets away to a flying start and leads the field into the home stretch. Her entry is seldom beaten and never distanced in the race for the popularity stakes. Starting a month earlier or two or three months later than Mr. Wright's latest, it would have been a case of "White Flag" first and the field nowhere. In the circumstances, however, to finish "in the money" with a creditable third place, is no mean achievement. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Black Oxen	*Gertrude Atherton*	BONI
2.	The Mine with the Iron Door	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
3.	The White Flag	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	His Children's Children	*Arthur Train*	SCRIBNER
5.	One of Ours	*Willa Cather*	KNOPF
6.	The Dim Lantern	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
7.	The Enchanted April	*"Elizabeth"*	DOUBLEDAY
8.	The Covered Wagon	*Emerson Hough*	APPLETON
9.	The Alaskan	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
10.	Faint Perfume	*Zona Gale*	APPLETON

GENERAL

1.	Life of Christ	*Giovanni Papini*	HARCOURT
2.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
3.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK & WAGNALLS
4.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
5.	A Man From Maine	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
6.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
7.	Damaged Souls	*Gamaliel Bradford*	HOUGHTON
8.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
9.	Up Stream	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	BONI
10.	The Story of Mankind	*Hendrik Van Loon*	BONI

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

To the Editor of The Bookman:

Sally's mother, you may recall, wrote her daughter: "I am not telling you what ought to happen in this world; I am telling you what does happen." In the August Bookman the review of my book "Letters of a Business Woman" attacks the dénouement as sentimental, because the daughter leaves her business career for marriage. This dénouement has the sordid tragedy of reality.

The most recent Federal Census reports that there are 35,177,515 women over 15 years of age in the United States. Of these 25,509,862 are married or have been married. Your critic can calculate for himself Sally's chances of escaping the sentimental infection.

Not that marriage necessarily means the end of her working life. Of 8,949,511 gainfully employed women in this country, 23 per cent are married or have been married. Federal investigations of particular groups have sometimes found this percentage to be as high as one half. Sally may yet use her business training. But that is material for another book.

"A textbook on business success" is what the "Letters of a Business Woman" are designed to be. To secure a single effect, it is necessary to abstract from many other relations of mother and daughter. Every author chooses the effect he wishes to produce and selects his material with this end in view. The purpose of my book is to give business advice, and to show a cross section of its application.

Very truly yours,
Zora Putnam Wilkins.

To the Editor of The Bookman:

The note relating to the German Branch of the P.E.N. Club and to Gerhart Hauptmann in the Gossip Shop for August, interested me very much. The details which your correspondent communicates in so sympathetic a manner are, however, not quite correct.

About nine months ago I was asked by some of the founders of the London P.E.N. Club to help organize a German branch. Though I am not a German author myself, but an American, Mr. Horace Shipp and others of the London society were kind enough to regard me as the proper person to start the movement in Germany — owing to my wide acquaintance among German writers and my residence here. I issued notices in half a dozen of the most prominent German papers, explaining the object of the club and inviting applications for membership. Only about a dozen answers were received. The particularistic Germans were not to be won that way. Then, in conjunction with some of my German literary friends, Ludwig Fulda, Dr. Karl Federn, Walter von Molo, Hermann Sudermann, Professor Osterried, etc., a committee was organized and immediate progress made. The idea was widely welcomed. The plan was adopted of choosing or inviting prospective members instead of leaving them to invite themselves. An Austrian Branch was also organized at my suggestion by Grete von Urbanitzky.

About the beginning of the year came a letter from the London society, inviting two German honorary members to a sort of reunion at London in May — Gerhart Hauptmann, and another to be chosen by us. The London Branch delicately suggested that in view of the desolate condition of the German exchange, the two German delegates (as well as those from other low-valuta countries) should consider themselves as the guests of the parent club during their stay in London.

Well meant as this offer was, it nevertheless ran counter to the pride of the German authors on the committee, for it placed them in a position *infra dig.* and was therefore unacceptable. Men like Hauptmann, Thomas Mann, or Sudermann, might, of course, in spite of the want prevailing among most German intellectuals, have furnished their own transportation and hotel expenses. But another point arose and became the theme of lively debate at our meetings, namely whether it were also not beneath the dignity of a German author to meet on terms of social equality and to sit down at table with certain war agitators and hate incendiaries, men who in their writings had violently aspersed Germany. Dr. Ludwig Fulda, the well known dramatist, was the chief exponent of this point of view and carried all the others with him. It was pointed out that men like Blasco Ibáñez and Pierre Loti (still living then) and Maeterlinck who were proposed as honorary guests, were not only disqualified from membership, especially honorary membership in an international club, supposed to foster international relationships and intellectual supranational under-

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standing, but that it was certainly not in the best taste to invite them to attend a Maytime festival at which famous authors from the countries they had attacked were also to be present.

"What German", cried Fulda, "knowing the sufferings of his fellow Germans in the Ruhr, could sit down and break bread with a Frenchman or a Belgian?"

Hauptmann had announced his readiness to go. But this aspect of the matter was pointed out to him and he agreed to remain away. A courteous but clear explanation was sent to the London headquarters.

The highly grotesque intolerance on the other side, to which your correspondent alludes and which he properly condemns, may have been present, too. But no attention, apparently, was paid to it by the English committee who were extremely dismayed by the German refusal, and did their utmost to overcome it, nor was it the cause of Hauptmann's absence. To such truly international spirits as Anatole France or Romain Rolland, the Germans would have made no objection.

The only solution, so long as the war is still on, seems to be this: Organizations bent upon fostering international good will, communion, and understanding, must see to it that the men to whom they entrust their ideals and objectives are also fit representations of them. In other words a kind of censorship must be instituted, eliminating all those who by word or deed have sinned against that higher community of interests which should have united the truly international writer and intellectual — even *during* the war.

Very truly yours,
HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER.

DEAR SIR:

My sister and I, both college bred women, have been struggling to understand contemporary verse, and after some time spent in analyzing Winifred Welles's "Moors" as given in your August number, we write to ask wherein lies the "rare blend of austerity and richness" spoken of in your commentary?

You say also that she achieves both technical competence and emotional content. I do not question the former, but I do not understand the latter, — if it is there.

The octave has a glimmer of sanity — "sea's soil" — "sand". I know what loam is, but "*steamy* loam" — fertilizer perhaps? Her mind, like sand, disintegrates — cannot concentrate. It needs fertilizer to make it productive and colorful. So far so good.

But the sestet. Are the "vagabonds" thoughts or congenial souls? "Gray shoes" — gray because colorless and "shoes" is used instead of any other garment, a gray raincoat perhaps? Or gray because dusty — but sand does not make one's shoes dusty or gray.

"My weedy shade", — ah now I know those vagabonds are thoughts, not kindred souls, for all the weedy shade I ever saw on a desert would only suffice for a thought, and a very slim one at that.

"Deep breaths of me", — is she suffering from halitosis or does she use Wrigley's Spearmint? Doubtless the magazines do not penetrate to her "scattering estate", or perhaps she is unable to concentrate on even the advertising matter, let alone such verities as love and hate.

"As if to drink my thirst" — I have only a small dictionary with me so cannot verify my impression, but after thirty years' use of the English language I am convinced that one cannot, either with poetic or government license, drink anyone's *thirst*.

"Dreariness" — since when could one gather dreariness by the armful — and if one could, would it have a smell, Mr. Editor, sweet or otherwise? I am reminded of that ancient classic "A houseful, a holeful, but you cannot catch a bowlful."

And why "Moors"? Moors are not sandy. Would "Arabs" be just as appropriate?

The best thing we gleaned from the poem is a lovely new swear — "Bless those blurred glasses, we need new tea towels!" "Bless my blurred breeches!" The ones we fish in do get considerably blurred — so grateful to Miss Welles for that telling phrase.

Though my college was not like the one complained of in R.M.'s letter in the August number, I was given to understand that poetry, to be great, should inspire. I am still young, but I must be out of my generation, for "So live that when thy summons comes to join —" seems like greater poetry to me than any I find in the magazines today, concerned as they are with fleeting trivial emotions. Most of the great poets have been guilty of some twaddle, like "Come into the garden, Maud", but they did scale the heights at times, while the bulk of contemporary verse which I have read seems twaddle and the peaks few, far between, and not so very high.

Cordially yours,
ALICE BALDWIN HALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Since we speak the same language, follow the same traditions and acknowledge the same ancestry as our British friends and enemies, why are they always searching us for a distinctively American style of liter-

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ature? And, particularly, why do they seize upon that which is bizarre, or banal and generally inferior in our literay output as our true type? Granting our environment is quite different from that of our insular kinsmen, why should that environment deleteriously affect our style? In writing of our wide prairies, or our vast forests, or even our small towns, is there any reason why we should depart from the pure and sonorous English of our Elizabethan and Victorian forebears? That ours is a newer, fresher and, if you will, rawer country does not necessarily imply that its scholars are less ripe or more provincial in outlook than those of the older country. Ours is in no respect a newer civilization. Our writers are just as Anglo-Saxon, or, if you prefer, just as Nordic as theirs.

But perhaps the entire matter hinges upon the old misconception as to what constitutes an American. If our English critics cling to the ancient idea that we are somehow essential barbarians because the Indians once inhabited our land; or if, as some of our later fiction and verse do rather betoken, it is held that we are quite submerged by the Alpine invasion of the past fifty years, their position might be understandable. As a matter of fact, however, our real literature has never been and is not now being produced by aborigines or by "foreigners", but by the same class of cultured and talented men and women that has written the literature of the British Isles. This being the case, there is no ground for expecting or requiring our writers to evince a generically different style.

Nor does it seem fair to select our lower standards as representative, and to point to our freest verse and most vulgar fiction as genuinely American. Literature that is mediocre and worse is made in England, yet no one presumes to hold that it is typically English.

Undoubtedly there is a tendency on the part of the disciples of our younger school to accept the stigma and justify it by being as different as they can. Quite deliberately, apparently, they are fulfilling the adage about giving a dog a bad name. But their products comprise a passing and altogether unnoteworthy phase. In the meantime we may reasonably insist that it is no disgrace to Mr. Hergesheimer nor to us, and no particular credit to modern England that his work might as well have been produced in England, so far as stylistic evidence is concerned.

In passing, may one not protest also against the verdict that our midwestern towns are quite miserably and hopelessly commonplace. None of these towns has more than one Main Street. Most of them have suburbs and some sort of slums, where, if they are properly sought for, may be found really worth while villains and perhaps, now and then, a hero or two. Mark Twain could discover them, as also could O. Henry. "Modern" architectureless houses do not necessarily have cads for their occupants. Indeed, cads have been known to abide in castles.

Paraphrasing the truly American Sage of Walden Pond, whether he walks or runs, or only motors, no author ever discoves anything, overtakes anything, or leaves anything behind but himself.

E. O. Laughlin.

RHYMED CONVERSATION WITH MONEY

By Maxwell Bodenheim

HOW many planets have you raped,
Where only animals escaped
To scrape, with melancholy needs,
The bones of last men lost in weeds?
(Since you are blunt and fraudulent
You must receive a bare treatment.
Adverbs and adjectives undress
When greeted by excrescences.)

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You are the stench on any street,
Thick with the vagaries of defeat:
The wench who plys her squawking crime
Within the alley ways of time.
For men desire to guard with pain
The limitations of their brain,
And drag the numbness of their hearts
Within ornate and creaking carts.
And for these tasks they must be bold,
Clutching endurance from a cold
Squirming with you within the dark,
And rising, blistered with your mark.
Again you give to doubting lust
An argument which it can trust:
Imagination spoils the scene
And needs a dagger, crude and mean.
For you were made by men to choke
A lyric with an obscene joke
And strike the mind when it is strong,
With whips methodical and long.
Men who are inarticulate
Desire to parody their fate
With clinking gibberish of coins.
When life, excited thief, purloins
The voice and energy of men,
They lead him to a moldy pen:
They seek revenge, and watch him wilt,
Finding importance in his guilt.
They do not know that they have made
The thief, to revel in his aid,
And you are there to strain your cheek
Against imaginations weak—
Coquettish counterfeit of strength.
I have observed your metal length
Of hands drop on the poet's throat,
And yet he scarcely saw you gloat.
To certain men you merely feed
The stoics of creative need.

Money

I am the vicious test with which
Men find that they are poor or rich.
Without my challenge men might fail
To leave the blurred and murderous jail.
Utopias are merely death:
Men need the scorching of my breath.

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Working on the Dead

THE first book printed in this country was a translation. Now familiarly known as "The Bay Psalm Book" (1640), the exact title of the publication that has come to be referred to in this way consisted of thirty-seven words, the first ten of which were as follows: "The Whole Booke of Psalmes Faithfully Translated into English Metre." Moreover, this translation was the third bit of printing of any kind done within what is at present the United States, the two preceding jobs having been "The Freeman's Oath" (1639), and the "Almanack" got out for the uplifting of New England in the same year as the translation of the Psalms. The press on which this printing was done is still intact in the Vermont Historical Society's Museum at Montpelier. If we have another relic from Colonial days that is more deserving of pious veneration it is quite impossible for me to fancy what it might be.

The four volumes selected for consideration from this month's huge wealth of translations contain, consequently, in themselves a lesson in our spiritual history which only the most obtuse can fail to grasp, only the hopelessly austere fail to appreciate. The Dane pours out his merciless and yet merciful satire on the happenings within a small kingdom, one of the outstanding features of which is a State Church. The Russian expresses his inability, because of his small faith, to see how God Himself could be satisfied with the conduct of his hero, the sentry who accepted two hundred lashes for doing a noble though unmilitary deed, while a night prowler in the form of an officer lies without limit and has a medal of honor pinned to his breast by the authorities. The Frenchman writes a story of intriguing charm the net result of which is that when the bandits, smugglers, and tough hearted athletes find themselves within the lime washed walls of the convent to which they have gone with the idea of abducting a nun, they are so impressed by the sanctity of the place that they slink away, like thieves in the night. They are unable to raise a hand toward the execution of their plans and altogether ashamed of themselves for ever having cherished the thought that they could win against the impelling power of the religion in which they had been reared. And the Italian, the greatest poet of his age, reveals himself as one who never abandoned the idea of "Mankind" as the "anti-Christ". That is, man in the mass, man the product of civilized society as opposed to the individual person, is, he felt, a dogmatic character such as the founder of the Christian religion never was.

If these four foreigners, and especially the last three, had merely chanced, by accident, to touch on religious faith, there would be no point in emphasizing the spiritual feature of their creations; for from the beginning of time, faith and poetry have been inseparable. The Greek writers, for example, with the exception of Aristophanes, based everything they wrote on their religion. This applies even to Sappho, however far removed her lines may seem to be from what we

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would now call religious lyrics. But these men go out of their way to bring religion in. The Dane smiles, the Russian is disturbed, the Frenchman is utterly orthodox, the Italian displays an unrelieved skepticism toward things as they are, and presents an ingenious picture of things as they might be.

It was a Dane, Jonas Bronck, who founded, if he did not actually discover, the Bronx. The extent to which he thereby added to the merriment of life can be determined only with difficulty. It is now another Dane, Gustav Wied, who depicts the manœuvres of those who know that all they do is done for the nation. Our debt to Denmark, great since the year Jonas Bronck cast his lot among us (and he did so in virtually the same year that our first book was printed), is therefore growing. For there is a gigantic amount of affectation and insincerity in what passes as patriotism, particularly when this willingness to sacrifice all for the good of the home country is manifested by office holders. This unctuous striving to save the country, this fatuous faith in existing institutions, a faith in which "men of principle" wallow, when it pays, impressed Gustav Wied in Denmark, and he has dramatized his impressions with an artistry which makes for smiles instead of irritation, and causes, after all, two rays of hope to shine forth where there was formerly but one. For there is a wholesome humor in the man's dissection of human motives such as can emanate only from an unselfish soul.

We have struck the keynote: unselfishness. An unselfish patriot is a statesman; a selfish one is a politician. Paul Abel, Gustav Wied's hero, is an "author and schoolteacher". Married to Esther Hamann whose father is a petty government official, he has every thinkable chance to see how the "men of principle" — the original title of the comedy was "Men of Will-Power" — connive to live on rather than for the Fatherland. He reaches the point, partly as the result of a "radical" book he has written, where his wife says she loves him though she does not like him. She and her people care in truth about as much for him as a highly paid chef cares for toadstools. He is placed in jail, because of his "dangerous" teachings. He has a few weeks of unreserved revivification while in the institution. He receives an offer from Mrs. Kluver to become editor in chief of "The Conservative" at a salary of way over 5,000 Danish crowns per annum. Father-in-law Hamann sneaks into his cell to patch up affairs between him and Esther. Naturally: the "radical" now receives a pay envelope every Saturday. With the last curtain, Paul and Esther march off ensemble while a messenger brings in a basket of flowers for Paul from Miss Lustig, a lady of the demimonde. Paul will fit into a scheme of imbecile pretense when "$2 \times 2 = 5$".

From first to last it is a charming slice of dramatic life — kindly, sprightly, captivating as a play of wits and reassuring in its teachings. It is one of those plays that will keep the audience in a constant ripple of laughter rather than cause it to alternate between spells of tedium and outbursts of guffaws. There is amusement even in the stage directions: "The action takes place in Copenhagen before the present time; nowadays people are, of course, entirely different." The translation is good.

It is a pity that this cannot be said of the translation of "The Sentry and Other Stories", for this is the first of

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Nicolai Semyonovitch Lyeskov to have been done into English. But even so, the titular story I regard as a remarkable portrayal of life in Russia under the Czars, just as the three stories that follow reveal a psychology that is beyond the control of American short story writers as I know them.

Only the other day, Hilaire Belloc brought out a good volume entitled "The Pyrenees". It is intended as a guide and nothing more. Now comes this marvelous "Tale of the Pyrenees" by the late Loti. He who has read them both knows those mountains that separate France from Spain. Pierre Loti has written a love story of infinite charm at the same time that he has given a picture of the Pyreneans that draws the reader on and lifts him up.

Ramuntcho, the hero, illegitimate son of the deserted Franchita, smuggler and tennis champion, would marry Gracieuse, daughter of Dolores, foe of Franchita. During his three years of service with the marines, Dolores thrusts her lovely daughter into the convent in order to save her from Ramuntcho. The plan is a success. Its execution, however, put an abrupt end to a romance such as only a genius of Loti's quality could conceive. It gave him, too, an opportunity to reveal once more his matchless skill in colors. "A Tale of the Pyrenees" is a beautiful one and it has been beautifully translated.

This is not the place to enter into a formal discussion of Professor Bickersteth's "Leopardi". The work is too great for brief comment. For the "writers" of today, however, it contains a lesson of vast import: this translation brings out the basic and tremendous difference between the highest type of academic work, and all other types of work high, higher, and highest. If one of our scribacious champions of the younger generation were to be approached with the request to do a piece of work of this nature he would admit, in the first place, if honest, that he could not do it, and decline to undertake it in the second place, if honest, on the ground that it would entail too much work: 134 big pages of scholarly introduction, 117 pages of excellent metrical translation, 117 pages of Italian text, and 176 pages of erudite and illuminating notes. In the time required to do this piece of sound scholarship, published in a single volume, one of our most gifted youngsters could turn out at least ten volumes!

But oh the immortal glory that attaches to a work like this! Leopardi was the junior of Byron by ten, of Shelley by six, and of Keats by three years. In the year of his birth, 1798, Wordsworth and Coleridge published their "Lyrical Ballads". He himself was the greatest Italian poet of his time, and if there have been greater at any time it was due, in a measure, to external and contemporaneous causes. Moreover, Leopardi himself was a philologist of unquestioned repute, and one of the most brilliant translators known to the world since the days of the late Mediæval Humanists. He calls for treatment at once scholarly and sympathetic, thorough without pedantry, complete without repetition. This he has received at the hands of Geoffrey L. Bickersteth. His is literally a "finished" work. So far as the translation of verse is concerned, this is easily the book of the season.

Lyeskov opens his story entitled "The Toupee Artist" with a confession: He confesses that it was "the celebrated American author, Bret

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Harte", who called his attention to the fact that there are artists "who work on the dead; they impart to the faces of the deceased various consoling expressions that testify to the more or less happy state of their departed souls."

In this there is infinite suggestiveness: Who would have believed that the Russian Lyeskov, born in 1831, had been influenced by Bret Harte? But so it goes — this interplay of minds, this transfusion of fancy — when and if the translator, the least esteemed of all men who write, is allowed, to say nothing of being encouraged, to ply his humble trade.

Lyeskov remarks that, according to Bret Harte, an artist could give an expression of "calmness", or of "exalted contemplation", or of "the beatitude of the direct intercourse with God". It is even so with the impressions made by foreign writers. There radiates, somehow, an unmistakable calm from Lyeskov despite his social agitation; there is exalted contemplation in Pierre Loti; and there is evidence of direct intercourse with God in Leopardi with all his ill health, passion, distrust, unrest, death — and genius. Indeed even Gustav Wied makes faces over: he makes them appear in their true light. And he does it with a smile that is contagious.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

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2 × 2 = 5. A Comedy in Four Acts. By Gustav Wied. Authorized translation by Ernest Boyd and Holger Koppel. Nicholas L. Brown.

The Sentry and Other Stories. By Nicolai Lyeskov. Translated by A. E. Chamot. With an Introduction by Edward Garnett. Alfred A. Knopf.

A Tale of the Pyrenees. By Pierre Loti. Translated from the French by W. P. Baines. Frederick A. Stokes.

The Poems of Leopardi. Edited with Introduction and Notes and a Verse-Translation in the Metres of the Original by Geoffrey L. Bickersteth. The Macmillan Co.

Notes from France

AN inquiry has been started by the poet Tristan Derême, writing in a Paris daily paper, on the subject of the "unknown masterpiece". Correspondents are required to name books published in the last half century which did not receive the attention that they deserved, and lie buried under a failure which is worse than the condition of the unpublished work. This has been an occasion for many to reexpress the view that no masterpiece *can* remain very long undetected. It has also afforded an easy chance to point out which masterpieces actually *did*. One of these is the posthumous book of poems by Emmanuel Signoret (Mercure de France, about 1910) which contains some of the most perfect stanzas ever written in French — and which very few people know, although it was prefaced and presented by André Gide.

Another inquiry, led by Henri Rambaud and Pierre Varillon ("Enquête sur les Maîtres de la Jeune Littérature", published by Bloud and Gay), seems to prove that the influences of Barrès, Maurras, and Bourget have been paramount in the formation of young French writers. It is true, at any rate, for those who belong to "la droite", the conservative wing.

A book which I have found pleasure in reading, and which should be recommended to travelers, visitors of France from abroad, is "Pour Comprendre les Paysages de France", by F. Maurette (Hachette). There is, by M. Brotails, "Pour Comprendre les Monuments de France" in the same collection. The extreme variety of French landscapes makes this subject a particularly rich one. The author addresses an audience supposed to be

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without any previous knowledge of geology or geography; his work — in the shape of a convenient little handbook — is profusely illustrated. It takes up first the structure of the ground, then the description of the sea coasts and rivers; then it studies the vegetation, in relation to the climate and to man; and finally, the villages, cities, roads, and industrial aspects of the landscape; thus beginning with the natural primitive data, ending with the latest human interventions.

The subject of "Chez Nous", by Joseph de Pesquidoux (Plon), is not so very different. French country life and the ways and manners of animals — the bee, the eel, the hawk — are the substance of these twenty stories, whose charm may not be felt by city dwellers, but will reach easily into the memories and sensations of him who has lived in the woods, on a farm, or by the sea.

More on the same subject. (The season induces me to insist.) Louis Pergaud, the author of "De Goupil à Margot", who was killed in the war, wrote a number of stories now gathered under the title "La Vie des Bêtes" (Plon). There is also "Sturly", which is the captivating biography of a sturgeon.

If we turn back to human geography, we find two recent books, concerned respectively with the problem of the French Near East and with the racial difficulties in French North Africa. "Le Chemin de Damas", by Jérôme and Jean Tharaud, has Syria as its setting, and "Le Choc des Races", by Charles Géniaux, is a dramatic story of French, Italian, Moslem, Jewish, and Maltese rivalries in Tunisia.

A more serene impression will result from the reading of the "Florilège des Poèmes Song", a Chinese anthology of poems written between the tenth and thirteenth centuries, and translated by George Soulié de Morant for the foreign collection published by Plon under the direction of Charles Du Bos. Very few poems from that period seem to be known in translation (Arthur Waley included three in his book of Chinese poems, and so did Judith Gautier in her "Livre de Jade"). The effort of recent translators, like Witter Bynner, is concentrated on earlier periods, if I am not mistaken. While these earlier works were mostly written in regular quatrains, the Song poems are in irregular verse — very far, though, from being "free" verse, as they obey numerous laws of metre, rhyme, and parallelism of image. This "new" movement was initiated by Tsin Kuan and the poetess Li-Tsing-Chao; in his preface, the translator further says that Sou She was the greatest in that period; after him rank Chu Si, Njen Yang Sin, and the poetess Chu-Shu-Chen. The translation is very literal, and reproduces the melancholy of the old Chinese civilization about to disappear under the bloody onslaught of the Mongols. It was in 1276 that they took the Chinese capital, the sumptuous city of Rang Cheon — Marco Polo was a witness — and probably in the same year that Wang Chong wrote the poem which figures last in this book; a poem which has a tragic actuality for Europeans of our age:

Will shields and lances never be laid down? What could I do that I might ignore them?
No work of mine has been brought to perfection, and yet my hair is white.
.....
I shall go to the mountains, and I shall be drunk for thousands of days,
To the point of insensibility — until we reach the Time of the Great Peace!

PIERRE DE LANUX

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New Moons for Old

AN amazing book in every sense is "Der Vorstoss zu Nahen Sternen" (Pushing up to the Nearer Planets) by Herman Oberth (Verlag R. Oldenbourg, Munich). A tremendous scientific project is here unfolded, based upon four laws:

1. Present mechanical developments permit of machines being built which can rise higher than the outer reaches of the earth's atmosphere.

2. A slight further development will permit such machines to attain velocities which — once they are immersed in ethereal space — will keep them from falling back upon the earth, and permit them to overcome gravity.

3. Such machines can be constructed in a way that will allow human beings (probably without injury to health) to travel upward in them.

4. Under certain conditions the construction of such machines would become profitable. The development of these conditions may be expected in the course of the next decade.

All this Oberth proceeds to prove by cold blooded algebraic engineering and chemical formulæ, and by clear cut engineering plans and designs. The book is intriguing and opens tremendous vistas, outdoing Verne and Wells, and adhering entirely to the scientific possibilities. Oberth proves that the earth will be able in turn to hoist new satellites into space which will circle about it like new moons — picture, for example, a huge mirror, composed of an iron network filled with glass — this artificial sun acting as a radiator and reflector of heat upon the polar regions, etc! All in cold blood — and all backed up by designs and formulæ. New worlds for old — new lamps for old! The book has not by any means been universally scoffed at.

A number of interesting new biographies have appeared, foremost an autobiography, that of the sixty year old Hermann Bahr, known outside Germany principally as the author of that successful comedy "Das Conzert". Bahr, who has written many an April play of smiles and tears, recently furnished the explanation of the mystic vein in his later work by becoming a Roman Catholic. In his reminiscences he dwells with particular pleasure upon the sunny days of his childhood, his happy school days, his first literary enthusiasms. These are followed by other charming pictures, memories of youthful ardors in Vienna, Berlin, Paris — and a pleasant if not very deeply psychological or exhaustive life story hurries to its end. The "Autobiography" is published by S. Fischer, Berlin.

Two musical biographies appealing to entirely different publics appear at once. The faithful adorers of Mozart may read "Mozart, His Life, His Personality, His Work" by Arthur Schurig (Insel Verlag, Leipzig), with twenty-two illustrations and three facsimiles. The name of Schurig, well known as a brilliant translator from the French, is a guarantee that the work is written with understanding and feeling. It is general in its appeal; not only the Mozart specialist or the technically musical, but all who have a soul for music will enjoy the book.

Opposite in subject as could well be is the biography of Erich Wolfgang Korngold, by Rudolf St. Hoffmann (Stephanson Verlag, Vienna). Korngold is only twenty-five, and yet he has amid storms of passionate denial and approbation finally achieved a position so secure in modern music that the time is ripe for just such a thoughtful study of the young man

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and his work. Hoffman claims for his hero that his fame is founded not upon the modernism which has aroused so much dissension, but upon his essential and vital gift of music making.

Two biographies of Goethe are being well spoken of. One by Georg Witkowski, slurring lightly over the well known historical facts of Goethe's life, aims at being a spiritual biography tracing Goethe's line of development, in a sense a scientific biography, treating of Goethe as a natural phenomenon rather than as a living author. Karl Heinemann's "Goethe" is a book of hero worship after Carlyle's heart, excellently done. The same author publishes a delightful piece of hero worship along a side track—"Goethe's Mother", in which this very human and lovable woman is portrayed with reverent hand as the blessed mother of Germany's most honored national poet. All three books are published by Alfred Kröner, Leipzig.

A peculiarly fascinating volume on a branch of psychology is "Psychologie der frühen Kindheit" by William Stern (Verlag Quelle und Meyer, Leipzig). The author's wife kept exact diaries of the mental and moral development of her children, and her husband has given the results a scientific form. A truly remarkable book, and indispensable to all students of child nature.

It is natural enough that a people in the present situation of the Germans should be prone to turn to history for consolation; but one wishes that they would not invariably turn to the same period and to the same man; it would seem that the only period which they find of sufficient importance to treat historically is the age of Frederick the Great. The reader, with astonishment and a sigh, discovers that a book with the misleading title "Geschlagen, Deutsche Tragödie in Sieben Stationen" (Defeated, German Tragedy in Seven Stations) (Seifert, Stuttgart), is not an epic play of the recent war, but one more Frederick the Great drama, with General Winterfeldt and Prince Wilhelm and Prince Heinrich and the army before Kolin, all according to pattern. But the book is worthy of attention, for its author is Hans Franck, whose "Godiva", played at the National Theatre in Berlin last year, attracted much notice. Then there are most interesting historical sidelights, such as the little revelations of Prince Heinrich's weaknesses made by the gruff old Winterfeldt. (It is doubtful, though, whether they would have been made to a common soldier, as Franck has it.) The psychological study of Prince Wilhelm, evidently the problem which initially engaged Franck, is well worked out, and the drama would doubtless be effective enough in practice, were the stage not saturated with the Frederick motive.

Ferdinand von Rayski, an artist of gentle birth, spent his days in pleasant travel from one nobleman's castle to another, painting family portraits, more because the sitters preferred an artist belonging to their own circle than because his great talent was recognized. Otto Grautoff, the distinguished critic, has now published a comprehensive study of the works of von Rayski, and assigns him a high place among the painters of his time. The book, splendidly written and richly illustrated, is published by the Grotesche Buchhandlung, Berlin.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

Believing that clubs will welcome an outline which combines range of subject with an authoritative understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to present for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series are: I. Contemporary American Fiction (see THE BOOKMAN *for October, November, December, January); II. Contemporary American Poetry (see* THE BOOKMAN *for March, April, May, June, July, August); III. Contemporary American Drama; IV. The Short Story. After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.*

The BOOKMAN *programs are formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, diplomat and literary critic; Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of literature, General Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of the New York "Evening Post"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist; and Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the fine arts committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

IN presenting a study program of present day drama in America, the committee has met several difficulties. In the first place, there are innumerable dramatists whose work should be examined for an understanding of the real theatre of America. Though they may have written only one play, they indubitably belong in any such study list. In the second place, how should these dramatists be divided? As writers of comedy, of tragedy, of poetic drama? This we tried; and found it far from satisfactory. Alphabetical arrangement brought many a dull program. The older dramatists; the younger dramatists? The women; the men? These did not give us enough variety. The result is that the arrangement has been purely arbitrary. In each group presented we hope that you will find an interesting afternoon's study.

A word of warning. Many clubs when they study the drama are likely to stick closely to what is generally known as "closet" drama, often historical or poetical dramas by intellectuals of one sort or another whose plays have seldom been produced with success. These plays often deceive, because they are written in the spirit and according to the model of classical drama. We urge you not to sniff at the commercial theatre. It is, after all, the root of drama. If you would understand the technique of the theatre, you must know Avery Hopwood and George M. Cohan as well as Eugene O'Neill and Percy MacKaye.

For each of the following dramatists we give a selected list of his published plays, as well as the names of easily procurable books and magazine articles dealing with him and his work. As a general bibliography the following books are suggested:

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CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN DRAMA

Committee: Kenneth Macgowan, Chairman; Owen Davis, Jesse Lynch Williams, Alexander Woollcott.

First Group

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

As a Man Thinks. DUFFIELD. Included also in *Modern American Plays.*
The Witching Hour. FRENCH.
The Copperhead. Included in *Longer Plays by Modern Authors.*
Arizona. DRAMATIC PUBLISHING CO.

Often called "the dean of American dramatists", Augustus Thomas at present occupies an exceedingly powerful position in theatrical circles as executive chairman of the Producing Managers' Association. He has written some of the most carefully constructed and powerful dramas of the old school of playwriting. He understands the drama thoroughly. A combination of rugged characterization, gentle humor, and a sense of how to mingle the sentimental and the dramatic, gave him his greatest successes. His autobiography, "The Print of My Remembrance", is well worth study, both as a delightful personal revelation and as a sidelight on American life and the American theatre during the last half century.

Augustus Thomas was born at St. Louis, Missouri, in 1859. His father was the director of a theatre in New Orleans. He began to write plays as a boy and organized an amateur company to act them. His life, however, has not been entirely devoted to the writing of plays. He was both a journalistic writer and illustrator. He studied law, worked on railroads, and was a page in Congress. He is well known as a humorist and a graceful after dinner speaker. A dignified figure, both as a man and as a playwright.

"Mr. Thomas is at present the undisputed leader of our stage. He has served a long apprenticeship in the theatre and has attained a technical mastery of means in which he stands unrivalled by any other American author. At the same time, he has gradually grown from a mere man of the theatre to a public and serviceable citizen. He has thought out an orderly and consistent philosophy of life which, while neither novel nor profound, is healthy and manly, optimistic and encouraging; and in his later plays he has employed his mastery of theatric narrative to expound and to illustrate his philosophy. Alone among our playwrights he seems to have a message; and we go to his plays not only to admire their facile and accom-

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plished craftsmanship but also to hear what Mr. Thomas has to say about this or that phase of human nature. He has a definite purpose and a definite personality; and thereby he has won for himself a definite following among theatre-goers." — *Clayton Hamilton,* BOOKMAN, June, 1911.

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OWEN DAVIS

The Detour. LITTLE, BROWN.
Icebound. LITTLE, BROWN.

No American today, probably, is so well versed in the ways of the theatre as is Owen Davis. He has written, literally, over a hundred plays, many of them great popular successes. They range from the most violent of melodramas, and such titles as "Cupid at Vassar" and "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model", to this year's Pulitzer Prize play, "Icebound". At his best he writes simply and movingly of simple people. I can think of no American play that so ably gives us the spirit of New England as does "Icebound".

Owen Davis was born at Portland, Maine, in 1874. He attended both the University of Tennessee and Harvard. Since 1898 he has been engaged in playwriting. Before that, he was for a time an actor in a stock company. He lives for most of the year in New York City with his wife and family.

"In designing my plays, I have never taken my characters from real life. They have all been born of the hazy, indefinite pictures that chanced to come into my mind. In drawing up the events that followed these characters I have never depended upon the actual truth as I saw it. To me the stage, even in a modern play, should be colored with some tinge of romance and these events should properly be a little more highly colored and a little more frequent in their happenings than the events of real life. I have a great respect for the drama of the common-place, but what talents I have are adapted to the description of the unusual rather than to the happenings of everyday life." — *Owen Davis,* AMERICAN MAGAZINE, September, 1914.

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Why I Quit Writing Melodrama. AMERICAN MAGAZINE, September, 1914.
The New Owen Davis. A. E. Krows. NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR, October 22, 1913.

EDWARD SHELDON

Romance. MACMILLAN. Included also in *Modern American Plays.*
The Garden of Paradise. MACMILLAN.
The Nigger. MACMILLAN.

At a remarkably youthful age Edward Sheldon wrote "Salvation Nell". He followed it with "The Nigger" and others. Then came his greatest success, "Romance", which Doris Keane played for something like ten years. Romantic and highly dramatic in tone, his plays often have real tragic power and a high type of fantasy.

Edward Sheldon was born at Chicago in 1886. He was graduated from Harvard in 1907, and spent a year there after his graduation studying playwriting with Professor George Pierce Baker. Of late years his writing has been greatly hampered by serious illness; but he is still living in New York City and working on plays.

"Whatever his deficiencies, remittent droll logic, poses and achromatism, whatever his odor of bookshelf adventure, this same Mr. Sheldon is so far in advance of the majority of men, young or old, writing for the stage in this country — so far ahead of them in the matter of scrivening skill, a courage honest so far as it goes, a willingness for native thematic exploration, that he may be forgiven much. The difficulty with Mr. Sheldon, however, is not that he is young . . . but that his viewpoint, instead of being analogously young and consequently vivid and sane and vital, is too often old — and consequently both ventriloquistic and erroneous." — *George Jean Nathan,* SMART SET, *April,* 1913.

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(Interview.) Ada Patterson. THEATRE MAGAZINE, April, 1911.

EUGENE O'NEILL

Moon of the Caribbees and Other Plays. BONI, LIVERIGHT.
The Hairy Ape, Anna Christie, The First Man. BONI, LIVERIGHT.
Beyond the Horizon. BONI, LIVERIGHT.
The Emperor Jones, Diff'rent, The Straw. BONI, LIVERIGHT.

Originally a writer of powerful realistic dramas which contain a distinct note of poetry, O'Neill has of recent seasons turned to a form somewhat approaching European expressionism. He is probably generally considered the finest playwright that America has yet produced. He has twice been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best American play of the season. Most of his plays are ironical tragedies, with what comedy there is in them of an extremely bitter tone.

Eugene Gladstone O'Neill was born at New York City, October 16, 1888. He was a son of James O'Neil, the romantic actor. He, himself, acted for a time on the vaudeville stage. He attended both Princeton and Harvard Universities. At the latter, he studied playwriting under Professor Baker. For a time he wandered from place to place engaging in various occupations. He was at sea for two years and learned to know ships and seaports, from which knowledge he draws much of the material for his plays. For the past few years, with his wife and family he has been living quietly at Provincetown, Massachusetts, in an old lighthouse converted into a home, writing his plays which from the first have been received magnificently by the critics and, of late, have been acclaimed by the public as well.

"Given a writer who betrays such close and naked contact with reality as does Eugene O'Neill, it is idle, or banal, to talk of optimism or pessimism. Conrad is ironical; Dostoyevsky is insurgent and anti-social; so is Balzac who poured out in rich abundance his vitriolic scorn of modern civilization. We have come to that point in the growth of language, if not in criticism, where the words *pessimism* and *optimism*, taken by themselves, are utterly bare of intrinsic value, like debased coinage. These expressions, apparently, stand for a muddled confusion of ideas. What we are more eager to learn about a writer who commands our interest and admiration, is whether or not he has clothed himself with a self-directed viewpoint. Perhaps universal vision is the more apt phrase. At all events, vision or viewpoint, it is born of the deepest impulses of human nature, starting up from the energized expression of the whole personality of the writer. I do not think that O'Neill has as yet achieved such a view of the sum of things; he has shown himself to be plastic and tentative, although his tentative period may well have stopped with 'The Emperor Jones', 'Diff'rent', and 'Gold'." — *Pierre Loving*, BOOKMAN, August, 1921.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

HERE are authors! It is fine to see them drifting back to town again. We find that our summer of writing and of editing without seeing many people has refreshed us. We are actually again glad to see people — and even an occasional author or two. There was Amy Lowell, who hopes to have her "Life of John Keats" finished by February and who has written meanwhile some new dramatic poems which are as brilliant — or more so — as anything she has ever done. There were Elinor Wylie and William Rose Benét, married to each other on the eve of publication of Mrs. Benét's new book, "Jennifer Lorn". There were Charles and Kathleen Norris, on their way to a winter's tour of Europe, and John Dos Passos but just returned from that far bourne. There was Anne Carroll Moore, who tells us that "New Roads to Childhood" is not a revision of her earlier book, "Roads to Childhood", but a brand new spick and span book of essays. She is most fortunate, indeed, this autumn, what with that and her Christmas story appearing. Have you seen Nicholas's map of New York which has been published in advance of the book and separate from it? It is well worth a glance and more. We encountered a whole string of Yale novelists — amazingly young Cyril Hume, with his florid complexion and flaming mustache, whose "The Wife of the Centaur" seems to us a far better book than "This Side of Paradise". And Meade Minnigerode, recovered from the publication of "The Seven Hills" and busily at work on a book dealing with the manners and customs of the last century. Arthur Hildebrand, whom we had never met before — tall, furrowed of face, quiet of manner. Doubtless he was just about to start for a voyage somewhere, but we didn't get a chance to ask him. There was young Thomas Chubb, returned from the far west and horseback riding, with the manuscript of a novel tucked under his arm, and Stephen Benét collaborating with us furiously on four plays, while the critics scan "Jean Huguenot" and various other persons find it shocking. How prolific these young people are!

The prize for this month's "Review of a Review" goes to Earl Daniels of Charleston, Illinois. Next month the reward for a three hundred word critique of some review or piece of criticism (not necessarily in THE BOOKMAN) will be a copy of Hugh Walpole's "Jeremy and Hamlet". Mr. Daniels has this to say:

> Three reviews, from "The New Republic", THE BOOKMAN, and "The Literary Review", — reviews of condemnation, laudation, and of the more non-committal middle ground respectively, — present typical attitudes toward Mrs. Wharton's novel; attitudes conditioned, one can but believe, by the reviewer's present feeling toward the war, and, so conditioned, leading to a shirking of the essential question, "How good a novel has Mrs. Wharton produced?"
>
> She could not produce a poor one. But if her opportunity be considered, the pitiful inadequacy of this performance is at once evident.
>
> Here was material for another "Ethan Frome" or a second "House of Mirth". Here was the essential Wharton stuff: weak humanity futilely beating feeble hands against the pitiless wall of the inevitable. One longed for the clean cut, relentless strokes of the objective, analytic artist, moved in her creating only by a beautiful, a relentless sincerity. One expected too the fine econ-

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omy, the sharp, stark presentation of character and situation. One had them in the opening chapters; and I shall never cease being grateful to Mrs. Wharton for that one perfect scene where Mr. Campton, in his son's room late at night, discovers that reservist card, and knows.

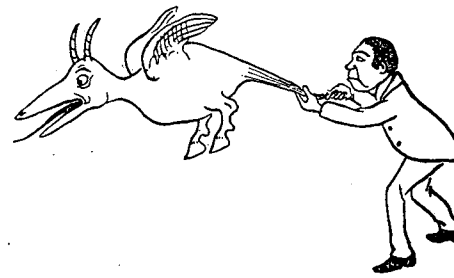
But. . .

After those gripping, gloriously satisfying opening chapters, Mrs. Wharton descends to all the banality of "The Marne", and in a welter of sentimentality, of feeling which one admires in the woman but deprecates in the novelist, she loses all — characters, story, yes, even her well nigh perfect style.

She has laid her tribute on the altar of her beloved France. One hopes she has purged her soul and is ready now to return from the bog of sentiment, in which she has too long been mired, to the writing of a novel worthy of all beautifully standing beside an incomparable "Ethan Frome" or "The House of Mirth".

Often the Gossip Shop has wondered if reviewers read the books they review. Light is perhaps thrown on the answer by a note in THE BOOKMAN'S Guide to Fiction, in the October number, wherein Henry James Forman's new novel, "The Enchanted Garden", is described as follows: "Young Brandon ships before the mast for adventure and settles into stodgy prosperity on a South Sea island." Not at all! Whitford (not Brandon) is quite unable to settle down. That's the whole point of Mr. Forman's story. He, by the way, is busy at his home at Redding Ridge, Connecticut, finishing a novel of the long, discursive type with many characters who keep coming and going in a highly agreeable but also highly distracting manner. We understand that Mr. Liveright has arranged to publish the travel narratives of Mr. Forman's which have been appearing in "Harper's Magazine" and is also to bring out a mystery novel by the author in his Red and Green series. Mr. Forman is one of the few Americans having a personal acquaintance with Rebecca West, whose visit to this side ought to be beginning as these lines see print.

Hilaire Belloc's "The Modern Traveller" is as whimsical a rhyme as we have encountered in some years. It is filled with droll fancies and the pic-



tures by B. T. B., as can be seen from the example herewith, are masterpieces of illusion. This excellent satire makes "The Cruise of the Kawa" seem a sorry attempt. We take the liberty of quoting the now historical incident as related by Mr. Belloc — how jolly if scientists were to follow his example.

Just north, I find, of Cape de Verd
We caught a very curious bird
  With horns upon its head;
And — not, as one might well suppose,
Web-footed or with jointed toes —
  But having hoofs instead.
As no one present seemed to know
Its use or name, I let it go.

Eleonora Duse is to appear in America. This remarkable woman, who is generally conceded to be the greatest of living actresses, has been the idol of Italy for years. Ethel Boileau, the English novelist, sends us the following appreciation of Duse:

It is sixteen years since "La Duse" has been seen in London. It is sixteen years since I have seen her and her art which has passed beyond the earthly and takes us into

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the realm of an eternal and absolute beauty. And in those sixteen years that great artist has lost not one essential thing. Age may have touched her but only to make her beauty more poignant, more lacerating, more absolutely spiritual in quality. Not one marvel of line or gesture has been blurred or marred — the cadence, the inflection of that unforgetable voice remains as clear and as exquisite, as individual as it was. Of all the great actresses I have seen — and I have seen many — Duse stands out as the one above all who remains supremely unconscious of her audience. Never for one moment does she act — create an effect. She *is;* and she lives the part in a manner peculiarly her own, she creates from within, never from without. There is no sign of artifice, no deliberate creating of an effect — a situation. The spirit of life moves upon the face of the water. The spirit of creative life shines through her face. In her we see art transfigured, sublimated, carried to transcendent regions of the soul before being given bodily expression. But she is never superhuman — rather is she the very essence and symbol of humanity — the soul of woman incarnate, tortured, suffering, mystical. She carries with her a strange sacramental quality and lifts her audience with her to heights of spiritual beauty. High upon the Cross of Life we see that beautiful body crucified — agonized, suffering. In "Cosi Sia" she draws blood from our hearts with her cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Here the very agony of the passion of womanhood is laid bare before us. And what shall I say of her hands, those marvelous hands. "The 'voix d'or' of Bernhardt — the hands of Duse." They are the most wonderful, the most expressive hands in the whole world, hands of beauty and wonder — each movement a cadence, each touch a caress. They are hardly ever still — and they are never restless. They are a reflection of Duse's mind and heart. They speak — they have their own language, their own words — slim, exquisite, nervous with passion they take hold of our hearts, and do with them what they will — tear them — rend them — soothe them — caress them. They have a strange and subtle power. They have the beauty of white butterflies in flight — the rhythm of a perfect harmony — they melt and blend with each exquisite movement of her body. And they have the strength of steel, the vibrant force of elemental passion. They speak, they hear, they demand — they cajole — they shudder — they reject — they love — they yearn. — And they pray. They are beauty incarnate — and they tell their story without need of words. There have been great actresses in the past — there are a few, a very few now — there will doubtless be many in the dim future — but I think there will be only one Eleonora Duse — that haunting mystery of beauty and eternal womanhood.

Phyllis Bottome, whose "The Dark Tower", "The Kingfisher", and — most recently — "The Victim and The Worm" have made her widely known in this country, is here on her first visit since she was a girl of fourteen. She is with her husband, Captain Ernan Forbes-Dennis. After a short stay with Mrs. Forbes-Dennis's uncle, Harry H. Bottome, in West Orange, they have come into Manhattan as a base for visits to Washington and other cities. There is also material to be gathered and there are impressions to be got and memories to be corrected for a novel which Phyllis Bottome has long had in mind and which requires an exact atmosphere in its American scenes.

Edward Payson Dutton died on September sixth at his country home in Ridgefield, Connecticut. He was nearly ninety-three years old, and for almost three quarters of a century was a dominant figure in the publishing and bookselling world. He was born in Keene, New Hampshire. His life was an active one. As a result of his interest in education and in religion, his publishing ventures have always been characterized by a serious regard for the welfare of mankind. His list has included some of the most distinguished titles from English, American, and European libraries. A strong and purposeful, a gentle and an upright figure in the annals of American publishing. His death preceded by a day that of William Roscoe Thayer. Mr. Thayer was an overseer of Harvard University, long a student of international affairs, and the biographer of Theodore Roosevelt.

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The advent of any talented amateur to the New York stage is an event which the innocent bystander watches with much curiosity. Robert C. Benchley has *not* foregone his regular duties as dramatic critic of "Life" to appear in "The Music Box Revue".

Robert C. Benchley

He continues to attend first nights, vanishing only a few moments to dash to "The Music Box", appear before the curtain, do his bit, and return to his first night, just like that! From a psychological standpoint, this experiment of Irving Berlin's was an interesting one to us. Benchley's gift is one of ability to put across rather intimate satire. We wondered, therefore, how he would appear in the same revue with the veteran Frank Tinney. His satirical "Treasurer's Report", the financial statement of a country church, might be completely lost, we feared, amid the roar and tinsel of one of our most lavish entertainments. Yet it was not so. The audience (about seventy-five per cent of it) found Mr. Benchley quite as amusing as Mr. Tinney. The rest of it didn't understand him at all — but, after all, that last twenty-five per cent of duds must be reckoned with in any theatre. Even they, we fancy, go away pretending to have laughed at "Life's" talented critic because it is the thing to do. All in all, young Mr. Benchley's venture into the legitimate drama is a happy one. What we want to see now is Heywood Broun, Marc Connelly, and Bob Benchley doing a three sister act. This we recommend heartily to the thoroughly ambitious producer who is brave enough to attempt getting them all together at the same time every night.

The massive elevator starter at the Grand Central Palace looked grave when we asked him to direct us to the Women's Activities Exhibit. "Women are always active", he mused evasively. . . . We turned our face then toward the Hotel Commodore, where we found the Exhibit safely lodged. Just why it was labeled "Women's Activities" we are at a loss to know, for such affairs as Muscle Shoals (which crops up mysteriously in exhibits of every variety) surely are not woman's preserve. On the other hand, we grieved at the absence of the usual demonstrators of potato peelers and stain removers. However, we were captivated by a charming lady who assured us that with a little practice we should be able to master the intricacies of "The One Hour Dress". Next we were initiated into the mysteries of the voting machine by an officer of the League of Women Voters. We tried unsuccessfully to deflect the attention of Ruth

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Hale from an earnest youth to whom she was expounding the principles of the Lucy Stone League. And with a brotherly nod to literature — represented by "Good Housekeeping", "Pictorial Review", "Life", and a circulating library — we made for the fastness of the Hartford Lunch.

F. Gardner Clough is a gentleman working on a morning newspaper at Kingston, New York, where he is taking placement training under the Veterans' Bureau, as a result of war disability. Clough has sent us a little booklet he wrote about the artists' colony and other features of Woodstock, New York. We find it pleasant to contemplate such quiet environs as we write the Gossip Shop. Only *think* of a place like this!

"Oh, I'm vulgarly healthy", answered an artist to his enquiring friend who had just arrived for the annual heyday. To watch the joyous and exhilarating actions of the newly acclimated in Woodstock is a real treat. To let the beard grow, make love in the moonlight, dance to the intoxication of hootch or sex, or yet other shocking pastimes, is to gladden the heart of the onlooker, unless he be ill or old. Outside, the world is all too stern, and here are moods, no less changeable than those of nature herself.

Offers of literary prizes fall thick and fast this autumn. The Laird Extension Institute is conducting a "finish the plot" contest. Ten prizes, amounting in all to fifty dollars, are offered. Anyone may compete who is eighteen years or over and who asks for the Institute's Free Book and particulars of Dr. Richard Burton's course in short story writing. The contest closes November 20. "The American Boy" has initiated an entertaining series for which the magazine offers one hundred dollars in cash prizes monthly. It is a series of "Masked Stories", stories published anonymously, with new titles and illustrations.

Beginning in October, "The American Boy" will publish *four of the best short stories ever written*, one in each of four successive numbers of your magazine. As each story is published you do this: First, write down the title and author *(sounds* easy). Next, tell why you like the story — in a way that will make Bill Brown ache to read it. Then send to "The American Boy" what you have done, and watch the mails to find out whether you've won that month the top plum prize of $50, or one of the twenty-one other prizes.

Two thousand dollars in cash, to be known as the Charles Boardman Hawes prize, is offered by the Atlantic Monthly Press for the manuscript of a story of adventure, preferably not less than sixty thousand words, to be sent to the Atlantic Monthly offices between September 1, 1923, and October 1, 1924. Charles Boardman Hawes, author of three books of adventure on the high seas, "The Mutineers", "The Great Quest", and "The Dark Frigate", died suddenly last July, at the age of thirty-four. The Atlantic Monthly Press offers this prize "in recognition of his fine work, and in the hope of discovering another author sufficiently gifted to succeed to Mr. Hawes's place as a writer of adventure stories". Leland Stanford Kemnitz of Detroit offers, through the Bookfellows, a prize of one hundred dollars for the best sonnet or group of sonnets submitted before April 1, 1924. The judges will be John Erskine and William Griffith of New York, the former professor of English literature at Columbia University and president of the Poetry Society of America, and the latter editor of "Current Opinion". There are no restrictions as to the number of poems that may be submitted by each contestant. Preference will be given to the work

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of those whose verse has less frequently been placed before the public. The prize winning sonnet and such others as may, with the consent of the authors, be chosen for that purpose, will be published in book form in manner worthy of the contents. The Bookfellows hope to make this prize and plan of publication an annual event in order to encourage poetic effort and especially to discover and bring out worthy work that has not received deserved recognition. The award of Harper and Brothers for the best first novel submitted to them was made to Margaret Wilson for her "The Able McLaughlins", another realistic novel of small town life, which is said to deal with the problems of a small community in a somewhat more human fashion than many other current tales.

American scholarship has not lagged so far behind that of Europe as might be supposed in the field of inquiry into the nature and history of particular types of religion. English monumental works of this character are the well known Cheyne-Black "Encyclopædia Biblica" and Hasting's "Dictionary of the Bible" and "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics". From Germany came the "New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge". America has produced "The Jewish Encyclopædia", in twelve volumes (1902), and "The Catholic Encyclopædia", sixteen volumes (1913). Both are examples of scholarly work not inferior to the foreign productions. Now there is a new undertaking, comparable in every way to its predecessors. This is "The American Encyclopædia of Christianity", to be in twelve volumes of a million words each. To secure the publication of this work is the first activity of a new religious educational body incorporated as the Institute for the Advancement of Christian Knowledge, an organization of representatives of the twelve leading Protestant denominations. The publisher will be Robert Appleton, a member of the family of publishers of that name, but not at this time connected with the firm of D. Appleton and Company. Mr. Appleton, who has had a long and varied publishing experience, was the publisher of the very successful "Catholic Encyclopædia".

We are amazed to hear of a lady who went to a New York department store courageously carrying a copy of THE BOOKMAN. She advanced boldly to a counter, made a selection, and then decided that she wanted to start a charge account. "Have you any identification?" the manager asked solemnly. She could find nothing. He eyed THE BOOKMAN thoughtfully. "I guess you're all right!" was the result. Here, gentle reader, is a new use for the familiar blue cover. We are thinking of employing it ourself. We wonder if it would have been of service the other evening on the sidewalk of Lexington Avenue near our house, where we were mangled in the crowd listening to the radio news of the Dempsey-Firpo fistic encounter. We are sorry that we cannot give you a first hand account of that now historic struggle; we feel that for any real lover of literature not to understand efficiently a sport that would have so thoroughly delighted the heart of Charles Dickens, is a great error.

Last call for our "Children's Book Week Essay Contest". In answer to a number of inquiries, we are repeating the details of the competition: For the ten best essays written by boys or girls fifteen years or under, THE BOOKMAN offers ten prizes: first,

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twenty-five dollars in cash; second, ten dollars' worth of books; and one book each for the other eight. Two of the best essays received before October 15 will be published in the Christmas number. The announcement of prize awards and the first and second prize winning essays themselves will be published in the January number. The subject for this year will be "A Book Play". Who are the ten or twelve characters from books that you have read who would fit well into a play? Choose your characters and write a brief synopsis of the play, giving some of the dialogue if you like. If this does not please you, write an essay or story on any subject you please, not necessarily connected with books — with life, with school or play or nature. Contributions must be not less than three hundred or more than eight hundred words in length, must be written in ink on one side of the paper only, must have name, age, and address of the contestant in the upper right hand corner, and be addressed to "Children's Book Week Essay Contest" in care of THE BOOKMAN. The statement of a parent or teacher vouching for the originality of the composition must accompany each paper. Manuscripts must be mailed to reach the BOOKMAN office not later than November 1.

We met Marguerite Wilkinson on a Fifth Avenue bus the other evening. She told us that she had just returned to town, that she had spent the summer months in doing everything but writing. This winter, she says, she will spend practically all her time working on a lengthy critical work. It will be the most complicated work she has thus far attempted, and when it is complete, she plans to rest for a year, travel and study. She is as gay as ever, and as firm in her manner and speech. We have never known a woman who seemed at once so gentle and so positive as Mrs. Wilkinson.

Marguerite Wilkinson

Perhaps that comes from constant association with a pedagogical husband. Her publishers tell us that "New Voices" sold more copies during the past year than in any other year since its publication. That must mean an increased interest in modern poetry, for which we say, "Hooray!"

Judging from the clothes we saw when we spent an afternoon shopping in New York, both autumn and winter arrived in September; but the only art exhibits we could find to visit were two summer ones that we had somehow overlooked. We were particularly glad to see again — at the Montross Gallery — a painting by Arthur Davies in which, with clouds, boats, choppy water, and lovely nudes, he catches the strange and restless atmosphere just before a storm. The exhibit at the Daniel Gallery was made

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doubly interesting by a kind man who explained some of it. We are most enthusiastic over modern art when someone explains it — it is only when we are all alone with it that the awing feeling comes that there are things far beyond our comprehension and appreciation. MacDonald Wright was particularly stimulating. Believing that the appearance of all form is made up by the effect of light, he sets down the sort of live and lovely colors one could study endlessly without exhausting their varied beauty. Looking down on the ocean from an upper window of a tall hotel in Atlantic City once gave us a new thrill — somehow we had never imagined the old thing from quite that point of view. Consequently we loved Marin's exquisite water color of a blue wave slipping up the beach, seen from a height. There were pleasurable pictures by Man Ray, Preston Dickinson, and others. And some by a Japanese artist who sees cows in a triangular form. Ignorance surely was bliss. We shall not have an easy moment until we go weekending in the real country and find out just what is *our* geometrical reaction.

We have been attending theatrical entertainments so much of late that first nights begin to look to us like almost any other night, and we are quite likely to fall fast asleep after the opening act. However, at the first night of "The Lullaby" we saw Frank Crowninshield in a box (Mr. Knoblock's box we think); Helen Gahagan, and William A. Brady, Jr. (he was then rehearsing her in "Chains" and yet they were on speaking terms); Eva Le Gallienne and Mercedes de Acosta with a gentleman we did not recognize; Avery Hopwood looking most nonchalant; and, oh yes! — a lady and her two daughters! Mysterious! We have seen this same lady and her two daughters everywhere we have happened to be for the last month. We have made inquiries, to no avail. Perhaps it is Mrs. Atherton's Countess Zattiany. Who knows? At the first night of "The Crooked Square" we recognized few persons. Mrs. Harris was there, quite naturally, and Fannie Hurst and her husband. Miss Hurst looks exactly the same as she did before she indulged in the realistic reaches of "Lummox". At the first night of Mitzi in "The Magic Ring" there was spry Charles Pike Sawyer of the New York "Evening Post"; our favorite banker (who is also a member of the Lambs' Club) in a box; B. A. Tompkins; and Dr. Joseph Collins, looking for all the world as though he found looking at Mitzi quite as inspiring as looking at literature. Alas, we succumbed to a luncheon at the Hotel Algonquin this month! It is a rare indulgence for us. There we saw John V. A. Weaver, returned from his sojourn in the south and looking most healthy and happy, Carl Van Vechten and the dark Fania Marinoff, Percy Waxman of "Pictorial Review", Karl Harriman of "The Red Book", Heywood Broun, Alexander Woollcott, our own Stanley Rinehart, Jr., and scattered decoratively about numerous ladies of the chorus and cinema whom we failed to recognize.

We have seen something of the author of "Through the Wheat", Thomas Boyd, lately. With his wife, Woodward Boyd, whose novel, "The Love Legend", is pleasantly remembered, he was spending several weeks in New York. They have now sailed for Europe, where they expect to be moving about most of the winter. Both were reticent about The Next Novel, but this is a form of Lane Bryantism usual

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to authors. Thyra Samter Winslow, the etcher of the pictures in "Picture Frames", came over to the table to speak to Mary Rennels, of Cleveland, and gave a vivid description in a few strokes of the region where she lives. "It has no effect of reality", she said, "but seems to consist of those more or less pretentious houses painted on a backdrop. On Saturdays the men come home early and clothe them in knickers — superb tweed effects — but they don't play golf, or anything; they just appear in all their glory." We recognized the scene! John V. A. Weaver says that Keith Preston has pronounced funeral words over the Chicago literary group. An autopsy, says Weaver, revealed that Sherwood Anderson was writing oddities, Sandburg was writing juveniles, and Ben Hecht was busied with mystery yarns in exchange for threateningly large sums of money. *Hic jacet,* says Preston-Weaver. Speaking personally, Weaver tells the world that if he could be sure of a couple of thousand a year, he'd never write for money. It appears that he has been trying to convince Howard Vincent O'Brien, the able author of "Trodden Gold", of the necessity of giving up advertising for art. Mr. O'Brien, however, insists on continuing to serve two masters.

The New Hampshire coast is a place of much charm. The Library Association of that mostly mountainous state chose to hold its convention at Hampton Beach, in a surprisingly informal and hospitable hotel, Cutler's Sea View House. As always, we found that librarians know just a trifle more concerning books than any other variety of human being; we have an uncontrollable weakness for New England librarians, anyhow. There were a great variety of nice folk — the lady who remembered us as a baby; the lady who talked of motion pictures with great glee; the lady who took us for a motor ride and who considered us most inexpert because we couldn't keep our cigar lighted; the energetic president of the Association; and all the other delightful ladies and gentlemen who guard the destinies of reading in the land of the White Mountains. Then, there was Ralph D. Paine, who motored from Durham, New Hampshire, where he lives in peace and country quiet and writes his stories of boys and of the sea. We had never met the famous Yale oarsman, the writer of rousing stories, before. He is tall, gaunt, impressive, jovial. His autobiographical volume published last year, "Roads of Adventure", was a thoroughly delightful one. This autumn he has been working on the introduction and the editing of "The Spurious Memoirs of Li Hung Chang". The picturesque story of this literary forgery is one of the most interesting in literary annals.

We have heard of parents who discovered vipers in their family; but here is a new edition, a parent who finds not a viper, but a viper charmer, so to speak. Aline Kilmer has returned to town now after a summer spent in Woodstock, and is at work on a series of new poems. As she was sitting at her desk in the country one day, an adder dropped from somewhere onto her desk. She retreated into a corner, from which she watched its wrigglings. Suddenly, into the room came four year old Christopher Kilmer. Seeing the snake, he chortled with glee, and seizing it by the tail ran off in great delight to play. His mother, on another occasion, had taken a snake away from him, whereupon the young gentleman had remonstrated.

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"You see, Mother, you don't understand. I'm just as fond of green snakes as you are of apple pie!" We have always contended in these pages that the Kilmer children are the most perfect in the world (not even excepting our miracle cousin, Henry James). Now we know it. Even the vipers of the woodlands are as harmless birds in their hands.

The Pennell Club, Philadelphia's latest book club, has issued its second book, "An Heiress on Condition", by George Gissing, printed from an unpublished manuscript in the possession of one of its members, George J. C. Graberger. It is a handsome piece of work and will be sought by all Gissing first edition collectors. "The Whistler Bibliography", by Joseph Pennell, originally planned as the club's second book, has had publication postponed until later in this season.

By a curious chance we were in a London publisher's office the other afternoon when the proposal arrived from the late Maurice Hewlett's representatives that a collected edition of his writings be made almost immediately. The idea is an excellent one, for Hewlett was a big favorite in his time. To those of Harold Monro's customers who were curious enough (or rude enough) to peep through the inner door of his famous Poetry Bookshop into the little back parlor, Maurice Hewlett must have been as familiar in the flesh as he has been to most readers during the past thirty years. Whenever he came to town from the Salisbury manor house where he died, he was a daily caller at that Devonshire Street rookery of poets and poetasters. We have a vivid memory of the famous author of "The Forest Lovers" standing against a background of bookshelves from which he had taken down a volume. He loved to illustrate his vigorous argument with quotations, and often would his Van Dyke head light up with triumph, for the scholarship on which he could fall back for the confounding of a friendly antagonist in those battles among the books was remarkable. He taught himself Greek at a mature age, and the learning embodied in his romances and essays must have been tremendous. Our first meeting with him was at a Hawthornden Prize gathering in the Essex Hall, just off the Strand. He and Edmund Gosse had been invited to speak in support of the award of a hundred pounds to a young poet for what the adjudicators claimed to be the best imaginative work of that particular year. He seemed enormously pleased, even flattered, by the honor he sincerely believed the invitation to have conferred on him; for he had, strangely enough, fallen into a temporary neglect that was sharply emphasized by comparison with his previous popularity, when the very titles of his forty books gave the reader a sensuous thrill, especially "Earthwork out of Tuscany", "The Masque of Dead Florentines", "The Queen's Quair", and "Pan and the Young Shepherd". The last communication we received from him was a recent letter in reply to our congratulation on the spirited way he had disposed in a magazine article of a cynical attack on English village life, lately published in a volume, and strongly reminiscent of "Spoon River Anthology". Hewlett was a member of the Peasant Arts Fellowship, a curious society that flourishes moderately in England among the "æsthetes", and naturally he had strong opinions on the English peasantry. If the author of that cynical

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attack were to be believed, however, the aforesaid peasantry is an epitome of every kind of wickedness, without a single redeeming feature, and putting the so called "smart" section of fashionable society completely in the shade. "I am glad you approved of the drubbing", Hewlett wrote to us. "Mr. —— ought to be ducked in a village pond. He has been brought up in a bad school which sees nothing but its own sour image in the world. My hope is that he has not been read — and my fear that I may have caused him to be."

Somehow, when we have visited Chicago in the past, we have always missed meeting the thoroughly charming Henry B. Fuller, who now seems to us to be one of the most broad-minded, alert and humorous persons we've ever encountered. He is a small, quiet gentleman with white hair and keen eyes — surely a contrast to the rather burly, stalwart figure of Hamlin Garland at whose home we met Mr. Fuller. Mr. Fuller had just come from Chicago, Mr. Garland from London. Both were immensely interested in new developments in the literary world. Mr. Garland says that London has never been so cordial to Americans as it is now. He spent the entire summer there with his wife and family. His daughter, Mary Louise, is about to appear in Walter Hampden's company at the National Theatre. Both Mr. Fuller and Mr. Garland seemed a trifle upset at certain current literary tendencies (as are many of us), yet they both follow avidly the latest trends. Mr. Fuller reads "The Dial" every month (which is far more than we do for the cause of literature and art — more particularly, art). Mrs. Garland told us that Messrs. Fuller and Garland, those strongholds of American fiction — deans, so to speak, of American letters — were traveling not long since, in light palm beach cloth suits, on a Fifth Avenue bus. "Well", shouted the driver to them, "it's time for you to change buses, boys!" This greatly delighted both these staid literary gentlemen. We are hoping to keep Henry B. Fuller from retiring to the wilds of Chicago, where Ben Hecht is still making merry on the shores of Michigan.

We cannot refrain from printing the following letter, addressed to Robert Cortes Holliday. Quite bona fide, we assure you.

The Freshmen Civics classes of —— High School have been required to write a rather lengthy composition on "My Occupation", and I wish, if I may, to glean a little information from you. Your articles "The Practical Side of Writing" and others in THE BOOKMAN have brought about my writing to you.

My occupation is authorship. Is there more education necessary besides High School, and "schooling one's self"? If there is, where is it best to be gotten? What is the best way to advance?

I believe that too much "trash" is printed now, therefore lessening the demand for writers and poets. Am I correct in this belief? From my readings I have found that the age at which an author begins his career is indefinite, and that the age at which he retires is also indefinite. Is this correct?

It is required that a brief history be given. Would this not extend back before the art of writing was discovered, when stories and poems were handed down by word of mouth?

Illustrations, too, are difficult to procure. Could you inform me as to some magazine liberally illustrated with works of authorship?

Perhaps I have not adequately explained myself. I hope I have. I sincerely wish you could read or hear some of the numerous "works of art!" that will be turned in December first.

I shall be greatly pleased with any information you could send me. Thanking you for your kindness, I am

Yours respectfully,

MISS —— ——.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

ELMER MURPHY has been a Washington, D. C., newspaper correspondent for many years, and consequently intimately associated with political trends. COUNTÉE P. CULLEN is a twenty year old Negro poet. We first met him at a meeting of the High School Poetry Society of Greater New York. MARY AUSTIN is still in New Mexico at work on the series of articles soon to be published in "The Century", dealing with the cultures that have come to rest there. Unfortunately while down on the Mexican border earlier in the summer, Mrs. Austin picked up one of those mysterious maladies that seem to be part of Old Mexico's contribution to her neighbor on the north. After vain treatment at the hands of doctors she has resorted to aboriginal herb teas, with such good effect that she expects to be quite ready to take up the cudgels with anybody who finds matter for controversy in her forthcoming series in THE BOOKMAN on "How to Make the Most of Your Genius". MALCOLM COWLEY has returned from Paris to New York City, where he is one of the editors of "Broom". S. P. RUDINGER DE RODYEKO was formerly a major with the Chinese military forces. He lives now in New York City. SHAW DESMOND, the Irish author and lecturer, is the author of several novels and volumes of discussion and criticism. His latest work was "The Drama of Sinn Fein" (Scribner). JOHAN BOJER is now on a visit to this country, where he will deliver lectures. JULIUS MORITZEN is a frequent translator from the Scandinavian, and the author of the recent "Georg Brandes in Life and Letters". EDYTHE H. BROWNE has been studying for the past few years at Columbia University. She is a free lance writer and has made her specialty the interviewing of prominent people. BABETTE DEUTSCH and her husband Avrahm Yarmolinsky are now touring Europe. They plan to visit Germany, Russia, Italy, France, and England, collecting literary facts en route. LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS, the sandy haired sonneteer, has recently been in New York City; but we have lost track of him at the moment. KEITH PRESTON is the Chicago gentleman who doubles as Latin professor and "Daily News" colyumist. ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD, a monthly contributor to these pages, is teaching again this year at Randolph-Macon Woman's College in Lynchburg, Virginia. H. W. BOYNTON of Bristol, Rhode Island, is a critic and editor of many years' standing, and a contributor to many of the contemporary magazines and reviews. WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS, author of several novels including the recent "Family" (Stokes), is a resident of New Haven, Connecticut. He is a graduate of Yale University and was for a time a journalist in New York City. BURTON RASCOE, literary editor of the New York "Tribune", has been working for five years on a book of essays which — having been announced for publication innumerable times — is now said actually to be about to appear. STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT, the young poet and novelist, is at present writing short stories. His latest novel, "Jean Huguenot" (Holt), has just been published. WILLIAM MCFEE, having returned from voyaging, is busy on a new novel in his new home at Westport, Connecticut. RAYMOND M. WEAVER, of Columbia University, has for some time been at work upon a

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series of biographical sketches which will form a book to follow his "Herman Melville: Mariner and Mystic" (Doran). RUTH HALE, we hear, is planning to write a novel. Meanwhile, she is writing critical articles for the reviews and magazines. W. N. C. CARLTON, critic and essayist, is at present the librarian at Williams College Library. He has published several books and monographs. He tells us: "I have spent many pleasant evenings at the Café de la Rotonde, but without being convinced that the young men and maidens I saw there were having nearly as much fun as we 'men of the 1890's' had. They were so frightfully serious, we were so gloriously happy; they carried the burden of civilization on their bent and slender shoulders; we drank light wines and beer, stood on tables, and chanted Dowson's 'Cynara' and Symons's 'Nora on the Pavement'." HERBERT S. GORMAN has returned to New York City from the MacDowell Colony, where he spent the summer. His book of essays, "The Procession of Masks" (Brimmer), is on the fall lists, and he is occupied now, he writes us, with a novel which he has rewritten every year for the last three years. MAXWELL BODENHEIM'S newest collection of verse is "Against This Age" (Boni, Liveright).

From one of the young ladies of Westover School comes a missive concerning modern verse. Alice Lightner is her name, and we understand that she feels that too much free verse finds its way into our pages. She may be right. We, nevertheless, reprint hers:

WASTE WORDS

I turn the pages listlessly
And read
The myriad mumblings of our minstrelsy;
The words that they have writ,
The dreams and hymns
Of this generation.
How swift the years roll by!
Soon will we leave
Unto the judgment of the ages
These ringing songs:
"She stood in the garden
With the larkspur behind her
And full-blown roses in her arms.
Calm and serene,
Her voice across the grass
Was a little silver bell.
I would have kneeled down
At her feet."
"The man is sent to shovel off the snow
That lies, a carpet on the narrow walk.
He heaves with ease great shovelfuls aside
And throws it up in piles, now high, now low.
And when it's clear he'll go inside and talk
And drink his tea and snow will fall outside,"
"The grass grows fast, and weeds,
On the new-turned sod;
The evils
That we spent our life to hide
Are all forgotten;
The mist comes in
And all is lost in the cool tombs."
The pages flutter idly
In the evening breeze.
My mind goes back
To the nightingale that inspired
Keats.
And a distant whippoorwill
Laughs in the gloom,
"What have you done?"

The following quotation from the Harvard "Library Notes" strikes us as peculiarly interesting. Research work in the future will be greatly aided if the libraries of great students are kept intact as they themselves collected and arranged them.

Not the least gratifying feature of this gift is that the Library now has an important part of the library of each of the professors whose collaboration gave the Harvard Philosophical Department preëminence twenty years ago. Professor Palmer, happily still a frequent visitor to the building, transferred to the Treasure Room several months ago his first editions of philosophical writers which were not already in the Library. At the same time, Dr. Rand gathered the Library's copies of other philosophical first editions, which with Professor Palmer's gift are now shelved in one of the Treasure Room cases, making an impressive representation of this subject.

Professor Munsterberg's library was purchased soon after his death and presented to Harvard by a group of his friends, who also provided an interesting and characteristic book-plate designed by Fritz Endell. Professor Royce's collection of the works of Schelling was given by him to the Robbins Philosophical Library, which is under Dr. Rand's care in Emerson Hall, together with the annotated works used by him in his courses. Professor Santayana also gave to this Library various works by his colleagues which contain marginal criticisms of unusual value and sometimes of caustic content.

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WHO'S WHO AMONG DORAN AUTHORS

Frank Swinnerton

Here is the book and here comes the man! For years his American publisher — and his American readers — have tried to induce Frank Swinnerton to visit in person these United States in which the appreciation of his work has been greater, at least in sheer numbers, than in England. And at last he has been persuaded. Mr. Swinnerton arrives the middle of this month for a lecture tour that will take him throughout the country and last until the early part of 1924.

And now that his new novel, "Young Felix," has just been published, what a welcome he will receive! For "Young Felix" is being acclaimed pretty much everywhere as Mr. Swinnerton's finest and most successful book, as it is his longest and most ambitious novel. Only in the immortal "Nocturne," it is felt, has he come up to the level of "Young Felix" — and "Nocturne" was novelette rather than novel.

Mr. Swinnerton's two critical studies, "George Gissing" and "R. L. Stevenson," materially revised by him, are also receiving their first American publication this autumn. They show that remarkable critical faculty, joined to a very high skill in writing, which led the editor of the "Manchester Guardian" to invite him to write criticisms for that journal — the paper which, as Arnold Bennett says, "publishes the most fastidious and judicious literary criticism in Britain."

A new booklet, "Frank Swinnerton: Appreciations by Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells, with Biographical Particulars and Notes on His Books" with some suggestions for reading NOCTURNE, COQUETTE and YOUNG FELIX is now ready and may be had on request from Mr. Swinnerton's publisher. Ask for the Swinnerton Literary Club Programme. Inquiries about Mr. Swinnerton's lecture subjects and schedule may be addressed to his publisher.

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AMONG THE RELIGIOUS BOOKS

THE joyous and adventurous side of Christianity is illustrated in the chapters of "The Romance of Right Living" (Revell) by Amos R. Wells, editor of "The Christian Endeavor World". The themes discussed are the everyday experiences of everyday sort of folk, forming a stimulating volume of anecdotes and incidents of present day life. It is a readable book, absorbingly interesting. Mr. Wells has succeeded in making every page shine with the splendor of Christian optimism.

"Religion and Life" (Appleton) is a series of addresses on the foundations of personal religion by a group of English clergymen and a scientist: Dean William R. Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral, Professor David Cairns, Aberdeen, Reverend W. Fearon Halliday, Woodbroke, Bishop N. S. Talbot of Pretoria, Reverend W. H. Frere, Mirfield, and William Brown, M. D., University of Oxford. In these addresses, originally delivered to undergraduates at Oxford University, fundamental questions in regard to the relation of faith and reason, and the nature of God, man, and prayer are explained. This is the day of personal religion, not dogma, and on this ground religion is approached from the individual's viewpoint. Intensely interesting as well as enlightening.

"No people bent on spiritual gains make rapid spiritual growth. And those overmuch given to pleasure and luxury deteriorate in character." That is the thought Craig S. Thoms, Ph.D., emphasizes in his preface to "Social Imperatives" (Judson). His book should prove a real help in constructive thought and work to pervade all life with moral forces. Dr. Thoms first treats the awakening of social consciousness, then presents eight imperative needs, the obligation of every Christian and American, to perceive this social consciousness. A commendable interpretation.

The great public interest aroused in this country by Gipsy Smith's remarkable meetings is not merely a tribute to a gifted preacher — it is a response to a personality of rare winsomeness and power of appeal. All who have come under the sway of this "sanest of twentieth century evangelists" will rejoice at the appearance of "Forty Years an Evangelist" (Doran), the autobiography of Gipsy Smith. It is a picturesque and varied record of one of the most unique figures in religious history.

"Western Mysticism" (Dutton), by Dom Cuthbert Butler, purposes to set forth, in their own words, the teachings of Saints Augustine, Gregory, and Bernard on contemplation and the contemplative life. These neglected chapters in the history of religions are eloquent and compellingly fascinating. They lay bare the most intimate and sacred relation of the souls of these three great religious geniuses of western Christianity with God. With the objective presentation here of what the mystics themselves thought about their mysticism, determined by a systematic study and formulation of the ideas of these principal mystics, the book is an illuminating testimony to the validity of the mystics' claim.

"The Man Himself: The Nazarene" (Doubleday, Page) by Rollin Lynde Hartt is both reverent and revolutionary. What did The Man Himself really believe, think, and mean? "The theologians are still unaware", Mr. Hartt says, "that they have founded their orthodoxy upon a heterodox book. In the entire range of human

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¶ The bravest of men are afraid of social disaster. This fear is the silver lining of the clouds of our day. It means there is a vivid social consciousness, a lively sense of social responsibility. What obligations does this social consciousness perceive? In a very helpful way Professor Thoms has set them forth, emphasizing eight striking needs which his readers will agree are imperative, and for which Christianity and Americanism make them responsible. A book that is a noble interpreter of the best a man feels where he lives and works.

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"Stabilisation" (Knopf) by E. M. H. Lloyd outlines an economic policy for producers and consumers. It is an analysis in plain terms of the main causes and consequences of the existing instability of prices and production, and a suggestion as to the direction in which a remedy may be found. The idea of deliberately regulating prices is considered by the author as becoming increasingly popular, and to possess sound theoretical justification. The book advances a comprehensive policy of stabilizing prices and production as the most practical means of combating depression and checking an otherwise inevitable drift toward a further period of high prices and profiteering. It is a timely book of 140 pages, which presents its subject in concise form.

"Personal and Business Efficiency" (Doran) by C. A. Henderson, M.A., who is professor of psychology at Babson Institute, is a practical and readable survey of the problems of efficiency that should meet the needs of business men and students. It is a carefully written book. The application of scientific management principles to the day's work, the foundations of thought, the formation of sound judgments, are subjects handled by the author with an apparent background of research — principally into James's works. The theme of the book is progress toward full, vigorous human life, whose major efficiency is business efficiency. An appendix for each chapter, with outlines, notes, and exercises, is supplied; and the whole makes a book far removed from flubdub.

"Cooperative Marketing" (Doubleday, Page) by Herman Steen is included in the American Farm Bureau Federation Library. The book contains a foreword by Bernard M. Baruch which closes by saying: "The way is open. The machinery is provided. Crops are daily germinating in the soil. The first thing the farmers need to do is cooperate." This work is apparently highly regarded by a number of editors of farm journals, including Clarence Poe of "The Progressive Farmer", F. B. Nichols of "The Copper Farm Press", and Dan Wallace of "The Farmer". It is a fundamental discussion and interpretation of the cooperative farming movement, and of particular interest in view of recent developments in Washington. The farmer apparently is about to become a salesman.

"History of the Union Pacific" (Ronald) by Nelson Trottman of the Wisconsin Bar is an economic and financial survey of the first transcontinental railroad. The road during its

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Plot Skeleton (by Dr. Burton): At a stag dinner party, a group of men were telling stories over the coffee. One, a well-known clergyman, the conversation falling on the subject of wedding fees, declares that the largest fee he ever received was $200. As the party breaks up, one of the guests, a parishioner whom he had married a year or two before, drew him aside and expressed surprise at the clergyman's statement. "Why so?" said the clergyman, "it was you I referred to, of course, but I didn't wish to give your name." "How could you mean me?" replied the parishioner in astonishment, "I gave you $1,000." And the two men stood looking at each for a moment in dumb perplexity and amazement.

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Religion (continued)

Religion and Life, The Foundations of Personal Religion, by The Very Rev. William Ralph Inge, Prof. David Cairns, The Rev W. Fearon Halliday, The Right Rev. N. S. Talbot, William Brown, M.D., and Fr. W. H. Frere [Appleton].
Services for the Open, arranged by Laura I. Mattoon and Helen D. Bragdon [Century].
Jesus Christ and the Modern Challenge: Can We Still Believe in His Divinity? by Frederic C. Spurr [Revell].
Some Aspects of the Life of Jesus from the Psychological and Psycho-analytic Point of View, by Georges Berguer, trans. by Eleanor Stimson Brooks and Van Wyck Brooks [Harcourt].
Children of the Way, by Anne C. E. Allinson [Harcourt].
The Man Himself, by Rollin Lynde Hartt [Doubleday].

Nature Study

Botany, The Science of Plant Life, by Norman Taylor [Harper].
Brier-Patch Philosophy, by "Peter Rabbit", interpreted by William J. Long [Harper].
Animal Personalities, by Samuel A. Derieux [Doubleday].
Book of the Black Bass, by James Alexander Henshall, M.D., revised ed. [Stewart].
Growing Vegetables, by Ralph L. Watts [Harper].
Birds I Have Known, by Richard Harper Laimbeer [Putnam].
Nature Secrets, by Mary D. Chambers [Atlantic Monthly].

Miscellaneous

The William T. Clements Library of Americana at the University of Michigan [U. of Mich].
That Marvel — The Movie, by Edward S. Van Zile, Litt.D. [Putnam].
How to Write Stories, by Walter B. Pitkin [Harcourt].
Jungle Beasts and Men, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji [Dutton].
Opera Guyed, by Newman Levy, illus. by Rea Irvin [Knopf].
A Primer of Higher Space, The Fourth Dimension, to which is added Man the Square, A Higher Space Parable, by Claude Bragdon, 2nd revised ed. [Knopf].
Freedom and Its Fundamentals, by Charles T. Sprading [Los Angeles: Libertarian Pub. Co.].
A Pocket Bridge Book, by Walter Camp [Doubleday].
Reactionism, The Science of You, by John D. Boyle [Putnam].
The Theory of Organized Play, Its Nature and Significance, by Wilbur P. Bowen, M.S., and Elmer D. Mitchell, A.M. [Barnes].
The Motorist's Luncheon Book, by May E. Southworth [Harper].
Health Training in Schools, A Handbook for Teachers and Health Workers, prepared for the National Tuberculosis Association by Theresa Dansdill in consultation with Charles M. DeForest [N. Y.: Natl. Tuberculosis Assn.].
The Shakespeare Memorials of London, by Wm. Bailey Kempling [London: T. Werner Laurie].
The Mercantile Marine, by E. Keble Chatterton [Little].
The Chart of Mind and Winning Health and Great Aims with Waves of Mind Power, by John Bertrum Clarke [pub. at Los Angeles].
How to Develop Will Power and Personal Magnetism, by Dr. David H. Reeder [Fenno].
The Conquest of Self, by Louis E. Bisch [Doubleday].
Rowing, by Richard A. Glendon and Richard J. Glendon [Lippincott].
Causes and Consequences, by Sir Bampfylde Fuller, K.C.S.I., C.I.E. [Dutton].
Reader for New Americans, by John A. Long, Book I, Book II [Amer. Book Co.].
Mental and Spiritual Healing, All Schools and Methods, A Text Book for Physicians and Metaphysicians, by Pierson Worrall Banning [Los Angeles: International Book Concern].
Measurement in Higher Education, by Ben D. Wood [World Book Co.].

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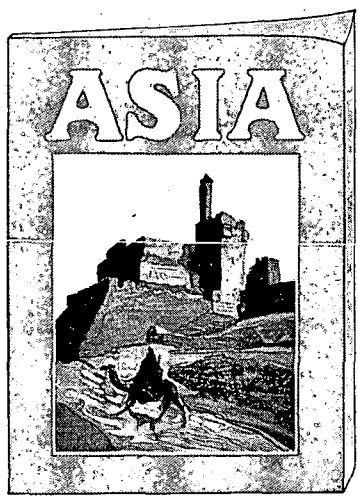

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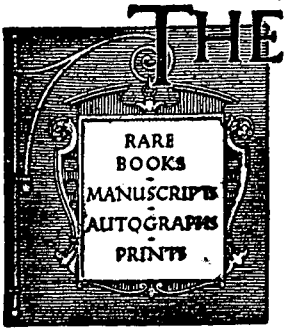

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE

In this section the readers of THE BOOKMAN will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

THE announcement of the sale of the remarkable collection of first editions formed by John Quinn, a New York lawyer, to take place at Anderson's the coming season, is the most interesting piece of news for book collectors in many a day. No one knows yet the exact extent of this collection, but the books and manuscripts number something like 18,000, and among them are the rarest first editions from (and including) Meredith to the present day. The opening sale this month will offer to collectors the original autograph manuscripts of Joseph Conrad from his first published work, "Almayer's Folly", to "Victory", written in the thirteenth month of the war. A wonderfully fascinating lot of material it is, and it gives the possessor a look into the literary methods of this master craftsman. Not the least interesting disclosure is that Mr. Conrad frequently changed the titles of his works. "Chance" was originally entitled "Explosives, A Ship-board Tale"; "Victory", "An Episode of Dollars", then "Smouldering Fire". In a letter to Mr. Quinn Mr. Conrad says that the final title was symbolic. "Under Western Eyes" was originally "Razumov". "Romance" was intended to be "Seraphina. A Romance". The two papers in "The Mirror of the Sea" entitled "The Nursery of the Craft" and "The Tremolino" were originally planned as one paper under the title of "The Inland Sea". The title of the manuscript "A Voyage" is changed in the printed book to "Youth — A Narrative". The first title chosen for "A Smile of Fortune" was "A Deal in Potatoes". Mr. Conrad also changed the names of some of his characters. About half way through the manuscript of "Victory" the name of the hero, Augustus Berg, was changed to Axel Heyst, as it appears in the novel. Mr. Jones in the book was Mr. Smith in the manuscript, and the Tropical Belt Coal Company was the Archipelago Coal Syndicate. It is rarely that so many manuscripts of an author are brought together for dispersal, and the sales undoubtedly will prove the most interesting of recent years, although of course the prices will seem small beside those in the famous Hoe sales.

The ninth annual exhibition of contemporary bookplates, under the auspices of the American Bookplate Society, will be held in New York during

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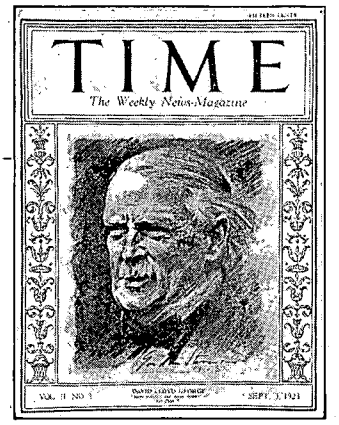

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the month of January, 1924, and afterward shown in various American cities. Only bookplates designed in the year 1923 will be included. These exhibitions have grown in interest annually, and have done much to encourage bookplate art.

The John Rylands Library of Manchester, England, is having an exhibition commemorating the printing of the First Folio of Shakespeare, and in a recent number of the library's Bulletin appears a summary history of that book by Librarian Henry Guppy, M.A., which contains in small space the results of the researches of the leading Shakespearian scholars since Shakespeare's time.

It is expected that the "New English Dictionary", on which the Oxford University Press started work in 1883, will be completed in three or four years more. The work has been set by hand, and it is roughly estimated that more than a quarter of a billion types have been handled twice in the composition of the work.

J. H. Whitty of Richmond, Virginia, head of the Poe Shrine, seeks information as to the whereabouts of Poe's story, "The Premature Burial", which is known to be in existence. Mr. Whitty also knows of the existence of part of an unpublished manuscript by Poe, entitled "The Lighthouse", and would like to find the owner of the remainder.

The annual report of the John Carter Brown Library of Providence gives the accessions for the year as only 170. It is becoming increasingly difficult for the Library to secure desirable Americana, as the institution already has everything but the greatest rarities, and possesses most of those. The second volume of the Library catalogue has been completed, including items issued from 1634 to 1658. This is the only American library now printing a full list of what it possesses, and the catalogue is sold to libraries and collectors at a price far below the cost of production. The library has an endowment of nearly half a million dollars, and its aim is to serve scholarship — in which it is succeeding in many ways.

Carolyn Wells Houghton, who has sold her Whitman collection after using it as the basis of a check list of Whitman's writings, had A. Edward Newton write a preface to the sale catalogue. Mr. Newton says that he has heard that Carolyn Wells has gone off on another tangent. He does not know what it is, but avers that "in whatever direction she has gone, people will know that she has passed that way." The auction sale catalogue is now both a Carolyn Wells and A. Edward Newton first "edition".

The new Oxford Bibliographical Society has published its first volume of "Proceedings and Papers", a feature of which is a tentative plan for uniform cataloguing of books, according to the measure of their importance. Through Falconer Madan, A. W. Pollard, and others certain definite proposals are made, tending to uniformity in descriptions, which should be welcomed as the beginning of a bibliographical improvement.

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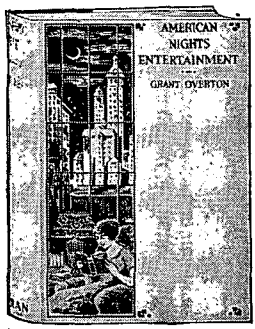

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Miscellaneous)continued)

Mental Tests and the Classroom Teacher, by Virgil E. Dickson, Ph.D. [World Book Co.].
The Magic of Thought Power, by David Winslow, 2nd ed. [Chicago: Claflin-Hill].
The Story of the Typewriter, 1873-1923, published in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the invention of the writing machine [Herkimer, N. Y.: Herkimer County Historical Society].
House and Home, A Manual and Text-Book of Practical House Planning, by Greta Gray, A.M. [Lippincott].
Astronomy, The Science of the Heavenly Bodies, by David Todd [Harper].
Psychoanalysis and Gland Personalities, by André Tridon [Brentano].

Juvenile

Farmtown Tales, by Mary Wolfe Thompson [Dutton].
The Sahara Hunters, by Francis Rolt-Wheeler [Lothrop].
Who Was Jane? by Evelyn Sharp [Macmillan].
Hugh Gwyeth, by Beulah Marie Dix [Macmillan].
The Pilgrim's Progress, abridged by Edith Freelove Smith [Atlantic].
Toys and Joys, by Olive Mann Reams [Four Seas].
When I Was a Boy in Denmark, by H. Trolle-Steenstrup [Lothrop].
Scott Burton, Logger, by E. G. Cheyney [Appleton].
Captain Pluck, by Isla May Mullins [Doran].
The Old Mary Metcalf Place, by Joslyn Grey [Scribner].
Adrift on the Amazon, by Leo E. Miller [Scribner].
Pemrose Lorry, Radio Amateur, by Isabel Hornibrook [Little].
The Great Adventure of Mrs. Santa Claus, by Sarah Addington [Little].
In Desert and Wilderness, by Henryk Sienkiewicz, trans. by Max A. Drezmal [Little].
The Timber Treasure, by Frank Lillie Pollock [Century].
Castle Blair, by Flora L. Shaw [Little].
Stories About Horses Retold from St. Nicholas [Century].
Right Guard Grant, by Ralph Henry Barbour [Dodd].
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The Boys' Book of Buccaneers, by A. Hyatt Verrill [Dodd].
Doctor Dolittle's Post Office, by Hugh Lofting [Stokes].
In the Land of Diggledy Dan, by Edwin P. Norwood [Little].
Little Sea-Folk, by Ilsien Nathalie Gaylord [Little].
Green Willow, And Other Japanese Fairy Tales, by Grace James [Macmillan].
Franconia Stories, by Jacob Abbott, ed. by Margaret Armstrong [Putnam].
Action Poems and Plays for Children, by Nora Archibald Smith [Crowell].
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The Pied Piper in Pudding Lane, by Sarah Addington [Atlantic].
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Billie-Belinda, by Marguerite Curtis [Knopf].
The Kitchen Porch, by George Philip Krapp [Knopf].
Audacious Ann, by Archibald Marshall [Dodd].
Susanna's Auction, from the French, illus. by MB. de Monvel [Macmillan].
Saddle Bags, by Clifton Lisle [Harcourt].
Rootabaga Pigeons, by Carl Sandburg [Harcourt].
Reynard the Fox, told by C. S. Evans, with illus. by L. R. Brightwell. [Dodd].
Pathways of European Peoples, An Outline Story of European Nations That Form the Chief Background of American Civilization, by Bertha B. and Ernest Cobb [Putnam].
Jim Mason, Backwoodsman, by Elmer Russell Gregor [Appleton].

Special Editions

The Story of the Mikado, told by Sir W. S. Gilbert, illus. by Alice B. Woodward [Knopf].
The Odyssey, rendered into English prose for the use of those who cannot read the original by Samuel Butler [Dutton].
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Frank Swinnerton, novelist and critic of distinction, who has just arrived for a first American visit and lecture tour.

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